

THE
12299eee 20
POETICAL LIBRARY;

K
BEING A

COLLECTION

OF THE BEST MODERN

ENGLISH POEMS,

CHIEFLY

DIDACTIC AND DESCRIPTIVE.

VOL. I.

LEIPZIG.

Printed for A. F. BOEHME,
by I. G. STRUCK at WERNIGERODE.

MDCCCLXXXVI.

POLITICAL LIBRARY

PRINTED AT

COLLECTION



ENGLISH POEMS

GENERAL

POETIC AND DESCRIPTIVE

VOL. I

LONDON

PRINTED BY

J. G. STUBBS & CO.

THE
ENGLISH GARDEN:

P O E M.

IN
FOUR BOOKS.

By W. MASON, M. A.

With a
COMMENTARY and NOTES,

By W. BURGH, Esq; LL. D.

A Garden is the purest of human pleasures: it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works. And a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely: as if gardening were the greater perfection.

VERULAM.

THE
ENGLISH GARDEN:

P. O. E. M.

FOUR BOOKS.

BY W. M. A. M. A.



COMMENTARY AND NOTES.

BY W. BURTON, Esq. LL. D.

A Garden is the source of human pleasure: it is the
greatest enjoyment to the spirit of man, without
which happiness and pleasure are but gross vanity.
Gardens, that a man shall ever see, that when eyes
grow to dwell on things, and things to dwell
on the eye, form a part of human life; as of gardens
and man the greater portion.

VERBAM

PREFACE.

As the Four Books, which compose the following Poem, were published originally at very distant intervals, I thought it expedient at the conclusion of the last to subjoin a Postscript, in which I drew up an Analysis of each of them in their order, that the general plan of the whole work, and their connection with one another, might be more accurately conceived. That short analysis is now withdrawn, being superseded by a copious and complete Commentary, which the partiality of a very ingenious and learned friend has induced him to write upon it; a work which I am persuaded will be of more utility to those readers, who wish to understand the subject, than the Poem itself will be of entertainment to that more numerous class who read merely to be entertained: For myself, as to amuse was only a secondary motive with me when I composed the work, I freely own that I am more pleased by a species of writing which tends to elucidate the Principles of my Poem, and to develope its method, than I should have been with that more flattering, yet less useful one, which interested itself in displaying what little poetical merit it may possess.

Notwithstanding this, I am well aware that many persons will think my friend has taken much more pains than were necessary on this occasion; and I

P R E F A C E.

I should agree with them in opinion were the Poem only, and not the Subject which it treats, in question: But I would wish them to discriminate between these two points, and that whatever they may think of the writer's condescension in commenting so largely on the one, they would give him credit for the great additional illustration which he has thrown upon the other.

Yet as to the Poem itself, I am not without my hopes, that in this new Edition I have rendered it somewhat more worthy of the pains which its Commentator has bestowed upon it, and of that approbation which it has already obtained from a very respectable part of the public; having revised it very carefully throughout, and purged it, to the best of my abilities, of many defects in the prior editions. That original Sin, however, which the admirers of Rhyme, and of Rhyme only, have laid to its charge, I have still ventured to retain: To this fault I must still own myself so blind, that in defence of it I shall again reprint what I said before in my former Postscript, and make it the conclusion of my present Preface.

When I first had the subject in contemplation, I found it admitted of two very different modes of composition: One was that of the regular Didactic Poem, of which the Georgics of Virgil afford so perfect an example; the other that of the preceptive epistolary essay, the model of which Horace has given in his Epistles *Ad Augustum* and *ad Pisones*. I balanced some time which of these I should adopt, for both had their peculiar merit. The former opened a more ample field for Picturesque description and poetical embellishment; the latter was more calculated to convey exact precept;

in



P R E F A C E

in concise phrase*. The one furnished better means of illustrating my subject, and the other of defining it; the former admitted those ornaments only which resulted from lively imagery and figurative diction; the latter seemed rather to require the seasoning of wit and satire; this, therefore, appeared best calculated to expose false taste, and that to elucidate the true. But false taste, on this subject, had been so inimitably ridiculed by Mr. Pope, in his Epistle to Lord Burlington, that it seemed to preclude all other authors (at least it precluded me) from touching it after him;

A 3

and

* See Mr. Pope's account of his *design* in writing the Essay on Man, where the peculiar merit of that way, in which he so greatly excelled, is most happily explained. He chose, as he says, "Verse, and even Rhyme, for two reasons: Verse, because precepts, so written, strike more strongly, and are retained more easily: Rhyme, because it expresses arguments or instructions more concisely than even Prose itself." As I have lately, in the Preface to my Translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting, made use of this very reason for translating that Poem into Rhyme, some superficial readers may think that I hereby contradict myself; but the judicious critic will refer Fresnoy's Poem to *Horace's Art of Poetry* as to its proper archetype, and rightly deem it, though not an *epistolary*, yet a *preceptive Essay*. Whereas the present work comes under that species of composition which has the *Georgics of Virgil* for its original, than which no two modes of writing can be more dissimilar.

PREFACE.

and therefore, as he had left much unsaid on that part of the art on which it was my purpose principally to enlarge, I thought the didactic method not only more open but more proper for my attempt. This matter once determined, I did not hesitate as to my choice between blank verse and rhyme; because it clearly appeared, that numbers of the most varied kind were most proper to illustrate a subject *whose every charm springs from variety*, and which, painting Nature as *scorning controul*, should employ a versification for that end as unfettered as Nature itself. Art at the same time, in rural improvements, pervading the province of Nature, unseen, and unfelt, seemed to bear a striking analogy to that species of verse, the harmony of which results from measured quantity and varied cadence, without the too studied arrangement of final syllables, or regular return of consonant sounds. I was, notwithstanding, well aware, that by choosing to write in blank verse, I should not court popularity, because I perceived it was growing much out of vogue; but this reason, as may be supposed, did not weigh much with a writer, who meant to combat Fashion in the very theme he intended to write upon; and who was also convinced that a mode of English versification, in which so many good poems, with *Paradise Lost* at their head, have been written, could either not long continue unfashionable; or if it did, that Fashion had so completely destroyed Taste, it would not be worth any writer's while, who aimed at more than the reputation of the day, to endeavour to amuse the public."



THE
ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE FIRST.

To thee, divine SIMPLICITY! to thee,
Best arbitress of what is good and fair,
This verse belongs. O, as it freely flows,
Give it thy powers of pleasing: else in vain
It strives to teach the rules, from Nature drawn,
Of import high to those whose taste would add
To Nature's careless graces; loveliest then,
When, o'er her form, thy easy skill has taught
The robe of Spring in ampler folds to flow.
Haste Goddess! to the woods, the lawns, the vales;
That lie in rude luxuriance, and but wait
Thy call to bloom with beauty. I meanwhile,
Attendant on thy state serene, will mark
Its faery progress; wake th' accordant string;
And tell how far, beyond the transient glare
Of fickle fashion, or of formal art,
Thy flowery works with charm perennial please.
Ye too, ye sister Powers! that, at my birth,
Auspicious smil'd; and o'er my cradle drop'd

Those magic seeds of Fancy, which produce 20
 A Poet's feeling, and a Painter's eye,
 Come to your votary's aid. For well ye know
 How soon my infant accents lisp'd the rhyme,
 How soon my hands the mimic colours spread,
 And vainly strove to snatch a double wreath 25
 From Fame's unfading laurel : fruitless aim ;
 Yet not inglorious ; nor perchance devoid
 Of friendly use to this fair argument ;
 If so, with lenient smiles, ye deign to hear,
 At this sad hour*, my desolated soul. 30
 For deem not ye that I resume the strain
 To court the world's applause : my years mature
 Have learn'd to flight the toy. No, 'tis to sooth
 That agony of heart, which they alone,
 Who best have lov'd, who best have been belov'd, 35
 Can feel, or pity ; sympathy severe !
 Which she too felt, when on her pallid lip
 The last farewell hung trembling, and bespoke
 A wish to linger here, and bless the arms
 She left for heav'n. She died, and heav'n is hers ! 40
 Be mine the pensive solitary balm
 That recollection yields. Yes, Angel pure !
 While Memory holds her seat, thy image still
 Shall reign, shall triumph there ; and when, as now,
 Imagination forms a Nymph divine 45
 To lead the fluent strain, thy modest blush,
 Thy mild demeanor, thy unpractis'd smile
 Shall grace that Nymph, and sweet Simplicity
 Be dress'd (Ah meek MARIA !) in thy charms.

Begin

* Ver. 30, Note I.



Begin the Song ! and ye of Albion's sons
 Attend, ye freeborn, ye ingenuous few,
 Who heirs of competence, if not of wealth,
 Preserve that vestal purity of soul
 Whence genuine taste proceeds. To you, blest youths,
 I sing ; whether in Academic groves
 Studious ye rove ; or, fraught with learning's stores,
 Visit the Latian plain, fond to transplant
 Those arts which Greece did, with her Liberty,
 Requin to Rome. Yet know, the art I sing
 Ev'n there ye shall not learn. Rome knew it not
 While Rome was free : Ah ! hope not then to find
 In slavish superstitious Rome the fair
 Remains. Meanwhile, of old and classic aid
 Tho' fruitless be the search, your eyes entranc'd
 Shall catch those glowing scenes, that taught a CLAUDE
 To grace his canvass with Hesperian hues :
 And scenes like these, on Memory's tablet drawn,
 Bring back to Britain ; there give local form
 To each Idea ; and, if Nature lend
 Materials fit of torrent, rock, and shade,
 Produce new TIVOLIS. But learn to rein,
 O Youth ! whose skill essays the arduous task,
 That skill within the limit she allows.
 Great Nature scorns controul : she will not bear
 One beauty foreign to the spot or soil
 She gives thee to adorn : 'tis thine alone
 To mend, not change her features. Does her hand
 Stretch forth a level lawn ? Ah, hope not thou
 To lift the mountain there. Do mountains frown
 Around ? Ah, wish not there the level lawn.
 Yet she permits thy art, discreetly us'd,

To smoothe the rugged and to swell the plain,
 But dare with caution; else expect, bold man!
 The injur'd Genius of the place to rise
 In self-defence, and, like some giant fiend 85
 That frowns in Gothic story, swift destroy,
 By night, the puny labours of thy day.

What then must he attempt, whom niggard Fate
 Has fixt in such an inauspicious spot
 As bears no trace of beauty? must he sit 90
 Dull and inactive in the desert waste,
 If Nature there no happy feature wears
 To wake and meet his skill? Believe the Muse,
 She does not know that inauspicious spot
 Where Beauty is thus niggard of her store: 95
 Believe the Muse, thro' this terrestrial vast
 The seeds of grace are sown, profusely sown,
 Ev'n where we least may hope: the desert hills
 Will hear the call of Art; the vallies dank
 Obey her just behests, and smile with charms 100
 Congenial to the soil, and all its own.

For tell me, where's the desert? there alone
 Where man resides not; or, if chance resides,
 He is not there the man his Maker form'd,
 Industrious man, by heav'n's first law ordain'd 105
 To earn his food by labour. In the waste
 Place thou that man with his primæval arms,
 His plough-share, and his spade; nor shalt thou long
 Impatient wait a change; the waste shall smile
 With yellow harvests; what was barren heath 110
 Shall soon be verdant mead. Now let thy Art
 Exert its powers, and give, by varying lines,
 The soil, already tam'd, its finish'd grace,

Nor

Nor less obsequious to the hand of toil,
 If Fancy guide that hand, will the dank vale
 Receive improvement meet ; but Fancy here
 Must lead, not follow Labour ; she must tell
 In what peculiar place the soil shall rise,
 Where sink ; prescribe what form each sluice shall wear,
 And how direct its course ; whether to spread
 Broad as a lake, or, as a river pent
 By fringed banks, weave its irriguous way
 Thro' lawn and shade alternate : for if She
 Preside not o'er the task, the narrow drains
 Will run in tedious parallel, or cut
 Each other in sharp angles ; hence implore
 Her swift assistance, ere the ruthless spade
 Too deeply wound the bosom of the soil.

Yet, in this lowly site, where all that charms
 Within itself must charm, hard is the task
 Impos'd on Fancy. Hence with idle fear !
 Is she not Fancy ? and can Fancy fail
 In sweet delusions, in concealments apt,
 And wild creative power ? She cannot fail.
 And yet, full oft, when her creative power,
 Her apt concealments, her delusions sweet
 Have been profusely lavish'd ; when her groves
 Have shot, with vegetative vigour strong,
 Ev'n to their wish'd maturity ; when Jove
 Has roll'd the changeful seasons o'er her lawns,
 And each has left a blessing as it roll'd ;
 Ev'n then, perchance, some vain fastidious eye
 Shall rove unmindful of surrounding charms
 And ask for prospect. Stranger ! 'tis not here.

Go seek it on some garish turret's height ; 145
 Seek it on Richmond's or on Windsor's brow ;
 There gazing, on the gorgeous vale below,
 Applaud alike, with fashion'd Pomp of phrase,
 The good and bad, which, in profusion, there
 That gorgeous vale exhibits. Here meanwhile, 150
 Ev'n in the dull, unseen, unseeing dell,
 Thy taste contemns, shall Contemplation imp
 Her eagle plumes : the Poet here shall hold
 Sweet converse with his Muse ; the curious Sage,
 Who comments on great Nature's ample tome, 155
 Shall find that volume here. For here are caves,
 Where rise those gurgling rills, that sing the song
 Which Contemplation loves ; here shadowy glades,
 Where thro' the tremulous foliage darts the ray,
 That gilds the Poet's day-dream ; here the turf 160
 Teems with the vegetating race ; the air
 Is peopled with the insect tribes, that float
 Upon the noontide beam, and call the Sage
 To number and to name them. Nor if here
 The Painter comes, shall his enchanting art 165
 Go back without a boon : for Fancy here,
 With Nature's living colours, forms a scene
 Which RUISDALE best might rival : chrystal lakes,
 O'er which the giant oak, himself a grove,
 Flings his romantic branches, and beholds 170
 His reverend image in th' expanse below.
 If distant hills be wanting, yet our eye
 Forgets the want, and with delighted gaze
 Rests on the lovely foreground ; there applauds
 The art, which, varying forms and blending hues, 175
 Gives that harmonious force of shade and light,

Which

Which makes the landscape perfect. Art like this
Is only art, all else abortive toil.

Come then, thou Sister Muse, from whom the mind
Wins for her airy visions colour, form, 180
And fixt locality, sweet Painting, come
To teach the docile pupil of my song,
How much his practice on thy aid depends.

Of Nature's various scenes the Painter culls
That for his fav'rite theme, where the fair whole 185
Is broken into ample parts, and bold;
Where to the eye three well-mark'd distances
Spread their peculiar colouring. Vivid green,
Warm brown, and black opake the foreground bears
Conspicuous; sober olive coldly marks 190
The second distance; thence the third declines
In softer blue, or, less'ning still, is lost
In faintest purple. When thy taste is call'd
To deck a scene where Nature's self presents
All these distinct gradations, then rejoice 195
As does the Painter, and like him apply
Thy colours; plant thou on each separate part
Its proper foliage. Chief, for there thy skill
Has its chief scope, enrich with all the hues
That flowers, that shrubs, that trees can yield, the sides
Of that fair path, from whence our sight is led 201
Gradual to view the whole. Where'er thou wind'st
That path, take heed between the scene and eye,
To vary and to mix thy chosen greens.
Here for a while with cedar or with larch, 205
That from the ground spread their close texture, hide
The view entire. Then o'er some lowly rust,

Whe-

Where rose and woodbine bloom, permit its charms
 To burst upon the sight; now thro' a copse
 Of beech, that rear their smooth and stately trunks,
 Admit it partially, and half exclude, 214
 And half reveal its graces; in this path,
 How long soe'er the wanderer roves, each step
 Shall wake fresh beauties; each short point present
 A different picture, new, and yet the same. 215

Yet some there are who scorn this cautious rule,
 And fell each tree that intercepts the scene.
 O great Poussin! O Nature's darling, CLAUDE!
 What if some rash and sacrilegious hand
 Tore from your canvass those umbrageous pines 220
 That frown in front, and give each azure hill
 The charm of contrast! Nature suffers here
 Like outrage, and bewails a beauty lost,
 Which Time with tardy hand shall late restore.

Yet here the spoiler rests not; see him rise 225
 Warm from his devastation, to improve,
 For so he calls it, yonder champion wide.
 There on each bolder brow in shapes acute
 His fence he scatters; there the Scottish fir
 In murky file lifts his inglorious head, 230
 And blots the fair horizon. So should art
 Improve thy pencil's savage dignity,
 SALVATOR! if where, far as eye can pierce,
 Rock pil'd on rock, thy Alpine heights retire,
 She flung her random foliage, and disturb'd 235
 The deep repose of the majestic scene.
 This deed were impious. Ah, forgive the thought,
 Thou more than Painter, more than Poet! HE,
 Alone thy equal, who was "Fancy's child,"

Does

Does then the Song forbid the Planter's hand
 To clothe the distant hills, and veil with woods
 Their barren summits? No, it but forbids
 All poverty of clothing. Rich the robe,
 And ample let it flow, that Nature wears
 On her thron'd eminence: where'er she takes
 Her horizontal march, pursue her step
 With sweeping train of forest; hill to hill
 Unite with prodigality of shade.
 There plant thy elm, thy chestnut; nourish there
 Those sapling oaks, which, at Britannia's call,
 May heave their trunks mature into the main,
 And float the bulwarks of her liberty:
 But if the fir, give it its station meet;
 Place it an outguard to th' assailing north,
 To shield the infant scions, till possess
 Of native strength, they learn alike to scorn
 The blast and their protectors. Foster'd thus,
 The cradled hero gains from female care
 His future vigor; but, that vigor felt,
 He springs indignant from his nurse's arms,
 Nods his terrific helmet, shakes his spear,
 And is that awful thing which heav'n ordain'd
 The scourge of tyrants, and his country's pride.
 If yet thy art be dubious how to treat
 Nature's neglected features, turn thy eye
 To those, the masters of correct design,
 Who, from her vast variety, have cull'd
 The loveliest, boldest parts, and new arrang'd;
 Yet, as herself approv'd, herself inspir'd.
 In their immortal works thou ne'er shalt find
 Dull uniformity, contrivance quaint,

Or

Of labour'd lideness; but contrasts broad,
 And careless lines, whose undulating forms
 Play thro' the varied canvass: these transplant
 Again on Nature; take thy plastic spade, 275
 It is thy pencil; take thy seeds, thy plants,
 They are thy colours; and by these repay
 With interest every charm she lent thy art.

Nor, while I thus to Imitation's realm
 Direct thy step, deem I direct thee wrong; 280
 Nor ask, why I forget great Nature's fount,
 And bring thee not the bright inspiring cup
 From her original spring? Yet, if thou ask'st,
 Thyself shalt give the answer. Tell me why
 Did RAPHAEL steal, when his creative hand 285
 Imag'd the Seraphim, ideal grace
 And dignity supernal from that store
 Of Attic sculpture, which the ruthless Goth
 Spar'd in his headlong fury? Tell me this:
 And then confess that beauty best is taught 290
 By those, the favor'd few, whom Heav'n has lent
 The power to seize, select, and reunite
 Her loveliest features; and of these to form
 One Archetype compleat of sovereign Grace.
 Here Nature sees her fairest forms more fair; 295
 Owns them for hers, yet owns herself excell'd
 By what herself produc'd. Here Art and She
 Embrace; conjugal Juno smiles benign,
 And from the warm embrace Perfection springs.

Rouse then each latent energy of soul 300
 To clasp ideal beauty. Proteus-like,
 Think not the changeful Nymph will long elude
 Thy chase, or with reluctant coyness frown.

Inspir'd by Her thy happy art shall learn
 To melt in fluent curves whate'er is straight, 305
 Acute, or parallel. For, these unchang'd,
 Nature and she disdain the formal scene.
 'Tis their demand, that ev'ry step of Rule
 Be sever'd from their sight: They own no charm
 But those that fair Variety creates, 310
 Who ever loves to undulate and sport
 In many a winding train. With equal zeal
 She, careless Goddess, scorns the cube and cone,
 As does mechanic Order hold them dear:
 Hence springs their enmity; and he that hopes 315
 To reconcile the foes, as well might aim
 With hawk and dove to draw the Cyprian car.
 Such sentence past, where shall the Dryads fly
 That haunt yon antient Vista? Pity, sure,
 Will spare the long cathedral isle of shade 320
 In which they sojourn; Taste were sacrilege,
 If, lifting there the axe, it dar'd invade.
 Those spreading oaks that in fraternal files
 Have pass'd for centuries, and heard the strains
 Of SIDNEY's, nay, perchance, of SURRY's reed. 325
 Yet must they fall, unless mechanic Skill,
 To save her offspring, rouse at our command;
 And, where we bid her move, with engine huge,
 Each ponderous trunk, the ponderous trunk there move.
 A work of difficulty and danger try'd, 330
 Nor oft successful found. But if it fails,
 Thy axe must do its office. Cruel task,
 Yet needful. Trust me, tho' I bid thee strike,
 Reluctantly I bid thee: for my soul
 Holds dear an antient oak, nothing more dear; 335

It is an antient friend. Stay then thine hand;
 And try by saplings tall, discreetly plac'd
 Before, between, behind, in scatter'd groups,
 To break th' obdurate line. So may'st thou save
 A chosen few; and yet, alas, but few 340
 Of these, the old protectors of the plain.
 Yet shall these few give to thy opening lawn
 That shadowy pomp, which only they can give:
 For parted now, in patriarchal pride,
 Each tree becomes the father of a tribe; 345
 And, o'er the stripling foliage, rising round,
 Towers with parental dignity supreme.

And yet, My Albion! in that fair domain,
 Which Ocean made thy dowry, when his love
 Tempestuous tore thee from reluctant Gaul, 350
 And bad thee be his Queen, there still remains
 Full many a lovely unfrequented wild,
 Where change like this is needless; where no lines
 Of hedge-row, avenue, or of platform square
 Demand destruction. In thy fair domain, 355
 Yes, my lov'd Albion! many a glade is found,
 The haunt of Wood-gods only: where if Art
 E'er dar'd to tread, 'twas with unsandal'd foot,
 Printless, as if the place were holy ground.
 And there are scenes, where, tho' she whilom trod, 360
 Led by the worst of guides, fell Tyranny,
 And ruthless Superstition, we now trace
 Her footsteps with deligh; and pleas'd reverse
 What once had rous'd our hatred. But to Time,
 Not her, the praise is due: his gradual touch 365
 Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
 Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,

Was

Was only terrible; and many a faue
 Monastic, which, when deck'd with all its spires,
 Serv'd but to feed some pamper'd Abbot's pride, 370
 And awe th' unletter'd vulgar. Generous Youth,
 Whoe'er thou art, that listen'st to my lay,
 And feel'st thy soul assent to what I sing,
 Happy art thou if thou can'st call thine own
 Such scenes as these: where Nature and where Time 375
 Have work'd congenial; where a scatter'd host
 Of antique oaks darken thy sidelong hills;
 While, rushing thro' their branches, rifted cliffs
 Dart their white heads, and glitter thro' the gloom.
 More happy still, if one Superior rock 380
 Bear on its brow the shiver'd fragment huge
 Of some old Norman fortress; happier far,
 Ah, then most happy, if thy vale below
 Wash, with the crystal coolness of its rills,
 Some mould'ring abbey's ivy-vested wall. 385

O how unlike the scene my fancy forms,
 Did Folly, heretofore, with Wealth conspire
 To plan that formal, dull, disjointed scene,
 Which once was call'd a Garden. Britain still
 Bears on her breast full many a hideous wound 390
 Given by the cruel pair, when, borrowing aid
 From geometric skill, they vainly strove
 By line, by plummet, and unfeeling sheers,
 To form with verdure what the builder form'd
 With stone *. Egregious madness; yet pursu'd 395
 With pains unwearied, with expence unsurm'd,
 And science doating. Hence the sidelong walls

B 2

OF

* Ver. 395, Note II.

Of shaven yew ; the holly's prickly arms
 Trim'd into high arcades ; the tonfile box
 Wove, in mosaic mode of many a curl, 400
 Around the figur'd carpet of the lawn.
 Hence too deformities of harder cure :
 The terras mound uplifted ; the long line
 Deep delv'd of flat canal ; and all that toil,
 Miss'd by tasteless Fashion, could achieve 405
 To mar fair Nature's lineaments divine.

Long was the night of error, nor dispell'd
 By Him that rose at learning's earliest dawn,
 Prophet of unborn Science. On thy realm,
 Philosophy ! his sovereign lustre spread ; 410
 Yet did he deign to light with casual glance
 The wilds of taste. Yes, sagest VERULAM,
 'Twas thine to banish from the royal groves
 Each childish vanity of crisped knot
 And sculptur'd foliage ; to the lawn restore 415
 Its ample space, and bid it feast the sight
 With verdure pure, unbroken, unabridg'd :
 For Verdure soothes the eye, as roseate sweets
 The smell, or music's melting strains the ear.

So taught the Sage, taught a degenerate reign 420
 What in Eliza's golden day was taste.
 Not but the mode of that romantic age,
 The age of tourneys, triumphs, and quaint masques,
 Glar'd with fantastic pageantry, which dimm'd
 The sober eye of truth, and dazzled ev'n 425
 The Sage himself ; witness his high-arch'd hedge,
 In pillar'd state by carpentry upborn,

With

* Ver. 412, Note III.

With colour'd mirrors deck'd, and prison'd birds.
 But, when our step has pac'd his proud parterres,
 And reach'd the hearth, then Nature glads our eye 430
 Sporting in all her lovely carelessness.

There smiles in varied tufts the velv'd rose,
 There flaunts the gadding woodbine, swells the ground
 In gentle hillocks, and around its sides
 Thro' blossom'd shades the secret pathway steals. 435

Thus, with a Poet's power, the Sage's pen
 Pourtray'd that nicer negligence of scene,
 Which Taste approves. While He, delicious Swain,
 Who tun'd his oaten pipe by Mulla's stream,
 Accordant touch'd the stops in Dorian mood; 440

What time he 'gan to paint the fairy vale,
 Where stands the Fane of Venus. Well I ween
 That then, if ever, COLIN, thy fond hand
 Did steep its pencil in the well-fount clear
 Of true simplicity; and "call'd in Art 445

"Only to second Nature, and supply
 "All that the Nymph forgot, or left forlorn." *

Yet what avail'd the song? or what avail'd
 Ev'n thine, Thou chief of Bards, whose mighty mind,
 With inward light irradiate, mirror-like 450
 Receiv'd, and to mankind with ray reflex
 The sov'reign Planter's primal work display'd?

** That work, "where not nice Art in curious knots,
 "But Nature boon pour'd forth on hill and dale
 "Flowers worthy of Paradise; while all around 455
 "Umbrageous grotts, and caves of cool recess,

B. 3

"And

* Ver. 447, Note IV.

** Ver. 458, Note V.

"And murmuring waters down the slope dispers'd,
 "Or held, by fringed banks, in chrystal lakes,
 "Compose a rural seat of various view."

'Twas thus great Nature's Herald blazon'd high 460
 That fair original impress, which she bore
 In state sublime; e'er miscreated Art,
 Offspring of Sin and Shame, the banner seiz'd,
 And with adulterate pageantry defil'd.
 Yet vainly, MILTON, did thy voice proclaim 465
 These her primæval honours. Still she lay
 Defac'd, deflower'd, full many a ruthless year:
 Alike, when Charles, the abject tool of France,
 Came back to smile his subjects into slaves;
 Or Belgic William, with his warrior frown, 470
 Coldly declar'd them free; in fetters still
 The Goddess pin'd, by both alike oppress.

Go to the Proof! behold what TEMPLE call'd 475
 A perfect Garden. There thou shalt not find
 One blade of verdure, but with aching feet
 From terras down to terras shalt descend,
 Step following step, by tedious flight of stairs:
 On leaden-platforms now the noon-day sun
 Shall scorch thee; now the dank arcades of stone
 Shall chill thy fervour; happy, if at length 480
 Thou reach the Orchard, where the sparing turf
 Thro' equal lines, all centring in a point,
 Yields thee a softer tread. And yet full oft
 O'er TEMPLE's studious hour did Truth preside,
 Sprinkling her lustre o'er his classic page: 485
 There hear his candor own in fashion's spite,

* Ver. 481, Note VI.

In spite of courtly dulness, hear it own
 "There is a grace in wild variety
 "Surpassing rule and order." * **TEMPLE**, yes,
 There is a grace; and let eternal wreaths
 Adorn their brows who fixt its empire here.
 The Muse shall hail the champions that herself
 Led to the fair achievement. ** **ADDISON**,
 Thou polish'd Sage, or shall I call thee Bard;
 I see thee come: around thy temples play
 The lambent flames of humour, bright'ning mild
 Thy judgment into smiles; gracious thou com'st
 With Satire at thy side, who checks her frown
 But not her secret sting. With bolder rage
POPE next advances: his indignant arm
 Waves the poetic brand o'er Timon's shades,
 And lights them to destruction; the fierce blaze
 Sweeps thro' each kindred Vista; Groves to Groves
 Nod their fraternal farewell, and expire.
 And now, elate with fair-earn'd victory,
 The Bard retires, and on the Bank of Thames
 Erects his flag of triumph; wild it waves
 In verdant splendor, and beholds, and hails
 The King of Rivers, as he rolls along.
KENT is his bold associate, **KENT** who felt
 The pencil's power: † but, fir'd by higher forms
 Of Beauty, than that pencil knew to paint,
 Work'd with the living hues that Nature lent,

B. 4

* Ver. 489, Note VII.

** Ver. 483, Note VIII.

*** Ver. 503, Note IX.

† Ver. 511, Note X.

And realiz'd his Landscapes. Generous He, to paint
 Who gave to Painting, what the wayward Nymph 515
 Refus'd her Votary, those Elysian scenes,
 Which would she emulate, her nicest hand
 Must all its force of light and shade employ.
 On thee too, SOUTHCOTE, shall the Muse bestow
 No vulgar praise : for thou to humblest things 520
 Could'st give ennobling beauties ; deck'd by thee,
 The simple Farm eclips'd the Garden's pride,
 Ev'n as the virgin blush of innocence,
 The harlotry of Art. Nor SHENSTONE, though
 Shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace ! 525
 Who knew'st, perchance, to harmonize thy shades
 Softer than thy song ; yet was that song
 Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
 To pastoral plaint, or tale of flighted love.
 Him too, the living Leader of thy powers, 530
 Great Nature ! him the Muse shall hail in notes
 Which antedate the praise true Genius claims
 From just Posterity : Bards yet unborn
 Shall pay to BROWN that tribute, fittest paid
 In strains, the beauty of his scenes inspire. 535

Meanwhile, ye youths ! whose sympathetic souls
 Would taste those genuine charms, which faintly shine
 In my descriptive song, O visit oft
 The finish'd scenes, that boast the forming hand
 Of these creative Genii ! feel ye there 540
 What REYNOLDS felt, when first the Vatican
 Unbarr'd her gates, and to his raptur'd eye
 Gave all the godlike energy that flow'd

From

* Ver. 522, Note XI.

From MICHAEL's pencil ; feel what GARRICK felt,
 When first he breath'd the soul of Shakespear's page. 545
 So shall your Art, if call'd to grace a scene
 Yet unadorn'd, with taste instinctive give
 Each grace appropriate ; to your active eye
 Shall dart that glance prophetic, which awakes
 The slumbring Wood-nymphs ; gladly shall they rise
 Oread, and Dryad, from their verdurous beds, 551
 And fling their foliage, and arrange their stems,
 As you, and beauty bid : the Naiad train,
 Alike obsequious, from a thousand urns
 Shall pour their crysaline tide ; while, hand in hand,
 Vertumnus, and Pomona bring their stores, 556
 Fruitage, and flowers of ev'ry blush, and scent,
 Each varied season yields ; to you they bring
 The fragrant tribute ; ye, with generous hand
 Diffuse the blessing wide, till Albion smile, 560
 One ample theatre of sylvan Grace.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE SECOND.

HAIL to the Art, that teaches Wealth and Pride
 How to possess their wish, the world's applause,
 Unmixt with blame ! that bids Magnificence
 Abate its meteor glare, and learn to shine
 Benevolently mild ; like her, the Queen
 Of Night, who sailing thro' autumnal skies,
 Gives to the bearded product of the plain
 Her ripening lustre, lingering as she rolls,
 And glancing cool the salutary ray
 Which fills the fields with plenty.* Hail that Art !
 Ye swains ! for, hark ! with lowings glad, your herds
 Proclaim its influence, wandering o'er the lawns
 Restor'd to them and Nature ; now no more
 Shall Fortune's Minion rob them of their right,
 Or round his dull domain with lofty wall
 Oppose their jocund presence. Gothic Pomp
 Frowns and retires, his proud behests are scorn'd ;
 Now Taste inspir'd by Truth exalts her voice,
 And she is heard. " Oh, let not man misdeem ;
 " Waste is not Grandeur. Fashion ill supplies
 " My sacred place, and Beauty scorns to dwell
 " Where Use is exil'd." At the awful sound
 The terrace sinks spontaneous ; on the green,

15

20

Broader'd

* Ver. 10, Note XII.

Broider'd with crisped knots, the tansie yews
 Wither and fall; the fountain dares no more
 To fling its walted crystal thro' the sky,
 But pours salubrious o'er the parched lawn
 Rills of fertility. Oh best of Arts
 That works this happy change! true Alchymy,
 Beyond he Rosicrucian boast, that turns
 Deformity to grace, expence to gain,
 And pleas'd restores to Earth's maternal lap
 The long-lost fruits of AMALTHEA'S horn.

When such the theme, the Poet smiles secure
 Of candid audience, and with touch assur'd
 Resumes his reed ASCREAN; eager he
 To ply his warbling stops of various note
 In Nature's cause, that Albion's listening youths,
 Inform'd erewhile to scorn the long-drawn lines
 Of straight formality, alike may scorn
 Those quick, acute, perplex'd, and tangled paths,
 That, like the snake crush'd by the sharpen'd spade,
 Writhe in convulsive torture, and fall off,
 Thro' many a dank and unsunn'd labyrinth,
 Mislead our step; till giddy, spent, and foil'd,
 We reach the point where first our race began.

These Fancy priz'd erroneous, what time Taste,
 An infant yet, first join'd her to destroy
 The measur'd platform; into false extremes
 What marvel if they stray'd, as yet unkill'd
 To mark the form of that peculiar curve,
 Alike averse to crooked and to straight,
 Where sweet Simplicity resides; which Grace
 And Beauty call their own; whose lambent flow
 Charms us at once with symmetry and ease.

'Tis Nature's curve, instinctively she bids
 Her tribes of Being trace it. Down the slope
 Of yon wide field, see, with its gradual sweep,
 The ploughing steers their fallow ridges swell;
 The peasant, driving thro' each shadowy lane 60
 His team, that bends beneath th' incumbent weight
 Of laughing CERES, marks it with his wheel;
 At night, and morn, the milkmaid's careless step
 Has, thro' yon pasture green, from stile to stile,
 Imprest a kindred curve; the scudding hare 65
 Draws to her dew-sprent seat, o'er thymy heaths,
 A path as gently waving; mark them well;
 Compare, pronounce, that, varying but in size,
 Their forms are kindred all; go then, convinc'd
 That Art's unerring rule is only drawn 70
 From Nature's sacred source; a rule that guides
 Her ev'ry toil; or, if she shape the path,
 Or scoop the lawn, or, gradual, lift the hill.
 For not alone to that embellish'd walk,
 Which leads to ev'ry beauty of the scene, 75
 It yields a grace, but spreads its influence wide.
 Prescribes each form of thicket, copse, or wood,
 Confines the rivulet, and spreads the lake.
 Yet shall this graceful line forget to please,
 If border'd close by sidelong parallels, 80
 Nor duly mixt with those opposing curves
 That give the charm of contrast. Vainly Taste
 Draws thro' the grove her path in easiest bend,
 If, on the margin of its woody sides,
 The measur'd greenward waves in kindred flow: 85
 Oft let the turf recede, and oft approach.
 With varied breadth, now sink into the shade,

Now

Now to the sun its verdant bosom bare.
 As vainly wilt thou lift the gradual hill
 To meet thy right-hand view, If to the left
 An equal hill ascends: in this, and all
 Be various, wild, and free as Nature's self.

For in her wildness is there oft an art,
 Or seeming art, which, by position apt,
 Arranges shapes unequal, so to save
 That correspondent poize, which unpreserv'd
 Would mock our gaze with airy vacancy.
 Yet fair Variety, with all her powers,
 Assists the Balance; 'gainst the barren crag
 She lifts the pastur'd slope; to distant hills
 Opposes neighb'ring shades; and, central oft,
 Relieves the flatness of the lawn, or lake,
 With studded tuft, or island. So to poize
 Her objects, mimic Art may oft attain:
 She rules the foreground; she can swell or sink
 Its surface; here her leafy screen oppose,
 And there withdraw; here part the varying greens,
 And there in one promiscuous gloom combine
 As best befits the Genius of the scene.

Him then, that sov'reign Genius, Monarch sole
 Who, from creation's primal day, derives
 His right divine to this his rural throne,
 Approach with meet obeisance; at his feet
 Let our aw'd art fall prostrate. They of Ind,
 The Tartar tyrants, Tamerlane's proud race,
 Or they in Persia thron'd, who shake the rod
 Of power o'er myriads of enervate slaves,
 Expect not humbler homage to their pride

Than

Than does this sylvan Despot *. Yet to those
 Who do him loyal service, who revere 120
 His dignity, nor aim, with rebel arms,
 At lawless usurpation, is he found
 Patient and placable, receives well pleas'd
 Their tributary treasures, nor disdains
 To blend them with his own internal store. 125

Stands he in blank and desolated state,
 Where yawning crags disjointed, sharp, uncouth,
 Involve him with pale horror? In the clefts
 Thy welcome spade shall heap that soft ring mould
 Whence spaling oaks may spring; whence clust'ring crouds
 Of early underwood shall veil their sides, 131
 And teach their rugged heads above the shade
 To tower in shapes romantic: Nor, around
 Their flinty roots, shall ivy spare to hang
 Its gadding tendrils, nor the moss-grown turf, 135
 With wild thyme sprinkled, there refuse to spread
 Its verdure. Awful hill, yet not austere,
 The Genius stands; bold is his port, and wild,
 But not forlorn, nor savage. On some plain
 Of tedious length, say, are his flat limbs laid? 140
 Thy hand shall lift him from the dreary couch,
 Pillowing his head with swelling hillocks green,
 While, all around, a forest-curtain spreads
 Its waving folds, and blesses his repose.
 What, if perchance in some prolific soil, 145
 Where Vegetation strenuous, uncontroll'd,
 Has push'd her powers luxuriant, he now pines
 For air and freedom? Soon thy sturdy axe,

Amid

* Ver. 119, Note XIII.

Amid its interwisted foliage driv'n,
 Shall open all his glades, and ingress give 150
 To the bright darts of day; his prisou'd rills,
 That darkling crept amid the rustling brakes,
 Shall glitter as they glide, and his dank caves,
 Free to salubrious Zephyrs, cease to weep.
 Meanwhile his shadowy pomp he still retains, 155
 His Dryads still attend him; they alone
 Of race plebeian banish'd, who to croud
 Not grace his state, their boughs obtrusive flung.

But chief consult him ere thou dar'st decide
 Th' appropriate bounds of Pleasure, and of Use; 160
 For Pleasure, lawless robber, oft invades
 Her neighbour's right, and turns to idle waste
 Her treasures: curb her then in scanty bounds,
 Whene'er the scene permits that just restraint.
 The curb restrains not Beauty; sov'reign she 165
 Still triumphs, still unites each subject realm,
 And blesses both impartial. Why then fear
 Left, if thy fence contract the shaven lawn,
 It does Her wrong? She points a thousand ways,
 And each her own, to cure the needful ill. 170
 Where'er it winds, and freely must it wind,
 She bids, at ev'ry bend, thick-blossom'd tufts
 Croud their inwoven tendrils: is there still
 A void? Lo, Lebanon her Cedar lends!
 Lo, all the stately progeny of Pines 175
 Come, with their floating foliage richly deck'd,
 To fill that void! meanwhile across the mead
 The wand'ring flocks that browse between the shades
 Seem oft to pass their bounds; the dubious eye
 Decides not if they crop the mead or lawn. 180

Browse

Browse then your fill, fond Foresters ! to you
 Shall sturdy Labour quit his morning task
 Well pleas'd ; nor longer o'er his useless plots
 Draw through the dew the splendor of his scythe.
 He, leaning on that scythe, with carols gay 185
 Salutes his fleecy substitutes, that rush
 In bleating chace to their delicious talk,
 And, spreading o'er the plain, with eager teeth
 Devour it into verdure. Browse your fill
 Fond Foresters ! the soil that you enrich 190
 Shall still supply your morn and evening meal
 With choicest delicacies ; whether you choose
 The vernal blades, that rise with feeded stem
 Of hue purpureal ; or the clover white,
 That in a spiked ball collects its sweets ; 195
 Or trembling fescue : ev'ry fav'rite herb
 Shall court your taste, ye harmless epicures !
 Meanwhile permit that with unheeded step
 I pass beside you, nor let idle fear
 Spoil your repast, for know the lively scene, 200
 That you still more enliven, to my soul
 Darts inspiration, and impells the song
 To roll in bolder descant ; while, within,
 A gleam of happiness primæval seems
 To snatch me back to joys my nature claim'd, 205
 Ere vice defil'd, ere slavery sunk the world,
 And all was faith and freedom : Then was man
 Creation's king, yet friend ; and all that browse,
 Or skim, or dive, the plain, the air, the flood,
 Paid him their liberal homage ; paid unaw'd 210
 In love accepted, sympathetic love
 That felt for all, and blest them with its smiles.

Then,

Then, not the curling horn had learn'd to sound;
 The savage song of chase; the barbed shaft
 Had then no poison'd point; not thou, fell rebel,
 Whose iron entrails hide the sulphurous blast,
 Satanic engine, knew'st the ruthless power
 Of thundering death around thee. Then alike
 Were ye innocuous thro' your ev'ry tribe,
 Or brute, or reptile; nor by rage or guile
 Had giv'n to injur'd man his only plea
 (And that the tyrant's plea) to work your harm,
 Instant, alas, like wayward Reason, now
 Veers from its pole. There was a golden time
 When each created being kept its sphere
 Appointed, nor infring'd its neighbour's right.
 The flocks, to whom the grassy lawn was giv'n,
 Fed on its blades contented; now they crush
 Each scion's tender shoots, and, at its birth,
 Destroy what, sav'd from their remorseless tooth,
 Had been the tree of Jove. Ev'n while I sing,
 Yon wanton lamb has crop'd the whodbine's pride,
 That bent beneath a full-blown load of sweets,
 And fill'd the air with perfume; see it falls;
 The busy bees, with many a murmur sad,
 Hang o'er their honied loss. Why is it thus?
 Ah, why must Art defend the friendly shades
 She rear'd to shield you from the noontide beam?
 Traitors, forbear to wound them! say, ye fools!
 Does your rich herbage fail? do acrid leaves
 Afford you daintier food? I plead in vain;
 For now the father of the fleecy troop

Begin

* Vers. 222. Note XIV.

Begins his devastation, and his ewes
 Croud to the spoil, with imitative zeal.
 Since then, constrain'd, we must expel the flock 245
 From where our saplings sife, our flow'ers bloom;
 The song shall teach, in clear preceptive notes,
 How best to frame the Fence, and best to hide
 All its foreseen defects; defective still,
 Tho' hid with happiest art. Ingrateful sure 250
 When such the theme, becomes the Poet's task;
 Yet must he try, by modulation meet
 Of varied cadence, and selected phrase;
 Exact yet free, without inflation bold,
 To dignify that theme, must try to form 255
 Such magic sympathy of sense with sound,
 As pictures all it sings; while Grace awakes
 At each blest touch, and, on the lowliest things,
 Scatters her rainbow hues. — The first and best 260
 Is that, which, sinking from our eye, divides
 Yet seems not to divide the shaven lawn;
 And parts it from the pasture; for if there
 Sheep feed, or dappled deer, their wandering teeth
 Will, smoothly as the scythe, the herbage shave,
 And leave a kindred verdure. This to keep 265
 Heed that thy labourer scoop the trench with care
 For some there are who give their spade repose,
 When broad enough the perpendicular sides
 Divide, and deep descende To form perchance
 Some needful drain, such labour may suffice, 270
 Yet not for beauty: here thy range of wall
 Must lift its height erect, and, o'er its head
 A verdant veil of swelling turf expand,
 While smoothly from its base with gradual ease

The

The pasture meets its level, at that point 275
 Which best deludes our eye, and best conceals
 Thy lawn's brief limit. Down so smooth a slope
 The fleecy foragers will gladly browse;
 The velvet herbage free from weeds obscene
 Shall spread its equal carpet, and the trench 280
 Be pasture to its base. Thus form thy fence
 Of stone, for stone alone, and pil'd on high,
 Best curbs the nimble deer, that love to range
 Unlimited; but where tame heifers feed,
 Or innocent sheep, an humbler mound will serve 285
 Unlin'd with stone, and but a green-sward trench.
 Here midway down, upon the nearer bank
 Plant thy thick row of thorns, and, to defend
 Their infant shoors, beneath, on oaken stakes,
 Extend a rail of elm, securely arm'd 290
 With spiculated pailing, in such sort
 As, round some citadel, the engineer
 Directs his sharp stocade. But when the shoors
 Condense, and interweave their prickly boughs
 Impenetrable, then withdraw their guard, 295
 They've done their office; scorn thou to retain,
 What frowns like military art, in scenes,
 Where Peace should smile perpetual. These destroy'd,
 Make it thy vernal care, when April calls
 New shoors to birth, to trim the hedge afloat, 300
 And mould it to the roundness of the mound,
 Itself a shelving hill; nor need we here
 The rule or line precise, a casual glance
 Suffices to direct the careless sheers.
 Yet learn, that each variety of ground 305
 Claims its peculiar barrier. When the fose

Can steal transverse before the central eye,
 'Tis duly drawn ; but, up yon neighb'ring hill
 That fronts the lawn direct, if labour delve
 The yawning chasm, 'twill meet, not cross our view ;
 No foliage can conceal, no curve correct 311
 The deep deformity. And yet thou mean'st
 Up yonder hill to wind thy fragrant way,
 And wisely dost thou mean ; for its broad eye
 Catches the sudden charms of laughing vales, 315
 Rude rocks and headlong streams, and antique oaks
 Lost in a wild horizon ; yet the path
 That leads to all these charms expects defence :
 Here then suspend the sportsman's hempen toils,
 And stretch their meshes on the light support 320
 Of hazel plants, or draw thy lines of wire
 In fivefold parallel ; no danger then
 That sheep invade thy foliage. To thy herds,
 And pastur'd steeds an opener fence oppose,
 Form'd by a triple row of cordage strong, 325
 Tight drawn the stakes between. The simple deer
 Is curb'd by mimic snares ; the slenderest twine
 (If Sages err not) that the Beldame spins
 When by her wintry lamp she plies her wheel,
 Arrests his courage ; his impetuous hoof, 330
 Broad chest, and branching antlers nought avail ;
 In fearful gaze he stands ; the nerves that bore
 His bounding pride o'er lofty mounds of stone,
 A single thread defies. Such force has Fear,
 When visionary Fancy wakes the fiend, 335
 In brute, or man, most powerful when most vain.

Still

* Ver. 327, Note XV.

Still must the Swain, who spreads these corded guards,
 Expect their swift decay. The noontide beams
 Relax, the nightly dews contract the swift.
 Oft too the coward hare, then only bold 340
 When mischief prompts, or wintry famine pines,
 Will quit her rush-grown form, and steal, with ear
 Up-prick'd, to gnaw the toils; and oft the ram
 And jutting steer drive their entangling horns
 Thro' the frail meshes, and, by many a chasm, 345
 Proclaim their hate of thraldom. Nothing brooks
 Confinement, save degenerate Man alone,
 Who deems a monarch's smile can gild his chains.
 Tir'd then, perchance, of nets that daily claim
 Thy renovating labour, thou wilt form, 350
 With elm and oak, a rustic balustrade
 Of firmest juncture; happy could thy toil
 Make it as fair as firm; yet vain the wish,
 Aim but to hide, not grace its formal line.

Let those, who weekly, from the city's smoke, 355
 Croud to each neighb'ring hamlet, there to hold
 Their dusty Sabbath, tip with gold and red
 The milk-white palisades, that Gothic now,
 And now Chinese, now neither, and yet both,
 Checquer their trim domain. Thy sylvan scene 360
 Would fade, indignant at the tawdry glare.

'Tis thine alone to seek what shadowy hues
 Tinging thy fence may lose it in the lawn;
 And these to give thee Painting must descend
 Ev'n to her meanest office; grind, compound, 365
 Compare, and by the distanced eye decide.

For this she first, with snowy ceruse, joins
 The ochr'ous atoms that chalybeate rills

Wash from their mineral channels, as they glide,
 In flakes of earthy gold; with these unites 370
 A tinge of blue, or that deep azure gray,
 Form'd from the calcin'd fibres of the vine;
 And, if she blends, with sparing hand she blends
 That base metallic drug then only priz'd;
 When, aided by the humid touch of Time, 375
 It gives a Nero's or some tyrant's cheek,
 Its precious canker. These with fluent oil
 Attemper'd, on thy lenght'ning rail shall spread
 That sober olive-green which Nature wears
 Ev'n on her vernal bosom; nor misdeem, 380
 For that, illumin'd with the noontide ray,
 She boasts a brighter garment, therefore Art
 A livelier verdure to thy aid should bring.
 Know when that Art, with ev'ry varied hue,
 Portrays the living landscape; when her hand 385
 Commands the canvass plane to glide with streams,
 To wave with foliage, or with flowers to breathe,
 Cool olive tints, in soft gradation laid,
 Create the general herbage: there alone,
 Where darts, with vivid force, the ray supreme, 390
 Unfullied verdure reigns; and tells our eye
 It stole its bright reflection from the sun.

The paint is spread; the barrier pales retire,
 Snatch'd, as by magic, from the gazer's view.
 So, when the sable ensign of the night, 395
 Unfurl'd by mist-impelling Eurus, veils
 The last red radiance of declining day,
 Each scatter'd village, and each holy spire
 That deck'd the distance of the sylvan scene,
 Are sunk in sudden gloom: The pludding hind, 400

That

That homeward hies, kens not the chearing site
 Of his calm cabbin, which, a moment past,
 Stream'd from its roof an azure curl of smoke,
 Beneath the sheltering coppice, and gave sign
 Of warm domestic welcome from his toil. 405

Nor is that Cot, of which fond Fancy draws
 This casual picture, alien from our theme.
 Revisit it at morn; its opening latch,
 Tho' Penury and Toil within reside,
 Shall pour thee forth a youthful progeny 410
 Glowing with health and beauty: (such the dower
 Of equal heav'n) see, how the ruddy tribe
 Throng round the thresh'old, and, with vacant gaze,
 Salute thee; call the loiterers into life,
 And form of these thy fence, the living fence 415
 That graces what it guards. Thou think'st, perchance,
 That, skill'd in Nature's heraldry, thy art
 Has, in the limits of yon fragrant tuft,
 Marshall'd each rose, that to the eye of June
 Spreads its peculiar crimson; do not err, 420
 The loveliest still is wanting; the fresh rose
 Of Innocence, it blossoms on their cheek,
 And, lo, to thee they bear it! striving all,
 In panting race, who first shall reach the lawn,
 Proud to be call'd thy shepherds. Want, alas! 425
 Has o'er their little limbs her livery hung,
 In many a tatter'd fold, yet still those limbs
 Are shapely; their rude locks start from their brow,
 Yet, on that open brow, its dearest throne,
 Sits sweet Simplicity. Ah, clothe the troop 430
 In such a russet garb as best befits
 Their pastoral office; let the leathern scrip

Swing at their side, tip thou their crook with steel,
 And braid their hat with rushes, then to each
 Assign his station; at the close of eve, 435
 Be it their care to pen in hurdled cote
 The flock, and when the matin prime returns,
 Their care to set them free; yet watching still
 The liberty they lend, oft shalt thou hear
 Their whistle shrill, and oft their faithful dog, 440
 Shall with obedient barkings fright the flock
 From wrong or robbery. The livelong day
 Meantime rolls lightly o'er their happy heads;
 They bask on sunny hillocks, or disport
 In rustic pastime, while that loveliest grace, 445
 Which only lives in action unrestrain'd,
 To ev'ry simple gesture lends a charm,

Pride of the year, purpureal Spring! attend,
 And, in the cheek of these sweet innocents
 Behold your beauties pictur'd. As the cloud 450
 That weeps its moment from thy sapphire heav'n,
 They frown with causeless sorrow; as the beam,
 Gilding that cloud, with causeless mirth they smile.
 Stay, pitying Time! prolong their vernal bliss.
 Alas! ere we can note it in our song, 455
 Comes manhood's feverish summer, chill'd full soon
 By cold autumnal care, till wintry age
 Sinks in the froze severity of death.

Ah! who, when such life's momentary dream,
 Would mix in hireling senates, strenuous there 460
 To crush the venal Hydra, whose fell crests
 Rise with recruited venom from the wound!
 Who, for so vain a conflict, would forego
 Thy sylvan haunts, celestial Solitude!

Where

Where self-improvement, crown'd with self-content,
 Await to bless thy votary? Nurtur'd thus 466
 In tranquil groves, list'ning to Nature's voice,
 That preach'd from whispering trees, and babbling brooks
 A lesson seldom learnt in Reason's school,
 The wise Sidonian liv'd *: and, tho' the pest 470
 Of lawless tyranny around him rag'd;
 Tho' Strato, great alone in Persia's gold,
 Uncall'd, unhallow'd by the people's choice,
 Usurp'd the throne of his brave ancestors,
 Yet was his soul all peace; a garden's care 475
 His only thought, its charms his only pride.

But now the conquering arms of Macedon
 Had humbled Persia. Now Phania's realm
 Receives the Son of Ammon; at whose frown
 Her tributary kings or quit their thrones, 480
 Or at his smile retain; and Sidon, now
 Freed from her tyrant, points the Victor's step
 To where her rightful Sov'reign, doubly dear
 By birth and virtue, prun'd his garden grove.

'Twas at that early hour, when now the sun 485
 Behind majestic Lebanon's dark veil
 Hid his ascending splendor; yet thro' each
 Her cedar-vested sides, his flaunting beams
 Shot to the strand, and purpled all the main,
 Where Commerce saw her Sidon's freighted wealth, 490
 With languid streamers, and with folded sails,
 Float in a lake of gold. The wind was hush'd;
 And, to the beach, each slowly-lifted wave,
 Creeping with silver curl, just kiss the shore,

C. 5

And

* Ver. 470, Note XVI.

And slept in silence. At this tranquil hour 495
 Did Sidon's senate, and the Grecian host,
 Led by the conqueror of the world, approach
 The secret glade that veil'd the man of toil.

Now near the mountain's foot the chief arriv'd,
 Where, round that glade, a pointed aloe screen, 500
 Entwin'd with myrtle, met in tangled brakes,
 That bar'd all entrance, save at one low gate,
 Whose time-disjointed arch with ivy chain'd,
 Bad stoop the warrior train. A pathway brown
 Led thro' the pass, meeting a fretful brook, 505
 And wandering near its channel, while it leapt
 O'er many a rocky fragment, where rude Art
 Had eas'd perchance, but not prescrib'd its way.

Close was the vale and shady; yet ere long
 Its forest sides retiring, left a lawn 510
 Of ample circuit, where the widening stream
 Now o'er its pebbled channel nimbly tript
 In many a lucid maze. From the flower'd verge
 Of this clear rill now stray'd the devious path,
 Amid ambrosial tufts where spicy plants, 515
 Weeping their perfum'd tears of myrrh, and hard,
 Stood crown'd with Sharon's rose; or where, apart,
 The patriarch Palm his load of sugar'd dates
 Shower'd plenteous; where the Fig, of standard strength,
 And rich Pomegranate, wrapt in dulcet pulp 520
 Their racy seeds; or where the citron's bough
 Bent with its load of golden fruit mature.
 Meanwhile the lawn beneath the scatter'd shade
 Spread its serene extent; a stately file
 Of circling Cypress mark'd the distant bound. 525

Now,

Now, to the left, the path ascending pierc'd
 A smaller sylvan theatre, yet deck'd
 With more majestic foliage. Cedars here,
 Coeval with the sky-crown'd mountain's self,
 Spread wide their giant arms; whence, from a rock 530
 Craggy and black, that seem'd its fountain head,
 The stream fell headlong; yet still higher rose,
 Ev'n in th' eternal snows of Lebanon,
 That hallow'd spring; thence, in the porous earth
 Long while ingulph'd, its crystal weight here forc'd 535
 Its way to light and freedom. Down it dash'd;
 A bed of native marble pure receiv'd
 The new-born Naiad, and repos'd her wave,
 Till with o'er-flowing pride it skim'd the lawn.

Fronting this lake there rose a solemn grove, 540
 O'er which an ancient vine luxuriant flung
 Its purple clusters, and beneath its roof
 An unhewn altar. Rich Sabæan gums
 That altar pil'd, and there with torch of pine
 The venerable Sage, now first descri'd, 545
 The fragrant incense kindled. Age had shed
 That dust of silver o'er his sable locks,
 Which spoke his strength mature beyond its prime,
 Yet vigorous still, for from his healthy cheek
 Time had not cropt a rose, or on his brow 550
 One wrinkling furrow plow'd; his eagle eye
 Had all its youthful lightning; and each limb
 The sinewy strength that toil demands, and gives.

The warrior saw and paus'd: his nod withheld
 The crowd at awful distance, where their cars, 555
 In mute attention, drank the Sage's prayer.
 "Parent of Good! (he cried) behold the gifts

"Thy

"Thy humble votary brings, and may thy smile
 "Hallow his custom'd offering. Let the hand
 "That deals in blood, with blood thy shrines detain;
 "Be mine this harmless tribute. If it speaks 564
 "A garteful heart, can hecatombs do more?
 "Parent of Good! they cannot. Purple Pomp
 "May call thy presence to a prouder fane
 "Than this poor cave; but will thy presence there 565
 "Be more devoutly felt? Parent of Good!
 "It will not. Here then, shall the prostrate heart,
 "That deeply feels thy presence, lift its pray'r.
 "But what has he to ask who nothing needs,
 "Save, what unask'd, is, from thy heav'n of heav'ns,
 "Giv'n in diurnal good? Yet, holy Power! 571
 "Do all that call thee Father thus exult
 "In thy propitious presence? Sidon sinks
 "Beneath a tyrant's scourge. Parent of Good!
 "Oh free my captive country." — Sudden here 575
 He paus'd and sigh'd. And now, the raptur'd crowd
 Murmur'd applause: he heard, he turn'd, and saw
 The King of Macedon with eager step
 Burst from his warrior phalanx. From the youth,
 Who bore its state, the conqueror's own right hand 580
 Snatch'd the rich wreath, and bound it on his brow.
 His swift attendants o'er his shoulders cast
 The robe of empire, while the trumpet's voice
 Proclaim'd him King of Sidon. Stern he stood,
 Or, if he smil'd, 'twas a contemptuous smile, 585
 That held the pageant honours in disdain.
 Then burst the people's voice, in loud acclaim,
 And bad him be their Father. At the word,
 The honour'd blood, that warm'd him, flush'd his cheek;
 Marc'h'd

BOOK THE SECOND.

590

His brow expanded ; his exalted step
March'd firmer ; graciously he bow'd the head,
And was the Sire they call'd him. "Tell me, King,"
Young Amnon cried, while o'er his bright'ning form
He cast the gaze of wonder, "how a soul

595

"Like thine could bear the toils of Penury !"

"Oh grant me, Gods !" he answer'd, "so to bear

"This load of Royalty. My toil was crown'd

"With blessings lost to Kings ; yet, righteous Powers !

"If to my country ye transfer the boon,

"I triumph in the loss. Be mine the chains

"That fetter Sov'reignty ; let Sidon smile

"With, your best blessings, Liberty and Peace."

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE
ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CLOS'D is that curious ear, by Death's cold hand,
 That mark'd each error of my careless strain
 With kind severity; to whom my Muse
 Still lov'd to whisper, what she meant to sing
 In louder accent; to whose taste supreme
 She first and last appeal'd, nor wish'd for praise,
 Save when his smile was herald to her fame.
 Yes, thou art gone; yet Friendship's fault'ring tongue
 Invokes thee still; and still, by Fancy sooth'd,
 Fain would she hope her GRAY attends the call. 10
 Why then, alas! in this my fav'rite haunt,
 Place I the Urn, the Bust, the sculptur'd Lyre,*
 Or fix this votive tablet, fair inscrib'd
 With numbers worthy thee, for they are thine?
 Why, if thou hear'st me still, these symbols sad 15
 Of fond memorial? Ah! my pensive soul!
 He hears me not, nor ever more shall hear
 The theme his candour, not his taste approv'd.

Oft, 'smiling as in scorn,' oft would he cry,
 "Why waste thy numbers on a trivial art, 20
 "That ill can mimic even the humblest charms
 "Of all-majestic Nature?" at the word
 His eye would glisten, and his accents glow

With

* Ver. 12, Note XVII.

With all the Poet's frenzy, "Soy'reign Queen!
 "Behold, and tremble, while thou view'st her state
 "Thron'd on the heights of Skiddaw: call thy art
 "To build her such a throne, that art will feel
 "How vain her best pretensions, Trace her march
 "Amid the purple craggs of Borrowdale;
 "And try like those to pile thy range of rock
 "In rude tumultuous chaos. See! she mounts
 "Her Naiades, and down Ludore's dread cliff
 "Falls many a fathom, like the headlong Bard
 "My fabling fancy plung'd in Conway's flood
 "Yet not like him to sink in endless night
 "For, on its boiling bosom, still she guides
 "Her buoyant shell, and leads the wave along;
 "Or spreads it broad, a river, or a lake,
 "As suits her pleasure; will thy boldest song
 "E'er brace the sinews of enervate art
 "To such dread daring? will it ev'n direct
 "Her hand to emulate those softer charms
 "That deck the banks of Dove, or call to birth
 "The bare romantic craggs, and copses green,
 "That sidelong grace her circuit, whence the rills
 "Bright in their crystal purity, descend
 "To meet their sparkling Queen? around each fountain
 "The haw-thorns croud, and knit their blossom'd sprays
 "To keep their sources sacred. Here, even here,
 "Thy art, each active sinew stretch'd in vain,
 "Would perish in its pride. Far rather thou
 "Confess her scanty power, correct, controul,
 "Tell her how far, nor farther, she may go;
 "And rein with Reason's curb fantastic Taste."

Yes

Yes I will hear thee, dear lamented Shade,
 And hold each dictate sacred. What remains, blest
 Unsung shall to each leading rule select
 As if still guided by thy judgment sage;
 While, as still modell'd to thy curious ear,
 Flow my melodious numbers; so shall praise,
 If ought of praise the verse I weave may claim,
 From just Posterity reward my song.

Erewhile to trace the path, to form the fence,
 To mark the destin'd limits of the lawn,
 The Muse, with measur'd step, preceptive, pac'd,
 Now from the surface with impatient flight
 She mounts, Sylvanus! o'er thy world of shade
 To spread her pinions. Open all thy glades,
 Greet her from all thy echoes. Orpheus-like,
 Arm'd with the spells of harmony she comes,
 To lead thy forests forth to lovelier haunts;
 Where Fancy waits to fix them; from the dell
 Where now they lurk she calls them to possess
 Conspicuous stations; to their varied forms
 Allots congenial place; selects, divides,
 And blends anew in one Elyzian scene.

Yet, while I thus exult, my weak tongue feels
 Its ineffectual powers, and seeks in vain
 That force of ancient phrase which, speaking, paints,
 And is the thing it sings. Ah Virgil! why,
 By thee neglected, was this loveliest theme
 Left to the grating voice of modern reed?
 Why not array it in the splendid robe
 Of thy rich diction, and consign the charge
 To Fame thy hand-maid, whose immortal plume
 Had born its praise beyond the bounds of Time?

Countess

Countess is Vegetations verdant brood
 As are the stars that stud yon cope of heaven;
 To marshal all her tribes, in order'd file,
 Generic, or specific, might demand
 His science, wond'rous Swede! whose ample mind,
 Like antient Tadmor's philosophic king,
 Stretch'd from the Hyssop creeping on the wall
 To Lebanon's proudest cedars. Skill like this,
 Which spans a third of Nature's copious realm,
 Our art requires not, sedulous alone
 To note those general properties of form,
 Dimension, growth, duration, strength, and hue,
 Then first impress, when, at the dawn of time,
 The form-deciding, life-inspiring word
 Pronounc'd them into being. These prime marks
 Distinctive, docile Memory makes her own,
 That each its shadowy successor may supply
 To her wish'd purpose; first, with needful shade,
 To veil what'er of wall, or fence uncouth
 Disgusts the eye, which tyrant Use has rear'd,
 And stern Necessity forbids to change.

Lur'd by their hasty shoots, and branching stems,
 Planters there are who chuse the race of Pine
 For this great end; erroneous; witless they
 That, as their arrowy heads assault the sky,
 They leave their shafts unseather'd; rather thou
 Select the shrubs that, patient of the knife,
 Will thank thee for the wound, the hardy Thorn,
 Holly, or Box; Privet, or Pyrachant
 They, thickening from their base, with tenfold shade
 Will soon replenish all thy judgment prun'd.

But chief, with willing aid, her glittering green
 Shall England's Laurel bring; swift shall she spread
 Her broad-leav'd shade, and float it fair, and wide, 120
 Proud to be call'd an inmate of the soil.
 Let England prize this daughter of the East *
 Beyond that Latian plant, of kindred name,
 That wreath'd the head of Julius; basely twin'd
 Its flattering foliage on the traitor's brow 125
 Who crush'd his country's freedom. Sacred tree,
 Ne'er be thy brighter verdure thus debas'd
 Far happier thou, in this sequester'd bower,
 To shroud thy Poet, who, with soft'ring hand,
 Here bade thee flourish, and with grateful strain 130
 Now chaunts the praise of thy maturer bloom.
 And happier far that Poet, if, secure
 His Hearth and Altars from the pilfering slaves
 Of Power, his little eve of lonely life
 May here steal on, blest with the heartfelt calm 135
 That competence and liberty inspire.

Nor are the plants which England calls her own
 Few, or unlovely, that, with laurel join'd,
 And kindred foliage of perennial green,
 Will form a close-knit curtain. Shrubs there are 140
 Of bolder growth, that, at the call of Spring,
 Burst forth in blossom'd fragrance: Lilacs rob'd
 In snow-white innocence, or purple pride;
 The sweet Syringa yielding but in scent
 To the rich Orange; or the Woodbine wild 145
 That loves to hang, on barren boughs remote,
 Her wreaths of flowery perfume. These beside
 Myriads,

* Ver. 123, Note XVIII.

Myriads, that here the Muse neglects to name,
Will add a vernal lustre to thy veil.

And what if chance collects the varied tribes, 150
Yet fear not thou but unexpected charms
Will from their union start. But if our song
Supply one precept here, it bids retire
Each leaf of deeper dye, and lift in front
Foliage of paler verdure, so to spread 155
A canvass, which when touch'd by Autumn's hand
Shall gleam with dusky gold, or ruffet rays.
But why prepare for her funereal hand
That canvass? she but comes to dress thy shades,
As lovelier victims for their wintry tomb. 160
Rather to flowery Spring, to Summer bright,
Thy labour consecrate; their laughing reign,
The youth, the manhood of the growing year,
Deserves that labour, and rewards its pain.
Yet, heedful ever of that ruthless time 165
When Winter shakes their stems; preserve a file
With everduring leaf to brave his arm,
And deepening spread their undiminish'd gloom.
But, if the tall defect demands a screen 170
Of forest shade high-tow'ring, some broad roof
Perchance of glaring tile that guards the stores
Of Ceres; or the patch'd disjointed choir
Of some old Fane, whose steeple's Gothic pride
Or pinnacled, or spir'd, would bolder rise
'In tufted trees high bosom'd,' here allot 175
Convenient space to plant that lofty tribe
Behind thy underwood, lest, o'er it's head,
The forest tyrants shake their lordly arms,
And shed their baleful dews. Each plant that springs

Holds, like the people of some free-born state, 180
 Its rights fair franchis'd; rooted to a spot
 It yet has claim to air; from liberal heav'n
 It yet has claim to sunshine, and to showers:
 Air, showers, and sunshine are its liberty.

That liberty secur'd, a general shade, 185
 Dense and impervious, to thy wish shall rise
 To hide each form uncouth; and, this obtain'd,
 What next we from the Dryad powers implore
 Is Grace, is Ornament: For see! our lawn,
 Though cloath'd with softest verdure, though reliev'd
 By many a gentle fall and easy swell, 191
 Expects that harmony of light, and shade,
 Which foliage only gives. Come then, ye plants!
 That, like the village troop when Maia dawns,
 Delight to mingle social; to the crest 195
 Of yonder brow we safely may conduct
 Your numerous train; no eye obstructed there
 Will blame your interpos'd society:
 But, on the plain below, in single stems
 Disparted, or in sparing groups distinct, 200
 Wide must ye stand, in wild, disorder'd mood,
 As if the seeds from which your scyons sprang
 Had there been scatter'd from the affrighted beak
 Of some maternal bird whom the fierce Hawk
 Pursued with felon claw. Her young meanwhile 205
 Callow, and cold, from their moss-woven nest
 Peep forth; they stretch their little eager throats
 Broad to the wind, and plead to the lone spray
 Their famish'd plaint importunately shrill.

Yet in this wild disorder Art presides, 210
 Designs, corrects, and regulates the whole,

Herself

Herself the while unseen. No Cedar broad
 Drops his dark curtain where a distant scene
 Demands distinction. Here the thin abele
 Of lofty bole, and bare, the smooth stem'd beech, 215
 Or slender alder, give our eye free space
 Beneath their boughs to catch each lessening charm
 Ev'n to the far horizon's azure bound.

Nor will that sov'reign Arbitress admit,
 Where'er her nod decrees a mass of shade, 220
 Plants of unequal size, discordant kind,
 Or rul'd by Foliage's different laws;
 But for that needful purpose those prefers
 Whose hues are friendly, whose coeval leaves
 The earliest open, and the latest fade. 225

Nor will she, scorning truth and taste, devote
 To strange, and alien soils, her seedling stems;
 Fix the dank fallow on the mountain's brow,
 Or, to the moss-grown margin of the lake,
 Bid the dry pine descend. From Nature's laws 230
 She draws her own: Nature and she are one.

Nor will she, led by fashion's lure, select,
 For objects interpos'd, the pigmy race
 Of shrubs, or scatter with unmeaning hand
 Their offspring o'er the lawn, scorning to patch 235
 With many a meagre and disjointed tuft
 Its sober surface: fide long to her path
 And polish'd foreground she confines their growth
 Where o'er their heads the liberal eye may range.

Nor will her prudence, when intent to form 240
 One perfect whole, on feeble aid depend,
 And give exotic wonders to our gaze.
 She knows and therefore fears the faithless train:

Sagely she calls on those of hardy class,
 Indigenous, who, patient of the change
 From heat to cold which Albion hourly feels,
 Are brac'd with strength to brave it. These alone
 She plants, and prunes, nor grieves if nicer eyes
 Pronounce them vulgar. These she calls her friends,
 That veteran troop who will not for a blast
 Of nipping air, like cowards, quit the field.
 Far to the north of thy imperial towers,
 Augusta ! in that wild and Alpine vale,
 Thro' which the Swale, by mountain-torrents swell'd,
 Flings his redundant stream, there liv'd a youth
 Of polish'd manners ; ample his domain,
 And fair the site of his paternal dome,
 He lov'd the art I sing ; a deep adept
 In Nature's story, well he knew the names
 Of all her verdant lineage ; yet that skill
 Misted his taste ; scornful of every bloom
 That spreads spontaneous, from remotest Ind
 He brought his foliage ; careless of its cost,
 Ev'n of its beauty careless ; it was rare,
 And therefore beauteous. Now his laurel screen,
 With rose and woodbine negligently wove,
 Bows to the axe ; the rich Magnolias claim
 The station ; now Herculean Beeches fell'd
 Relinquish their rights, and warm Virginia sends
 Her Cedars to usurp them ; the proud Oak
 Himself, ev'n He the sov'reign of the shade,
 Yields to the Fir that drips with Gilead's balm.
 Now Albion gaze at glories not thy own !
 Pause, rapid Swale ! and see thy margin crown'd
 With all the pride of Ganges : vernal showers

Have

Have fix'd their roots ; nutritious summer suns
 Favor'd their growth ; and mildest autumn smil'd
 Benignant o'er them : vigorous, fair, and tall,
 They waft a gale of spices o'er the plain.
 But Winter comes, and with him watry Jove,
 And with him Boreas in his frozen shroud ;
 The savage spirit of old Swale is rous'd ;
 He howls amidst his foam. At the dread sight
 The Aliens stand aghast ; they bow their heads
 In vain the glassy penthouse is supply'd :
 The pelting storm with icy bullets breaks
 Its fragile barrier ; see ! they fade, they die.

Warn'd by his error, let the Planter flight
 These shiv'ring rarities ; or if, to please
 Fastidious Fashion, he must needs allot
 Some space for foreign foliage, let him chuse
 A sidelong glade, shelter'd from east and north,
 And free to southern and to western gales ;
 There let him fix their station, thither wind
 Some devious path, that, from the chief design
 Detach'd, may lead to where they safely bloom.
 So in the web of epic song sublime
 The Bard Mæonian interweaves the charm
 Of softer episode, yet leaves unbroke
 The golden thread of his majestic theme.

What else to shun of formal, false, or vain,
 Of long-lin'd Vistas, or plantations quaint
 Our former strains have taught. Instruction now
 Withdraws ; she knows her limits ; knows that Grace
 Is caught by strong perception, not from rules ;
 That undrest Nature claims for all her limbs
 Some simple garb peculiar, which, how'er

Distinct their size and shape, is simple still :
 This garb to chuse, with clothing dense, or thin,
 A part to hide, another to adorn,
 Is Taste's important task ; preceptive song
 From error in the choice can only warn.

But vain that warning voice ; vain ev'ry aid
 Of Genius, Judgment, Fancy, to secure
 The Planter's lasting fame : There is a power,
 A hidden power, at once his friend, and foe :
 'Tis Vegetation. Gradual to his groves
 She gives their wish'd effect ; and, that display'd,
 Oh, that her power would pause ! but active still,
 She swells each stem, prolongs each vagrant bough,
 And darts with unremitting vigour bold
 From Grace to wild luxuriance. Happier far
 Are you, ye sons of CLAUDE ! who, from the mine,
 The earth, or juice of herb or flower concrete,
 Mingle the mass whence your Arcadias spring :
 The beauteous outline of your pictur'd shades
 Still keeps the bound you gave it ; Time that pales
 Your vivid hues, respects your pleasing forms,
 Not so our Landscapes : though we paint like you,
 We paint with growing colours ; ev'ry year,
 O'erpassing that which gives the breadth of shade
 We sought, by rude addition, mars our scene.
 Rouse then, ye Hinds ! e'er yet you closing boughs
 Blot out the purple distance, swift prevent
 The spreading evil : thin the crowded glades,
 While yet of slender size each stem will thrive
 Transplanted : Twice repeat the annual toil ;
 Nor let the axe its beak, the saw its tooth
 Refrain, whene'er some random branch has stray'd

Beyond

Beyond the bounds of beauty ; else full soon, 340
 Ev'n e'er the Planter's life has past its prime,
 Will Albion's garden frown an Indian wild.

Forboding Fears avault ! be ours to urge
 Each present purpose by what favoring means
 May work its end design'd ; why deprecate 345
 The change that waits on sublunary things,
 Sad lot of their existence ? Shall we pause
 To give the charm of Water to our scene,
 For that the congregated rains may swell
 Its tide into a flood ? or that yon Sun, 350
 Now on the Lion mounted, to his noon
 Impells him, shaking from his fiery mane
 A heat may parch its channel ? O, ye caves,
 Deepen your dripping roofs ! this feverish hour *
 Claims all your coolness ; in your humid cells 355
 Permit me to forget the Planter's toil ;
 And, while I woo your Naiads to my aid,
 Involve me in impenetrable gloom.

Blest is the Man (if bliss be human boast)
 Whose fertile soil is wash'd with frequent streams, 360
 And springs salubrious, He disdains to toss
 In rainbow dew, their crystal to the sun ;
 Or sink in subterranean cisterns deep ;
 That so, through leaden siphons upward drawn,
 Those streams may leap fantastic. He his ear 365
 Shuts to the tuneful trilling of the Bard, **
 Who trick'd a gothic theme with classic flowers,
 And sung of Fountains bursting from the shells

D 5

* Ver. 354, Note XIX.

** Ver. 366, Note XX.

Of brazen Tritons, spouting through the jaws
 'Of Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimæras dire.' 370

Peace to his Manes ! let the Nymphs of Seine
 Cherish his fame. Thy Poet, Albion ! scorns,
 Ev'n for a cold unconscious element
 To forge the fetters he would scorn to wear.
 His song shall reprobate each effort vile, 375
 That aims to force the Genius of the stream
 Beyond his native height ; or dares to press
 Above that destin'd line th' unwilling wave.
 Is there within the circle of thy view
 Some sedgy flat, where the late-ripen'd sheaves 380
 Stand brown with unblest mildew ? 'tis the bed
 On which an ample lake in crystal peace
 Might sleep majestic. Pause we yet ; perchance
 Some midway channel, where the soil declines,
 Might there be delv'd, by levels duly led 385
 In bold and broken curves : for water loves
 A wilder outline than the woodland path,
 And winds with shorter bend. * To drain the rest
 The shelving spade may toil, till wintry showers
 Find their free course down each declining bank. 390
 Quit then the thought : a River's winding form,
 With many a sinuous bay, and Island green,
 At less expence of labour and of land,
 Will give thee equal beauty : seldom art
 Can emulate that broad and bold extent 395
 Which charms in native Lakes ; and, failing there,
 Her works betray their character, and name,
 And dwindle into pools. Not that our strain,

Fastidious,

* Ver. 387, Note XXI.

Fastidious, shall disdain a small expanse
 Of stagnant fluid, in some scene confin'd, 405
 Circled with varied shade, where, thro' the leaves,
 The half-admitted sunbeam trembling plays
 On its clear bosom ; where aquatic fowl
 Of varied tribe, and varied feather sail ;
 And where the finny race their glittering scales 405
 Unwillingly reveal : There, there alone,
 Where bursts the general prospect on our eye,
 We scorn these wat'ry patches : Thames himself,
 Seen in disjointed spots, where Sallows hide
 His first bold presence, seems a string of pools, 410
 A chart and compass must explain his course.

He, who would seize the River's sov'reign charm,
 Must wind the moving mirror through his lawn
 Ev'n to remotest distance ; deep must delve
 The gravelly channel that prescribes its course ; 415
 Closely conceal each terminating bound
 By hill or shade oppos'd ; and to its bank
 Lifting the level of the copious stream,
 Must there retain it. But, if thy faint springs
 Refuse this large supply, steel thy firm soul 420
 With stoic pride ; imperfect charms despise :
 Beauty, like Virtue, knows no groveling mean.

Who but must pity that penurious taste,
 Which down the quick-descending vale prolongs,
 Slope below slope, a stiff and unlink'd chain 425
 Of flat canals ; then leads the stranger's eye
 To some predestin'd station, there to catch
 Their seeming union, and the fraud approve ?
 Who but must change that pity into scorn,
 If down each verdant slope a narrow flight 430
 Of

Of central steps decline, where the spare stream
 Steals trickling; or, withheld by cunning skill,
 Hoards its scant treasures, till the master's nod
 Decree its fall: Then down the formal stairs
 It leaps with short-liv'd fury; wasting there, 435
 Poor prodigal! what many a Summer's rain
 And many a Winter's snow shall late restore.

Learn that, whene'er in some sublimer scene
 Imperial Nature of her headlong goods
 Permits our imitation, she herself 440
 Prepares their reservoir; conceal'd perchance
 In neighb'ring hills, where first it well behoves
 Our toil to search, and studiously augment
 The war'ry store with springs and sluices drawn
 From pools, that on the heath drink up the rain. 445
 Be these collected, like the Miser's gold,
 In one increasing fund, nor dare to pour,
 Down thy impending mound, the bright cascade,
 Till richly sure of its redundant fall.

That mound to raise alike demands thy toil, 450
 Ere Art adorn its surface. Here adopt
 That facile mode which His inventive powers
 First plann'd, who led to rich Mancunium's mart
 His long-drawn line of navigated stream.
 Stupendous task! in vain flood tow'ring hills 455
 Oppos'd; in vain did ample Irwell pour
 Her Tide transverse: he pierc'd the tow'ring hill,
 He bridg'd the ample tide, and high in air,
 And deep through earth, his freighted barge he bore.
 This mode shall temper ev'n the lightest soil 460

Firm

* Ver. 452, Note XXII.

Firm to thy purpose. Then let taste select
 The unhewn fragments, that may give its front
 A rocky rudeness; pointed some, that there
 The frothy spouts may break; some slanting smooth,
 That there in silver sheet the wave may slide. 465
 Here too infix some moss-grown trunks of oak
 Romantic, turn'd by gelid lakes to stone,
 Yet so dispos'd as if they owed their change
 To what they now controul. Then open wide
 Thy flood-gates; then let down thy torrent: then 470
 Rejoice; as if the thund'ring Tees * himself
 Reign'd there amid his cataracts sublime.

And thou hast cause for triumph! Kings themselves,
 With all a nation's wealth, an army's toil,
 If Nature frown averse, shall ne'er atchieve 475
 Such wonders: Nature's was the glorious gift;
 Thy art her menial handmaid. Listening youths!
 To whose ingenuous hearts I still address
 The friendly strain, from such severe attempts
 Led Prudence warn you. Turn to this clear rill, 480
 Which, while I bid your bold ambition cease,
 Runs murmuring at my side: O'er many a rood
 Your skill may lead the wanderer; many a mound
 Of pebbles raise, to fret her in her course
 Impatient: louder then will be her song: 485
 For she will 'plain, and gurgle, as she goes,
 As does the widow'd ring-dove. Take, vain Pomp!
 Thy lakes, thy long canals, thy trim cascades,
 Beyond them all true taste will dearly prize
 This little dimpling treasure. Mark the cleft, 490

Through

* Ver. 471, Note XXIII.

Through which she bursts to day. Behind that rock
 A Naiad dwells: LINEIA is her name; *
 And she has sisters in contiguous cells,
 Who never saw the sun. Fond Fancy's eye,
 That inly gives locality and form 495
 To what she prizes best, full oft pervades
 Those hidden caverns, where pale chrysolites,
 And glittering spars dart a mysterious gleam
 Of inborn lustre, from the garish day
 Unborrow'd. There, by the wild Goddess led, 500
 Oft have I seen them bending o'er their urns,
 Chaunting alternate airs of Dorian mood,
 While smooth they comb'd their moist cerulean locks
 With shells of living pearl. Yes, let me own,
 To these, or classic deities like these, 505
 From very childhood was I prone to pay
 Harmless idolatry. My infant eyes
 First open'd on that bleak and boist'rous shore,
 Where Humber weds the nymphs of Trent and Ouse
 To His, and Ocean's Tritons: thence full soon 510
 My youth retir'd, and left the busy strand
 To Commerce and to Care. In Margaret's grove, **
 Beneath whose time-worn shade old Camus sleeps,
 Was next my tranquil station: Science there
 Sat musing; and to those that lov'd the lore 515
 Pointed, with mystic wand, to truths involv'd
 In geometric symbols, scorning those,
 Perchance too much, who woo'd the thriftless muse.
 Here, though in warbling whisper oft I breath'd
 The

* Ver. 492, Note XXIV.

** Ver. 512, Note XXV.

The lay, were wanting, what young Fancy deems 520
 The life-springs of her being, rocks, and caves,
 And huddling brooks, and torrent-falls divine.
 In quest of these, at Summer's vacant hour,
 Pleas'd would I stray, when in a northern vale,
 So chance ordain'd, a Naiad sad I found 525
 Robb'd of her silver vase; I sooth'd the nymph
 With song of sympathy, and curst the fiend
 Who stole the gift of Thetis *. Hence the cause
 Why, favour'd by the blue-ey'd sisterhood,
 They sooth with songs my solitary ear. 530

Nor is LINEIA silent — "Long," she cries,
 "Too long has Man wag'd sacrilegious war
 "With the vext elements, and chief with that,
 "Which elder Thales, and the Bard of Thebes
 "Held first of things terrestrial; nor misdeem'd: 535
 "For, when the Spirit creative deign'd to move,
 "He mov'd upon the waters. O reverse
 "Our power: for were its vital force withheld,
 "Where then were Vegetation's vernal bloom,
 "Where its autumnal Wealth? but we are kind 540
 "As powerful; O let reverence lead to love,
 "And both to emulation! Not a rill,
 "That winds its sparkling current o'er the plain,
 "Reflecting to the Sun bright recompense
 "For ev'ry beam he lends, but reads thy soul 545
 "A generous lecture. Not a palsy pale,
 "That drinks its daily nurture from that rill,
 "But breathes in fragrant accents to thy soul,
 "So by thy pity chear'd, the languish'd head

'Of

* Ver. 533, Note XXVI.

THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

'Of Poverty might smile.' Who e'er beheld 550
 "Our humble train forsake their native vale
 "To climb the haughty hill? Ambition, speak!
 "He blushes, and is mute. When did our streams,
 "By force unpent, in dull stagnation sleep?
 "Let Sloth unfold his arms and tell the time. 555
 "Or, if the tyranny of Art infring'd
 "Our rights, when did our patient floods submit
 "Without recoil? Servility retires,
 "And clinks his gilded chain. O, learn from us,
 "And tell it to thy Nation, British Bard! 560
 "Uncurb'd Ambition, unresisting Sloth,
 "And base Dependence are the fiends accurs'd
 "That pull down mighty empires. If they scorn
 "The awful truth, be thine to hold it dear.
 "So, through the vale of life, thy flowing hours 565
 "Shall glide serene; and, like LINEA's rill,
 "Their free, yet not licentious course fulfill'd,
 "Sink in the Ocean of Eternity."

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

T H E
ENGLISH GARDEN.
BOOK THE FOURTH.

NOR yet, divine SIMPLICITY, withdraw
 That aid auspicious, which, in Art's domain,
 Already has reform'd whate'er prevail'd
 Of foreign, or of false ; has led the curve
 That Nature loves thro' all her sylvan haunts ;
 Has stol'n the fence unnotic'd that arrests
 Her vagrant herds ; giv'n lustre to her lawns,
 Gloom to her groves, and, in expanse serene,
 Devolv'd that wat'ry mirror at her foot,
 O'er which she loves to bend and view her charms. 10
 And tell me Thou, whose er'last new-arrang'd
 By her chaste rules thy garden, if thy heart
 Feels not the warm, the self-dilating glow
 Of true Benevolence. Thy flocks, thy herds,
 That browse luxurious o'er those very plots 15
 Which once were barren, bless thee for the change ;
 The birds of Air (which thy funereal Yews
 Of shape uncouth, and leaden Sons of Earth,
 Antæus and Enceladus, with clubs
 Uplifted, long had frighted from the scene) 20
 Now pleas'd return, they perch on ev'ry spray,
 And swell their little throats, and warble wild
 Their vernal minstrelsy ; to Heav'n and Thee
 It is a hymn of thanks ! do thou, like Heav'n,
 With tutelary care reward their song. 25

Ere-while the Muse, industrious to combine
 Nature's own charms, with these alone adorn'd
 The Genius of the Scene ; but other gifts
 She has in store, which gladly now she brings,
 And he shall proudly wear. Know, when she broke 30
 The spells of Fashion, from the crumbling wreck
 Of her enchantments sagely did she cull
 Those reliques rich of old Vitruvian skill,
 With what the Sculptor's hand in classic days
 Made breathe in Brass or Marble ; these the Hag 35
 Had purloin'd, and dispos'd in Folly's fane ;
 To him these trophies of her victory
 She bears; and where his awful nod ordains
 Conspicuous means to place. He shall direct
 Her dubious judgment, from the various hoard 40
 Of ornamental treasures, how to chuse
 The simplest and the best ; on these his seal
 Shall stamp great Nature's image and his own,
 To charm for unborn ages. — Fling the rest
 Back to the Beldame, bid her whirl them all 45
 In her vain vortex, lift them now to day,
 Now plunge in night, as, thro' the humid rack
 Of April cloud, swift flits the trembling beam.

But precepts tire, and this fastidious Age
 Rejects the strain didactic: Try we then 50
 In livelier Narrative the truths to veil
 We dare not dictate. Sons of Albion, hear !
 The tale I tell is full of strange event,
 And piteous circumstance ; yet deem not ye,
 If names I feign, that therefore facts are feign'd : 55
 Nor hence refuse (what most augments the charm

Of

Of storied woe) that foud credulity
Which binds th' attentive soul in closer chains.

At manhood's prime ALCANDER's duteous tear
Fell on his Father's grave. The fair Domain, 60
Which then became his ample heritage,
That Father had reform'd; each line destroy'd
Which Belgic dulness plann'd; and Nature's self
Restor'd to all the rights she wish'd to claim.

Crowning a gradual hill his Mansion rose 65
In antient English grandeur: Turrets, Spires,
And Windows, climbing high from base to roof
In wide and radiant rows, bespoke its birth
Coëval with those rich cathedral fanes,
(Gothic ill-nam'd) where harmony results 70

From disunited parts; and shapes minute,
At once distinct and blended, boldly form
One vast majestic whole. No modern art
Had marr'd with misplac'd symmetry the Pile.
ALCANDER held it sacred: On a height, 75

Which westering to its site the front survey'd,
He first his taste employ'd: for there a line
Of thinly scatter'd Beech too tamely broke
The blank Horizon. "Draw we round yon knowl,"

ALCANDER cry'd, "In stately Norman mode, 80

"A wall embattled; and within its guard

"Let every structure needful for a Farm

"Arise in Castle-semblance; the huge Barn

"Shall with a mock Portcullis arm the gate,
"Where Ceres entering, o'er the flail-proof floor 85

"In golden triumph rides; some Tower rotund

"Shall to the Pigeons and their callow young

"Safe roost afford; and ev'ry buttress broad,

"Whose proud projection seems a mass of stone,
 "Give space to stall the heifer, and the steed. 93
 "So shall each part, tho' turn'd to rural use,
 "Deceive the eye with those bold feudal forms
 "That Fancy loves to gaze on." This atchiev'd
 Now nearer home he calls returning Art
 To hide the structure rude where Winter pounds 95
 In conic pit his congelations hoar,
 That Summer may his tepid beverage cool
 With the chill luxury; his Dairy too
 There stands of form unsightly: both to veil,
 He builds of old disjointed moss-grown stone 100
 A time-struck Abbey. * An impending grove
 Screens it behind with reverential shade;
 While bright in front the stream reflecting spreads,
 Which winds a mimic River o'er his Lawn.
 The Fane conventual there is dimly seen, 105
 The mitred Window, and the Cloister pale,
 With many a mouldering Column; Ivy soon
 Round the rude chinks her net of foliage spreads;
 Its verdant meshes seem to prop the wall.

One native Glory, more than all sublime, 110
 ALCANDER's scene possess: 'Twas Ocean's self —
 He, boist'rous King, against the eastern cliffs
 Dash'd his white foam; a verdant vale between
 Gave splendid ingress to his world of waves.
 Slaunting this vale the mound of that clear stream 115
 Lay hid in shade, which slowly lav'd his Lawn:
 But there set free, the rill resum'd its pace,
 And hurried to the Main. The dell it past

Was

* Ver. 101, Note XXVII.

Was rocky and retir'd : Here Art with ease
 Might lead it o'er a Grot, and filter'd there, 120
 Teach it to sparkle down its craggy sides,
 And fall and tinkle on its pebbled floor.
 Here then that Grot he builds, and conchs with spars,
 Moss petrified with branching corallines
 In mingled mode arranges : All found here 125
 Propriety of place ; what view'd the Main
 Might well the shelly gifts of Thetis bear.
 Not so the inland cave : with richer store
 Than those the neighb'ring mines and mountains yield
 To hang its roof, would seem incongruous Pride, 130
 And fright the local Genius from the scene. *

One vernal morn, as urging here the work
 Surrounded by his hinds, from mild to cold
 The Season chang'd, from cold to sudden storm,
 From storm to whirlwind. To the angry main 135
 Swiftly he turns and sees a laden Ship
 Dismastr'd by its rage. "Hie, hie we all,"
 ALCANDER cry'd, "quick to the neighb'ring beach."
 They flew ; they came, but only to behold,
 Tremendous fight ! the Vessel dash its poop 140
 Amid the boiling breakers. Need I tell
 What strenuous Arts were us'd, when all were us'd,
 To save the sinking Crew ? One tender Maid
 Alone escap'd, sav'd by ALCANDER'S arm,
 Who boldly swam to snatch her from the plank 145
 To which she feebly clung ; swiftly to shore,
 And swifter to his home the youth convey'd

E 3

His

* Ver. 131, Note XXVIII.

His clay-cold prize, who at his portal first
By one deep sigh a sign of Life betray'd.

A Maid so fav'd, if but by nature blest
With common charms, had soon awak'd a flame
More strong than Pity, in that melting heart
Which Pity warm'd before. But she was fair
As Poets picture Hebe, or the Spring;
Graceful withal, as if each limb were cast
In that ideal mould whence RAPHAEL drew
His Galatea: * Yes, th' impassion'd Youth
Felt more than pity when he view'd her charms.
Yet she, (ah, strange to tell) tho' much he lov'd,
Suppress'd as much that sympathetic flame
Which Love like his should kindle: Did he kneel

In rapture at her feet? He bow'd the head,
And coldly bad him rise; or did he plead,
In terms of purest passion, for a smile?
She gave him but a tear: his manly form,
His virtues, ev'n the courage that preserv'd
Her life, becom'd no sentiment to wake
Warmer than gratitude; and yet the love
Withheld from him she freely gave his scenes;
On all their charms a just applause bestow'd;
And, if she e'er was happy, only then
When wand'ring where those charms were most display'd.

As thro' a neighb'ring Grove, where ancient beech
Their awful foliage hung, ALCANDER led
The pensive maid along, "Tell me," she cry'd,
"Why, on these forest features all-intent,
"Forbears my friend some scene distinct to give

"To

* Ver. 157, Note XXIX.

"To Flora and her fragrance? Well I know
 "That in the general Landscape's broad expanse
 "Their little blooms are lost; but here are glades, 180
 "Circled with shade, yet pervious to the sun,
 "Where, if enamell'd with their rainbow-hues,
 "The eye would catch their splendor: turn thy Taste,
 "Ev'n in this grassy circle where we stand,
 "To form their plots; there weave a woodbine Bower,
 "And call that Bower NERINA'S." At the word 186
 ALCANDER smil'd; his fancy instant form'd
 The fragrant scene she wish'd; and Love, with Art
 Uniting, soon produc'd the finish'd whole.
 Down to the South the glade by Nature lean'd; 190
 Art form'd the slope still softer, opening there
 Its foliage, and to each Etesian gale
 Admittance free dispensing; thickest shade
 Guarded the rest. — His taste will best conceive
 The new arrangement, whose free footsteps, us'd 195
 To forest haunts, have pierc'd their opening dells,
 Where frequent tufts of sweetbriar, box, or thorn,
 Steal on the greenward, but admit fair space
 For many a mossy maze to wind between.
 So here did Art arrange her flow'ry groups 200
 Irregular, yet not in patches quaint,*
 But interpos'd between the wand'ring lines
 Of shaven turf which twisted to the path,
 Gravel or sand, that in as wild a wave
 Stole round the verdant limits of the scene; 205
 Leading the Eye to many a sculptur'd bust
 On shapely pedestal, of Sage, or Bard,

E 4

Bright

* Ver. 201, ote XXX.

Bright heirs of fame, who living lov'd the haunts
 So fragrant, so sequester'd. Many an Urn
 There too had place, with votive lay inscrib'd 210
 To Freedom, Friendship, Solitude, or Love.

And now each flow'r that bears transplanting change,
 Or blooms indigenous, adorn'd the scene :
 Only NERINA'S wish, her woodbine bower,
 Remain'd to crown the whole. Here, far beyond 215
 That humble wish, her Lover's Genius form'd
 A glittering Fane, where rare and alien plants
 Might safely flourish ; * where the Citron sweet,
 And fragrant Orange, rich in fruit and flowers,
 Might hang their silver stars, their golden globes, 220
 On the same odorous stem : Yet scorning there
 The glassy penthouse of ignoble form,
 High on Ionic shafts he bad it tower
 A proud Rotunda ; to its sides conjoin'd
 Two broad Piazzas in theatric curve, 225
 Ending in equal Porticos sublime.
 Glass roof'd the whole, and sidelong to the South
 'Twixt ev'ry fluted Column, lightly rear'd
 Its wall pellucid. All within was day,
 Was genial Summer's day, for secret stoves 230
 Thro' all the pile solstitial warmth convey'd.
 These led thro' isles of Fragrance to the Dome,
 Each way in circling quadrant. That bright space
 Guarded the spicy tribes from Afric's shore,
 Or Ind, or Araby, Sabaan Plants 235
 Weeping with nard, and balm. In the midst
 A Statue stood, the work of Attic Art ;

Its

* Ver. 218, Note XXXI. 100. 19V *

Its thin light drapery, cast in fluid folds,
 Proclaim'd its ancestry ; all save the head,
 Which stole (for Love is prone to gentle thefts) 248
 The features of NERINA ; yet that head,
 So perfect in resemblance ; all its air
 So tenderly impassion'd ; to the trunk,
 Which Grecian Skill had form'd, so aptly join'd,
 PHIDIAS himself might seem to have inspir'd 249
 The chissel, brib'd to do the am'rous fraud,
 One graceful hand held forth a flow'ry wreath,
 The other prest her zone ; while round the base
 Dolphins, and Triton shells, and plants marine
 Proclaim'd, that Venus, rising from the sea, 250
 Had veil'd in Flora's modest vest her charms.

Such was the Fane, and such the Deity
 Who seem'd, with siple auspicious, to inhale
 That incense which a tributary world
 From all its regions round her altar breath'd : 251
 And yet, when to the shrine ALEXANDER led
 His living Goddess ; only with a sigh,
 And starting tear, the statue and the dome
 Reluctantly she view'd. And "why," she cry'd,
 "Why would my best Preserver here erect, 252
 "With all the fond idolatry of Love,
 "A Wretch's image whom his Pride should scorn,
 "(For so his Country bids him) Drive me hence,
 "Transport me quick to Gallia's hostile shore,
 "Hostile to thee, yet not, alas ! to her, 253
 "Who there was meant to sojourn : there, perchance,
 "My Father, wafted by more prosp'rous gales,
 "Now mourns his Daughter lost ; my Brother there
 "Perhaps now sooths that venerable age

"He should not sooth alone. Vain thought! perchance
 "Both perish'd as Esopus — do not blush, 271
 "It was not thou that lit the ruthless flame;
 "It was not thou, that, like remorseless Cain,
 "Thirsted for Brother's blood: thy heart disdains
 "The savage imputation. Rest thee there, 275
 "And, tho' thou pitiest, yet forbear to grace,
 "A wretched Alien, and a Rebel deem'd,
 "With honors ill-beseeming her to claim.
 "My wish, thou know'st, was humble as my state;
 "I only begg'd a little woodbine bower, 280
 "Where I might sit and weep, while all around
 "The lilies and the blue bells hung their heads
 "In seeming sympathy." "Does then the scene
 "Displease?" the disappointed lover cry'd;
 "Alas! too much it pleases," sigh'd the fair; 285
 "Too strongly paints the passion which stern Fate
 "Forbids me to return." "Dost thou then love
 "Some happier youth?" "No, tell thy generous soul
 "Indeed I do not." More she would have said,
 But gushing grief prevented. From the Fane 290
 Silent he led her; as from Eden's bower
 The Sire of Men his weeping Partner led,
 Less lovely, and less innocent than she.

Yet still ALCANDER hop'd what last she sigh'd
 Spoke more than gratitude; the War might end; 295
 Her Father might consent; for that alone
 Now seem'd the duteous barrier to his bliss.
 Already had he sent a faithful friend
 To learn if France the reverend Exile held:
 That friend return'd not. Mean-while ev'ry sun 300
 Which now (a year elaps'd) diurnal rose

Beheld

Beheld her still more pensive ; inward Pangs,
 From grief's concealment, hourly seem'd to force
 Health from her cheek, and Quiet from her soul.
 ALCANDER mourn'd the change, yet still he hop'd
 For Love to Hope his flickering taper lends
 When Reason with his steady torch retires :
 Hence did he try by ever-varying arts,
 And scenes of novel charm her grief to calm,

Nor did he not employ the Syren Powers
 Of Music and of Song ; or Painting ; thine,
 Sweet source of pure delight ! But I record
 Those arts alone, which form my sylvan theme,

At stated hours ; full oft had he observ'd,
 She fed with welcome grain the household fowl

That trespass'd on his lawn ; this wak'd a wish
 To give her feather'd fav'rites space of land,

And lake appropriate : in a neighb'ring copse
 He plann'd the scene ; for there the crystal spring,

That form'd his river, from a rocky cleft
 First bubbling broke to day ; and spreading there

Slept on its rushes. " Here my delving hinds,"
 He cry'd, " shall soon the marshy soil remove,

" And spread, in brief extent, a glittering Lake
 " Chequer'd with isles of verdure ; on yon Rock

" A sculptur'd River-God shall rest his urn ;
 " And thro' that urn the native fountain flow.

" Thy wish'd-for bower, NERINA, shall adorn
 " The southern bank ; the downy race, that swim

" The lake, or pace the shore, with livelier charms,
 " Yet no less rural, here will meet thy glance,

" Than flowers inanimate." Full soon was scoop'd
 The wat'ry bed, and soon, by margin green,

And

And rising banks, inclos'd ; the highest gave
 Site to a rustic fabric, shelving deep 335
 Within the thicket, and in front compos'd
 Of three unequal arches, lowly all
 The surer to expel the noontide glare,
 Yet yielding liberal inlet to the scene ;
 Woodbine with jasmine carelessly entwinn'd 340
 Conceal'd the needful masonry, and hung
 In free festoons, and vested all the cell.
 Hence did the lake, the islands, and the rock
 A living landscape spread ; the feather'd fleet,
 Led by two mantling swans, at ev'ry creek 345
 Now touch'd, and now unmoor'd ; now on full sail,
 With pennons spread and oary feet they ply'd
 Their vagrant voyage ; now, as if becalm'd,
 'Tween shore and shore at anchor seem'd to sleep.
 Around those shores the Fowl that fear the stream 350
 At random rove : hither hot Grouse sends
 Her gadding troop ; here midst his speckled Dames
 The pigmy Chanticleer of Bantam winds
 His clarion ; while, supreme in glittering state,
 The Peacock spreads his rainbow train, with eyes 355
 Of sapphire bright, irradiate each with gold
 Mean-while from ev'ry spray the Ringdoves coo,
 The Linnets warble, captive none, but hur'd
 By food to haunt the umbrage : all the Glade
 Is Life, is Music, Liberty, and Love. 360
 And is there now to Pleasure or to Use
 One scene devoted in the wide domain
 Its Master has not polish'd ? Rumor spreads
 Its

* Ver. 358, Note XXXII.

Its praises far, and many a stranger stops
With curious eye to censure or admire. 365

To all his Lawns are pervious; oft himself
With courteous greeting will the critic hail,
And join him in the circuit. Give we here
(If Candour will with patient ear attend)

The social dialogue ALCANDER held 370
With one, a youth of mild yet manly mien,
Who seem'd to taste the beauties he survey'd.

"Little, I fear me, will a stranger's eye
Find here to praise, where rich Vitruvian Art

"Has rear'd no temples, no triumphal arcs; 375

"Where no Palladian bridges span the stream,

"But all is homebred Fancy." "For that cause,

"And chiefly that," the polish'd Youth reply'd,

"I view each part with rapture. Ornament,

"When foreign or fantastic, never charm'd 380

"My judgment; here I tread on British ground;

"With British annals all I view accords.

"Some Yorkist, or Lancastrian Baron bold,

"To awe his vassals, or to stem his foes,

"Yon massy bulwark built; on yonder pile, 385

"In ruin beauteous, I distinctly mark

"The ruthless traces of stern HENRY's hand.

"Yet," cry'd ALCANDER, (interrupting mild

The stranger's speech) "if so yon antient seat,

"Pride of my ancestors, had mock'd repair, 390

"And by Proportion's Greek or Roman laws

"That pile had been rebuilt, thou wouldst not then,

"I trust, have blam'd, if, there on Doric shafts

"A temple rose; if some tall obelisk

"O'ertopt yon grove, or bold triumphal arch 395

"Usurpt

"Usurpt my Castle's station." — "Spare me yet
 "Yon solemn Ruin," the quick youth return'd,
 "No mould'ring aqueduct, no yawning crypt
 "Sepulchral, will console me for its fate."

"I mean not that," the Master of the scene 400
 Reply'd; "tho' classic rules to modern piles
 "Should give the just arrangement, shun we here
 "By those to form our Ruins; much we own
 "They please, when, by PANINI'S pencil drawn,
 "Or darkly grav'd by PIRANESI'S hand, 405
 "And fitly might some Tuscan garden grace;
 "But Time's rude mace has here all Roman piles
 "Levell'd so low, that who, on British ground
 "Attempts the task, builds but a splendid lye
 "Which mocks historic credence. Hence the cause
 "Why Saxon piles or Norman here prevail: 411
 "Form they a rude, 'tis yet an English whole."

"And much I praise thy choice," the stranger cry'd;
 "Such chaste selection shames the common mode.
 "Which, mingling structures of far distant times, 415
 "Far distant regions, here, perchance, erects
 "A fane to Freedom, where her BRUTUS stands
 "In act to strike the tyrant; there a Tent,
 "With crescent crown'd, with scymitars adorn'd,
 "Meet for some BAJAZET; northward we turn, 420
 "And lo! a pigmy Pyramid pretends
 "We tread the realms of PHARAO; quickly thence
 "Our southern step presents us heaps of stone
 "Rang'd in a DRUID circle. Thus from age
 "To age, from clime to clime incessant borne, 425
 "Imagination flounders headlong on,
 "Till,

"Till, like fatigu'd VILLARIO,* soon we find
 "We better like a field." "Nicely thy hand
 "The childish landscape touches," cries his host,
 "For Fashion ever is a wayward child; 430
 "Yet sure we might forgive Her faults like these,
 "If but in separate or in single scenes
 "She thus with Fancy wanton'd : Should I lead
 "Thy step, my Friend, (for our accordant tastes
 "Prompt me to give thee that familiar name) 435
 "Behind this screen of Elm, thou there might'st find
 "I too had idly play'd the truant's part,
 "And broke the bounds of judgment." "Lead me there,"
 Briskly the Youth return'd, "for having prov'd
 "Thy Epic Genius here, why not peruse 440
 "They lighter Ode or Eclogue?" Smiling thence
 ALDANDER led him to the Woodbine bower
 Which last our Song describ'd, who seated there,
 In silent transport view'd the lively scene.

"I see," his host resum'd, "my sportive art 445
 "Finds pardon here; not ev'n yon classic form,
 "Pouring his liquid treasures from his vase,
 "Tho' foreign from the soil, provokes thy frown.**
 "Try we thy candor farther : higher art,
 "And more luxurious, haply too more vain, 450
 "Adorns yon southern copice." On they pass
 Thro' a wild thicket, till the perfum'd air
 Gave to another sense its prelude rich
 On what the eye should feast. But now the grove
 Expands ; and now the Rose, the garden's Queen, 455
 Amidst

* Ver. 427, Note XXXIII.

** Ver. 448, Note XXXIV.

Amidst her blooming subjects' humbler charms,
 On ev'ry plot her crimson pomp displays.
 "Oh Paradise!" the entering youth exclaim'd,
 "Groves whose rich trees weep odorous gums and balm,
 "Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind, 460
 "Hang amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 "If true, here only,*" Thus, in Milton's phrase
 Sublime, the youth his admiration pour'd,
 While passing to the dome; his next short step
 Unveil'd the central statue: "Heav'n's! just Heav'n's,"
 He cry'd, "'tis my NERINA." "Thine, mad Youth?
 "Forego the word," ALCANDER said, and pans'd;
 His utterance fail'd; a thousand clust'ring thoughts,
 And all of blackest omen to his peace,
 Recoil'd upon his brain, deaden'd all sense, 470
 And at the statue's base him headlong cast,
 A lifeless load of being. — Ye, whose hearts
 Are ready at Humanity's soft call
 To drop the tear, I charge you weep not yet,
 But fearfully suspend the bursting woe: 475
 NERINA's self appears; the further ifle
 She, fate-directed, treads. Does she too faint?
 Would Heav'n she could! it were a happy swoon
 Might soften her fixt form, more rigid now
 Than is her marble semblance. One stiff hand 480
 Lies leaden on her breast; the other rais'd
 To heav'n, and half-way clench'd; stedfast her eyes,
 Yet viewless; and her lips, which op'd to shriek,
 Can neither shriek nor close. So might she stand
 For ever: He, whose sight caus'd the dread change, 485
 Tho'

* Ver. 462, Note XXXV.

Tho' now he clasps her in his anxious arm,
Fails to unbend one line of her frame ;
'Tis ice ; 'tis steel. But see, ALCANDER wakes ;
And waking, as by magic sympathy,

NERINA whispers, "All is well, my friend ; 490

" 'Twas but a vision ; I may yet revive —

" But still his arm supports me ; aid him, friend,

" And bear me swiftly to my woodbine bower ;

" For there indeed I wish to breathe my last."

So saying, her cold cheek, and parched brow, 495

Turn'd to a cold paleness ; her dim eyes

Sunk in their sockets ; sharp contraction prest

Her temples, ears, and nostrils : signs well known

To those that tend the dying. * Both the youths

Perceiv'd the change ; and had stern Death himself 500

Wav'd his black banner visual o'er their heads,

It could not more appall. With trembling step,

And silent, both convey'd her to the bower.

Her languid limbs there decently compos'd,

She thus her speech resum'd : "Attend my words 505

" Brave CLEON ! dear ALCANDER ! generous Pair :

" For both have tender interest in this heart

" Which soon shall bear no more. That I am thine

" By a dear Father's just commands I own,

" Much-honour'd CLEON ! take the hand he gave. 510

" And with it, Oh, if I could give my heart,

" Thou wert its worthy owner. All I can,

" (And that preserv'd with chastest fealty)

" Dureous I give thee, CLEON it is thine ;

" Not ev'n this dear preserver, e'er could gain 515

" More

* Vers. 499, Note XXXVI.

"More from my soul than Friendship — that be his;
 "Yet let me own, what, dying, sooths the pang,
 "That, had thyself and duty ne'er been known,
 "He must have had my love." She paus'd; and dropt
 A silent tear; then prest the stranger's hand; 520
 Then bow'd her head upon ALCANDR's breast,
 And "blest them both, kind Heav'n!" she pray'd and died.

"And blest art thou," cry'd CLEON, (in a voice
 Struggling with grief for utterance) blest to die
 "Ere thou hadst question'd me, and I perforce 525
 "Had told a tale which must have sens'd thy soul
 "In horror from thy bosom. Now it leaves
 "A smile of peace upon those pallid lips,
 "That speaks its parting happy. Go fair saint!
 "Go to thy palm-crown'd father! thron'd in bliss, 530
 "And seated by his side, thou wilt not now
 "Deplore the savage stroke that seal'd his doom;
 "Go hymn the Fount of Mercy, who, from ill
 "Educing good, makes ev'n a death like his,
 "A life surcharg'd with tender woes like thine, 535
 "The road to Joys eternal. Maid, farewell!
 "I leave the casket that thy virtues held
 "To Him whose breast sustains it; more lov'd,
 "Perhaps more worthy, yet not loving more
 "Than did thy wretched CLEON." At the word 540
 He bath'd in tears the hand she dying gave,
 Return'd it to her side, and hasty rose.
 ALCANDER, starting from his trance of grief,
 Cry'd "Stay, I charge thee stay;" "and shall he stay,"
 CLEON reply'd, "whose presence stabb'd thy peace?
 "Hear this before we part: That breathless Maid 546
 "Was daughter to a venerable Sage,

"Whom

"Whom Boston, when with peace and safety blest,
 "In rapture heard pour from his hallow'd tongue
 "Religion's purest dictates. 'Twas my chance, 550
 "In early period of our civil broils,
 "To save his precious life : And hence the Sire
 "Did to my love his Daughter's charms consign ;
 "But, till the war should cease, if ever cease,
 "Deferr'd our nuptials. Whither she was sent 555
 "In search of safety, well, I trust, thou know'st ;
 "He meant to follow ; but those ruthless flames,
 "That spar'd nor friend nor foe, nor sex nor age,
 "Involv'd the village, where on sickly couch
 "He lay confin'd, and whither he had fled 560
 "Awhile to sojourn. There (I see thee shrink)
 "Was he that gave NERINA being burnt !
 "Burnt by thy Countrymen ! to Ashes burnt !
 "Fraternal hands and christian lit the flame. —
 "Oh thou hast cause to shudder. I meanwhile 565
 "With his brave son a distant warfare wag'd ;
 "And him, now I have found the prize I sought,
 "And finding lost, I hasten to rejoin ;
 "Vengeance and glory call me." At the word,
 Not fiercer does the Tigress quit her cave 570
 To seize the hinds that robb'd her of her young,
 Than he the bower. "Stay, I conjure thee, stay,"
 ALCANDER cry'd, but ere the word was spoke
 CLEON was seen no more. "Then be it so,"
 The youth continu'd, clasping to his heart 575
 The beauteous corse, and smiling as he spoke,
 (Yet such a smile as far out-sorrows tears)
 "Now thou art mine entirely — Now no more
 "Shall duty dare disturb us — Love alone —

"But hark ! he comes again — Away vain fear ! 586

"'Twas but the fluttering of thy feather'd flock.

"True to their custom'd hour, behold they troop

"From island, grove, and lake. Arise my Love,

"Extend thy hand — I lift it, but it falls.

"Hence then, fond fools, and pine ! NERINA's hand

"Has lost the power to feed you. Hence and die." 586

Thus plaining, to his lips the icy palm

He lifted, and with ardent passion kist ;

Then cry'd in agony, "on this dear hand,

"Once tremblingly alive to Love's soft touch, 590

"I hop'd to seal my faith : " This thought awak'd

Another sad soliloquy, which they,

Whoe'er have lov'd, will from their hearts supply,

And they who have not will but hear and smile.

And let them smile, but let the scorers learn 595

There is a solemn luxury in grief

Which they shall never taste ; well known to those, ..

And only those, in Solitude's deep gloom

Who heave the sigh sincerely : Fancy there

Waits the fit moment ; and, when Time has calm'd ..

The first o'erwhelming tempest of their woe, 601

Pitiless she steals upon the mourner's breast

Her precious balm to shed : Oh, it has power,

Has magic power to soften and to sooth,

Thus duly minister'd. ALCANDER felt 605

The charm, yet not till many a ling'ring moon

Had hung upon her zenith o'er his couch,

And heard his midnight wailings. Does he stray

But near the fated temple, or the bower ?

He feels a chilly monitor within, 610

Who bids him pause. Does he at distance view

His

His grot ? 'tis darken'd with NERINA'S storm,
 Ey'n at the blaze of noon. Yet there are walks—
 The lost one never trod ; and there are seats
 Where he was never happy by her side, 615
 And these he still can sigh in. Here at length,
 As if by chance, kind Fancy brought her aid,
 When wand'ring thro' a grove of sable yew,
 Rais'd by his ancestors : their Sabbath-path
 Led thro' its gloom, what time too dark a stole 620
 Was o'er Religion's decent features drawn
 By Puritanic zeal. Long had their boughs
 Forgot the firsers ; the spire, the holy ground
 They banish'd by their umbrage. "What if here,"
 Cry'd the sweet Soother, in a whisper soft, 625
 "Some open space were form'd, where other shades,
 "Yet all of solemn sort, Cypress and Bay
 "Funereal, pensive Birch its languid arms
 "That droops, with waving Willows deem'd to weep,
 "And shivering Aspens mixt their varied green ; 630
 "What if yon trunk, shorn of its murky crest,
 "Reveal'd the sacred Fane ?" ALCANDER heard
 The Charmer ; ev'ry accent seem'd his own,
 So much they touch'd his heart's sad unison.
 "Yes, yes," he cry'd, "Why not behold it all ? 635
 "That bough remov'd shews me the very vault
 "Where my NERINA sleeps, and where, when Heav'n
 "In pity to my plaint the mandate seals,
 "My dust with her's shall mingle." Now his hands,
 Call'd to the task, their willing axes wield ; 640
 Joyful to see, as witless of the cause,
 Their much-lov'd Lord his sylvan arts resume.
 And next, within the centre of the gloom,

A shed of twisting roots and living moss,
 With rushes thatch'd, with wattled oozers lin'd;
 He bids them raise : * It seem'd a Hermit's cell,
 Yet void of hour-glass, skull, and maple dish,
 Its mimic garniture : ALCANDER's taste
 Disdains to trick with emblematic toys
 The place where He and Melancholy mean
 To fix NERINA's bust, her genuine bust,
 The model of the marble. There he hides,
 Close as a Miser's gold, the sculptur'd clay
 And but at early morn and latest eve
 Unlocks the simple shrine, and heaves a sigh;
 Then does he turn, and thro' the glimm'ring glade
 Cast a long glance upon her house of death;
 Then views the bust again, and drops a tear.
 Is this idolatry, ye sage ones say ? —
 Or, if ye doubt, go view the num'rous train
 Of poor and fatherless his care consoles ;
 The sight will tell thee, he that dries their tears
 Has unseen angels hov'ring o'er his head,
 Who leave their heav'n to see him shed his own.

Here close we, sweet SIMPLICITY ! the tale,
 And with it let us yield to youthful bards
 That Dorian reed we but awak'd to voice
 When Fancy prompted, and when Leisure smil'd,
 Hopeless of general praise, and well repaid,
 If they of classic ear, unpall'd by rhyme,
 Whom changeful pause can please, and numbers free,
 Accept our song with candour. They perchance,
 Led by the Muse to solitude and shade,

* Ver. 646, Note XXXVII.

May turn that Art we sing to soothing use,
 At this ill-open'd hour, when Rapine rides 575
 In tided triumph; when Corruption waves
 Her banners broadly in the face of day,
 And shews th' indignant world the host of slaves
 She turns from Honour's standard. Patient there,
 Yet not desponding, shall the sons of Peace 630
 Await the day, when, smarting with his wrongs,
 Old England's Genius wakes; when with him wakes
 That plain Integrity, Contempt of gold,
 Disdain of slav'ry, liberal Awe of rule
 Which fixt the rights of People, Peers, and Prince,
 And on them founded the majestic pile 685
 Of BRITISH FREEDOM; bad fair ALBION rise
 The scourge of tyrants; sovereign of the seas;
 And arbitress of empires. Oh return,
 Ye long-lost train of Virtues! swift return 690
 To save ('tis ALBION prompts your Poet's prayer)
 Her Throne, her Altars, and her laureat Bowers.

THE END.

COMMENTARY

ON THE

FIRST BOOK.

GARDENING imparts to rural scenery what a noble and graceful deportment confers upon the human Frame : It is not an imitative Art, it is more, it is an endeavour to bestow on each individual Reality, those beauties which judicious imitation would select from many, and combine in one fictitious Representation. That the Son of Achilles was as much inferior in person to his Father, as the most perfect human forms are to the finest Statues ; is the declaration of the skilful Philostratus ; and amounts to a full acknowledgment of the inferiority of individual Nature to selective Art. If, therefore, by any means the original can be brought under the obedience of those Laws, by which she is imitated to advantage, an Art is then devised as much superior to those which merely deal in imitation, as motion and reality are superior to fiction and inanimate rest : It is only in right of their constitution and laws that the imitative arts are intitled to any preference ; but these are now transferred and set over a more noble dominion, (A)

To establish their empire, and pronounce their decrees in the Province of Landscape, is the purpose of the foregoing Poem ; to mark the connexion, to point out the principles, and sometimes to extend the application of the precepts delivered by the Poet, is the pur-

purpose of this Commentary: it was written originally in the margin of the Poem, and has been so fortunate as not only to receive the approbation, but actually now to appear before the world, under the sanction of its Author. Thus honoured, it is little solicitous concerning the reception it may there meet with: For should it even come short of the favourable expectations he has been pleased to entertain, and fail to promote the delightful Art it is designed to serve, one private End, at least, must still be answered, and my best Pride will receive its ample satisfaction from seeing my name thus publicly connected with that of Mr. Mason.

From what is here said, it is obvious that the poetical merits of the English Georgic are not under my consideration; it will be inferred, perhaps, that I am precluded from giving an opinion on that head: I am so: Yet why have I studiously considered and noted the Poem? The necessary answer to this question will give my judgment; in terms very general, I grant; but thus alone, by leaving it for others to draw the inference, I am enabled to evade the prohibition I am under.

I confess that the subject also, exclusive of the manner in which it has been treated, has charms for me sufficient to engage my attention: If Reason has her Sports, they are worthy the pursuit of Reason; and I am far from concurring with the mathematical Reader of Virgil, who, having perused the *Æneid*, laid down the book, and then contemptuously pronounced that it might, perhaps, be very good; but for

his part he could not see the use of it, because, forsooth, it proved nothing.

In the class with this sentence we must also rank the surly and sullen speculation which would insinuate reflections on an Art, that successfully undertakes to embellish and render Nature universally lovely. To extinguish the finest Faculty of the human Mind, or pervert the natural Taste for the Pleasures thence derived, will not, I trust, however arrogantly claimed, be generally considered as the Business of Reason; and therefore we are constrained to account for the savage and cynical censures which would deprive us of the delights of Poetry and Gardening, by referring them to an absolute ignorance of the respective Subjects, and a total defect of the Imagination.

But it is so far from being the true Business of Reason to degrade, that to cultivate and enlarge the Imagination is, perchance, the happiest fruit of her genuine researches. It is by means of this sense of the intellect that our convictions, in a thousand instances, become our pleasures; and by facilitating the comprehension of remote objects it is that Reason renders them the objects of this Faculty; we are thus rendered sensible of the Beauty of Holiness, the Beauty of Virtue, the Beauty of System, and even of the Beauty of Theorem; and shall an easier accessibility derogate from our Sense of the Beauty of Nature? When Reason is not disgraced in thus referring her issues to the Imagination, I can see no just cause why our educated sense of Beauty should be suddenly refused the full enjoyment of those objects which, by the benevolent

volent Author of Nature, were originally adapted to her immediate possession.

It is not however without some discriminating powers of the mind that the Beauties of Nature are even discerned; the Imagination must be correct and pure to select with judgment the scenes that are most worthy of contemplation. And if to enjoy require an act of the cultivated understanding, it will not be denied that to open the sources of enjoyment, and to design and execute, so as to give pleasure to the taste of an improved intellect, demands the exertion of much greater powers of the mind. What, for example, can be accomplished without a critical knowledge of the rules of composition, and a vigorous fancy to forecast, in each particular instance, the future effects of their judicious application? Can a ready observation to detect a latent grace, and to discern the advantages it is capable of receiving from art, be dispensed with? and can the ignorance of any mechanical science be supposed in the genuine Gardener, whose occupation is a perpetual display of even consummate skill in the comprehensive theories of Painting and Architecture? But, referring my reader to the Author's motto, let me here cease farther to apologize for the liberality of an Art which He, who of all mankind best understood the true business of Reason, has not disclaimed to consider as "the perfection of civility," or to rank as "the purest of human pleasures."

The Plan of the ENGLISH GARDEN is made to correspond with its subject, which is single, and in which the parts, however numerous, are evidently the parts of one uniform whole. The practical precepts
deli.

delivered in the three latter Books of the Poem in like manner, are but the amplifications of one fundamental and universally pervading principle, to the doctrine and establishment of which, as a common basis, the commencing book has been accordingly assigned by the Poet.

Ver. The Poem begins with an invocation to **SIMPLICITY**, the inseparable attendant upon genuine Beauty and Grace; and this with much judgment, because the interference of Simplicity is necessary to control the natural tendency of Art, which is ever more apt to overcharge her work, than fall short of the golden mean, which is the perfection of Nature; and of every artifice to imitate or adorn her. A defective Taste, like a phlegmatic disposition, requires provocatives to excite an interest: Where the Wit of Terence or Addison would fail to obtain a smile, the boisterous and ribbald Jest will be attended by acclamations of joy; and actual afflictions are required to extort a tear from the eye that can view the fictitious miseries of the Stage without emotion. In like manner it is that gaudy hues, violent contrasts, and a surface rough with sculpture and fluttering projections, invite the admiration of such as are blind to the Harmony of colouring, the tender varieties of light and shadow, the graces of well-poised disposition, and the majestic dignity of just proportion: And from the same principle, it is probable, that the formal magnificence of our antient gardens would, on a comparison, find a more general suffrage than the delicious domestic scenes which are peculiar to our day: for the sumptuous Art, which obliterates what it should only adorn, and thus obtrudes

des itself alone upon the eye, solicits the vulgar, and ~~will~~ will thence obtain a preference to that which, modestly ministering to Nature, sets forward only her charms and withdraws itself from observation. To correct and strengthen the judgment, and consequently to reform this vicious taste, is the great purpose of the Poet; and while he is about to teach, he seeks to place the Conduct of his Poem under the same just restrictions that he prescribes to the kindred Art which forms its subject. — That sweet Simplicity which should thus preside in every art, is excellently described by Quintilian: “Quendam purum, qualis etiam in feminis amatur, ornatum habet; & sunt quaedam velut e tenui dilgentia circa proprietatem significationemque munditiae. Alia copia locuples, alia floribus laeta; verum non unum genus, nam quicquid in suo genere satis effectum est valet.” *Institut. lib. viii.*

The assistance of the two sister muses of Poetry and Painting, is likewise invoked to promote a kindred Art, an Art in which the attributes of both are engaged: For that Taste which is required either to enjoy, to design, or critically to instruct in the means to design the beauties of scenery, must result from an union of the Poet's delicate feelings, and the Painter's practiced judgment to select the objects by which they are best excited. Ever since the days of Simonides, who declared Painting to be silent Poetry, and Poetry to be speaking Picture, Critics of all ranks and sizes have touched, and some have even extensively expatiated upon the affinity of these two Arts. To prove that Gardening is of their sisterhood, it might be enough to say, that she makes her address to the same
 mental

Ver. mental source of Pleasure, and so rank the whole
 18 doctrine under the equally acknowledged assertion of
 Antiquity, that all the Arts are of one family. Gard-
 ening, I grant, has heretofore in a manner withdrawn
 herself from her relations; for while Nature gave
 laws to these, and seemed to preside over their friendly
 society, she alone refused to comply with the dictates
 which, if possible, more nearly concerned her than
 the rest. A vigorous imagination, with a correct
 judgment, were the qualifications which all her sisters
 sought for in their votaries; while she, with a way-
 ward obstinacy, addicted herself to the tasteless minions
 of Fortune, and only required that her woers should
 be endowed with Wealth. What wonder then that
 she has been put down from her station, and that
 her claim to be numbered among the liberal Arts has
 not been universally acknowledged? But having now
 become sensible of her own depravity, reformed her
 errors, and placed herself under the direction of Na-
 ture; having lent her whole attention to the laws by
 which the family is governed; and taken the rules of
 her present and future conduct from them; her pre-
 tensions are no longer problematical: she assumes a
 dignity that renders her worthy of the rank to which
 she is restored; has become a favourite in the Train
 of Nature, the common Mistress of them all; and
 Painting, who has chieftly taken her under tuition, like
 the Preceptor of Scipio, declares, that while she im-
 parts, she derives instruction from her ready Pupil.

Having thus, in the poetical mode of invocation,
 generally intimated the qualifications that are equally
 requisite in the 'Pupil of his Song' as in the precepts
 which

which teach his Art, after a few episodical lines, upon Ver.
which, for the reason already assigned, I feel myself 25
with much regret precluded from expatiating, the
Poet, addressing himself to such of the Youth of
England, as are enabled by the means of a sufficient 50
fortune and an unvitiated Taste of Beauty to carry
his lessons into execution, slides into his subject
with an assurance to so many of them as are in pursuit 54
of classical knowledge, that the Art of Gardening was
unknown to antient Rome; and to such as visit the 61
Continent, that it is not even now to be learned in
the detail by travel into modern Italy; but that fo- 63
reign countries, and particularly that of Italy will,
notwithstanding, contribute natural beauties adapted
to improve or form the taste, and afford scenes well
worthy of our imitation. These, however, we are 71
instructed, not indiscriminately, or too ambitiously to
aim at adopting, for this important reason, (which 83
is the first general precept laid down) that every effort
to improve the scenery must correspond with the
original nature of the place, or else most certainly
prove abortive. (B)

But although objects which are inapplicable be 88
thus proscribed, it does not therefore follow that we
should despair of giving beauty to any spot however
seemingly defective; for the seeds of grace are univer-
sally disseminated; and though we cannot any where
raise such as are foreign from the soil, and as it were
exotic; yet such as are indigenous will rise, and attain 102
to their full maturity and perfection under the culti- 107
vation of Industry and Taste. The very Heath, for
example, of all things apparently the least susceptible

Per. of a picturesque appearance, may be fertilized, and
 receive a chearful aspect from the hand of toil;
 and taste succeeding to this may carry the work so
 much farther as to bestow upon it even beauty and
 grace: but as the soil must be reclaimed, in order to
 its affording the materials of verdure and foliage to
 Taste, it is evident here that labour must go before;
 while in the improvement of the dank Vale, which
 affords another instance of their united powers, it is
 equally evident that Taste must take the lead; and pre-
 cede, or at least conduct the works of labour; for if
 not, the waters may be drawn off by the straightest,
 as being the shortest lines; and these again be so placed
 as to form angular interfections: Whereas Taste, be-
 ing at once possessed of her materials here, will pre-
 scribe that bed or channel in which they may spread
 or run in the most beautiful manner; and hence it
 is that Labour must, in this and similar cases, be the
 attendant instead of the harbinger of Taste.

And here the valley thus improved is described; the
 beauties which Nature has contributed, and the cor-
 responding charms which Fancy has bestowed, are
 peculiarized: Time is supposed to have imparted ma-
 turity to its groves, and ripened all its beauties to the
 precise idea of the Planter, and it is accordingly found
 altogether suited to contemplation, and the pleasures
 of seclusion and learned retirement: The cave, the
 rill, and the shadowy glade, adapt it to the Poet; its
 copious vegetation, and numerous insect inhabitants
 to the Naturalist; while, from the general disposition
 of its wood and water, and the accidents of light
 which its various parts are formed to catch, the Painter

may derive improvement to his Art. But it is not for *Ver.*
 the mere pleasure of dwelling on the lovely scene that
 the Poet has thus minutely described its parts; he had
 another view, and has accordingly made his descrip-
 tion the conveyance of an important censure on that 142
 indiscriminating zeal for prospect which requires and
 is only delighted with the extent of unselected objects;
 and also an exemplification of this doctrine, that a 172
 single scene, though not comprehending distances,
 may yet, by a judicious disposition of light and shadow,
 be put into possession of sufficient variety to render a
 landscape, thus formed merely of a foreground, com-
 plete and perfect within itself.

If then it appears that Fancy be of such power as 179
 thus to give charms to reluctant Nature, it follows
 that we should exert ourselves to improve this faculty;
 and to this end it is laid down as a maxim, that we
 should consult the laws by which Painting is governed,
 and apply them to the sister Art of Gardening. But 184
 of these, the first is to make a happy selection of ob-
 jects for the pencil; and therefore, as greatness of parts,
 a receding gradation of hues and limiting outlines,
 and three distances, marked each with their respective
 characters, and bearing to each other a due propor-
 tion, are the objects of the Painter's choice, so, if
 they can be attained, they are recommended to the 193
 Gardener as the most desirable scenery for the exercise
 of his imagination and his art.

But of these three distances, supposing them pos- 198
 sessed, the foreground is that part which is usually
 most at the disposal of a proprietor, and is consequently
 of the highest importance. Wherever a Man stands
 the

Ver. the contiguous objects immediately before him form a
 198 foreground to the scene he is looking at; and by the
 foreground how much the general prospect is affected,
 there are few who delight in landscape that have not
 perceived. The general harmony of a scene results
 from a due proportion of its parts; but the greater
 distances are seldom within the power of art: How
 then shall art, thus limited in the extent of her do-
 minion, attempt to harmonize the whole scene? To
 this I answer, by a judicious adaption and disposition
 of the objects through which the eye beholds it. A
 path is a series of foregrounds; and to adapt each part
 of this to the various combinations of the distant ob-
 jects, which always result from change of place or
 aspect, is the proper business of art. The effect of
 aspect on a scene, and the pleasure arising from an
 agreeable series of foregrounds, must be strongly felt
 by such as sail upon a fine river between beautiful
 banks: b this means we always, as it were, carry
 water with us, and render it a permanent ingredient
 in a continually changing landscape. The means then
 prescribed for obtaining a similar permanency in a
 beautiful foreground are the direction of the path from
 203 which the general scenery is to be viewed; — a se-
 lection of well-adapted greens which shall contrast or
 205 mix their colouring into it; — such interruptions as
 may frequently give the charm of renewal to what we
 207 had been for a time deprived of; — the absolutely un-
 intervening foliage of shrubbery beneath the eye; —
 209 and the shade of forest foliage above it; in which
 latter case the best portions of the distant scene may
 be selected, and beheld from between the stems of the
 trees,

trees, which should be so situated as sometimes by *Ver.* affording lateral limits to reduce the view even to the strictest rules of composition; — and thus from the varieties of the foreground the general scene is also perpetually varied. 211

But as there are many who are not sensible of the beauty of this last feature in a foreground, and hence might too hastily think of removing every forest-tree in front, as only an interruption to the scene, a caution is suggested against such a practice: to prove its necessity, the picturesque principle is resorted to, and exemplified in the wooded foregrounds of Claude Lorrain and G. Poussin; and, as from these it would be impossible to retrench even a single bough without an injury to the general composition of the scene, so Nature is said to suffer a similar injury if her foregrounds are injudiciously deprived of their shade. — And as, again, the same defective taste which would thus strip the foreground where trees are an important feature, if possessed of power to reach the distances, might there be induced to plant in such a manner as to give them no importance whatever; to counteract the uniform operation of aerial perspective, by sporting the remote hills with little circumscribed clumps of dark foliage; and to intersect by angular fences what is formed to please only by the singleness and majesty of the whole, the picturesque principle, with which the general rules respecting foregrounds are here concluded, is made the means of commencing a new subject, and is accordingly extended to the distant scenes, and in this case exemplified in the distances of Salvator Rosa; for as it would be impossible, among the sub- 216 225

Ver. fine objects of which these, for the most part, consist, without absolutely subverting the dignity of his whole composition, to introduce the petty contrasts resulting from deep shadowed, but narrowly limited plantations, so Nature is said to suffer a similar injury, if minute inclosures and formal foliage be allowed to disturb the awful tranquility of her more majestic scenes. And the reason is obvious: the whole should be viewed together and not in parts, which would, on account of their remote situation, very distinctly shew their extremities to the eye; whereas in the foreground, neighbourhood intirely precludes the possibility of this effect.

The end and spirit of this precept then being to preserve proportion and harmony in the relative extent and colouring of those parts which enter into the composition of the distant scenery, it will clearly follow that no broad and sober contrasts are precluded by the prohibition. Of nearer objects Nature defines with accuracy at once the outline and the shadow; but losing at a distance the intenseness of both, she exhibits them with blended and doubtful extremities; like twilight she diminishes their opposition, and consequently exclaims against whatever should attempt to give it an unadapted strength: hence dark patches of ill-conforted wood, which rather seem to stick out from, than compose a part of, the scene, are her abhorrence. But it is not therefore a woody distance that is obnoxious either to Her or her Poet; on the contrary, he inculcates this farther doctrine, that extensive clothing will be productive of the same uniform and simple greatness as extent of any other character
what-

whatsoever; but he ascertains its manner of applica- *Ver.*
tion, and instructs us in these cases to give a forest ex- 225
tent of wood to distances even the extremest, and unite
them all by one uninterrupted length of foliage. But
extent and continuity are insisted on as indispensable
here: for as in the sublime ferocity of the scenes, last
considered, no little additions were admitted to inter-
rupt the general union; so where the character of the
distance is forest extent, for the same reason, little in-
termissions are equally precluded. For as clumps and
acute divisions are there said to form a disproportionate
contrast, so here the very same defect would result
from formal extremities or circumscribed interruptions
of wood, when opposed to the general hue of the foliage.
And here the particular foliage, by which this great 253
effect is best obtained, is specified, and the Oak, the
Elm, and the Chestnut are recommended to the Plan-
ter; their hues are sufficiently similar, and consequently
that species of Variety alone, which is naturally incident
to distances, is aimed at. No fictitious protuberances
are affected by the means of paler verdure, nor, altho'
the Fir be permitted, as a protection to the other trees,
to afford a temporary shade, are sudden, and there-
fore incongruous, breaks sought after by the admis-
sion of darker greens; the scene is left to obtain its
variety from the effects of light upon its surface; and
these, for no man doubt, will be sufficient for his
purpose: for from the undulating form of this the
light and shadow will borrow not only extent and
breadth, but soft and uncertain limits; and even
that diversity of colour which is thus judiciously de-
clined by art, will be amply repaid by the ordinary

Ver. accidents resulting from the vicissitudes of weather, and the several seasons of the day.

264 Thus then we see the picturesque principle exemplified and applied to the living scenery of Nature; but we are not for this reason to conceive that Nature is thus rendered subservient to an Art over which she has not herself previously presided; for, tho' she may not in every portion of her works have exhibited the full perfection of beauty, yet in some she probably has; and though, wherever these lovely features occur, she may not in every instance have combined them to the greatest possible advantage; yet in some she has certainly displayed the charms of harmonious composition. Had she done this universally, or where she has done it, were it the talent of every man to observe and to generalise the principle on which she has proceeded, it would be unnecessary here to call in the aid of an imitative Art; but when to those alone who have
280 cultivated this, the skill to select and recombine the beauties of Nature, has been heretofore in a manner confined, to those it cannot be deemed unreasonable to refer the Gardener for instruction in the conduct of his own art. To grace and adorn the person of the great original herself is his pleasing province; and surely He is the most likely to succeed in the discharge of this duty, who most diligently investigates the principles on which she has already been imitated with the happiest success. From those then who, with the highest Taste and most discriminating powers of selection, have transferred the beauties of Nature to the canvas, we may, without derogation, submit to receive instruction, and learn ourselves to select, to digest, and

and to dispose our superior materials, according to *Ver-*
rules of composition that have been primarily dictated
 by herself.

It is not, therefore, by declining the study of Na- 300
 ture, that we are desired to aim at attaining that ab-
 stract Idea of Beauty to which we should for ever refer
 our designs and works, but by studying her through
 the medium of an Art which, upon her own prin-
 ciples, has combined and improved her features;
 thus we are ascertained of success; and having once
 got possession of this general archetype, we see every
 species of littleness fly before it; every symptom of
 mechanism withdraws, and every trace of geometric 312
 order is obliterated; the Angle declines into the waving
 Curve, and parts, before acutely divided, now melt
 into each other with soft and easy transitions.

And such a transition the Poet may be said to have 318
 here exemplified in his own method. We had be-
 fore been instructed how far the Powers of Fancy
 were able to contend with the difficulties started by
 Nature herself, and to remove what appeared to be
 even deformity; and now from a general rule, in which
 his abhorrence of mechanick order is inculcated, we
 are carried to the consideration of her equal powers
 to reform the absurdities introduced by antecedent
 Art. The right lined Vista consequently, however 324
 sanctified by time or circumstance, is condemned to
 fall, while only such of its trees as can survive re- 328
 moval, or such as, by concealment of their line, may 336
 plead for mercy, can hope to avert the stroke of the
 Axe: from these few, however, a considerable effect
 is promised; and thus Art, in concurrence with Na- 342

Ver. ture, and acting only as her handmaid, is seen restoring to Beauty Scenes, which, without that concurrence, she had herself previously deformed. (C)

We have now seen the picturesque principle established, and we have traced its operations in the improvement of defective Nature, and the reformation of erroneous Art. We have seen it also more agreeably occupied in selecting, heightening, and arranging the Features of an extensive Landscape originally beautiful: we are now to contemplate its effect upon the only species of rural view that has not yet been brought under its direction: But in this instance the precept is Caution; and so very tenderly is Art permitted to touch the almost-finished work of Nature, that its interference seems rather to be prohibited than invited here. If indeed the scene fall short of the Poet's description, and yet consist of parts that are capable of being rendered conformable to it, it is then the delightful office of Art to break new ground, and for the first time to enter into the shadowy wild, which bears no mark of ever having heretofore been invaded by the hand of man: but here good Taste will hold sacred the deep solemnity, the silent and solitary grandeur of its dark recesses; it will move on without impressing a distinguishable vestige, and will only, as it were, by stealth admit the human eye to the enjoyment of their secluded beauties. If Time indeed, giving to oblivion every unpleasing idea of their former designation, has handed over to Nature, and she adopting them has blended with her own offspring the ancient seats of tyranny and superstition, Fancy has little more to do than to enjoy the vale,

whose

whose woody sides, forming a gloomy contrast to the *Ker.*
 rocks that glitter through them, are overhung by 360
 the majestick Ruins of a Castle; or in the bottom of
 perhaps the same valley to contemplate the more aw-
 full Remains of an Abbey standing on the margin of a
 stream, by which the whole is watered: For what in-
 deed remains for her to do? If absolute neglect has
 obscured the beauties of the scene, or rendered it, per-
 haps, inaccessible, an access must be obtained, and
 its beauties must be retrieved from a circumstance
 equivalent to annihilation: but this is the utmost that
 is allowed to Art, and even in the performance of
 these necessary offices, the principal attention must be
 paid to the concealment and disguise of its interfe-
 rence. Hence the Poet, instead of imparting his in-
 struction in this instance in the form of precept, has
 conveyed it by a description, and finding so little mat-
 ter for maxims instead of a lesson, has given us an
 archetype for our imitation.

From the contemplation of Scenes like these, the 386
 Poet now suddenly directs our observation to the
 geometrical absurdities of our antient Gardens, and
 by thus artfully bringing them into immediate com-
 parison, excites our just indignation against their un-
 natural and sumptuous puerilities: Our eye, but now
 in the enjoyment of Nature's loveliest freest forms, be-
 holds, with disgust, the narrow restraints under which
 she has heretofore been oppressed. Where Art takes
 Nature for its Archetype, Nature may herself im-
 prove under the conduct of that Art; but where on
 the contrary its source is in itself, or to be found ra-
 ther in the principles than the visible performances of

Ver. Nature, the works of Art like this, are never to be
 386 adopted in her domains. Painting presents a mirror
 to her form; and before this she may dress herself to
 the improvement of her charms: but what can Ar-
 chitecture contribute to heighten them? Having ne-
 ver borrowed from her it has nothing to restore; and
 to become a borrower herself, is a condescension be-
 neath the dignity of her character; and consequently,
 however graceful, however majestick the works of
 this fine Art may rise, their beauties are their own,
 they are peculiar to themselves, and in no respect ap-
 plicable to the forms of Nature, who will therefore
 392 scorn to wear them. Boundless in her easy variety
 she disdains the restrictions of the line and plummet,
 and, that substitute for the chizel, the sheers. Yet
 such were the antient implements of the Gardener;
 by these the green Arcade was formed, and the dwarf
 vegetable trimmed into the mosaic pavement of the
 parterre; by these its angular extremities and quick,
 388 smooth slope were given to the terras: by these the
 winding currents of water were compelled to stagnate
 in straight canals; and, to use the language of an old
 French Writer, by these they were effectually prevent-
 ed from ever degenerating into Rivers again.

The History of Gardening in England, from the
 days of Elizabeth to our own time, finds here an easy
 introduction, it is accordingly related, and hence we
 learn the antiquity of that formal mode which has
 just been condemned; we also learn that however
 obstinately it held its ground, it had yet in every age
 come under the censure of the wisest and most dis-
 498 cerning men; that yielding at last to their remon-
 strances

frances and ridicule, it began to give way about the *Ver.*
 commencement of the present century; and, con- 498
 sequently, that at that period the style which forms
 the subject of the Poem may be said to have had its
 rise, although it has but very lately attained to its
 perfection. To the works of those great Masters, 536
 therefore, who have brought it to this high state, as
 before to the works of the Painter, we are now re-
 ferred, with an earnest assurance, that by them we
 shall see the principles of the Art exemplified, and
 from the study of their practice, be enabled to correct
 our Taste and extend our Fancy; that by exercising
 these, and giving an actual existence to whatever ideal
 forms and combinations we may have derived from
 all the sources that have now been laid open to us,
 we may bestow beauty upon even the ordinary features
 of natural scenery, and enter into the refined enjoy-
 ment of whatever Nature has, in this kind, created
 most lovely and complete. (D)

Having now brought the Commentary on the First
 Book to a conclusion, and throughout endeavoured
 to maintain and strengthen the great principle of rural
 beauty which has been prescribed by the Poet, I seem
 to hear an objection started to the justice of the doc-
 trine, and to be asked in what manner the practice of
 the Gardener, who, for the most part, makes excessive
 neatness an object in his scenes, is to be reconciled
 with that species of beauty which consists in rough-
 ness of surface, and which appears to have been al-
 ways aimed at by the Painter of Landscape.

To this, in the first place, I answer, that the ob-
 jection does not affect the general composition, which

is still moulded according to the picturesque idea ; and secondly , that it cannot affect the distances , which are beyond the reach of any such subordinate consideration. How far then does it extend ? Only to the foreground ; and even in this, not to the design, but the pencilling ; for, exclusive of the surface, the form may be preserved to the most fastidious expectations of the Painter. What then remains ? not the drawing of the Picture, for that is allowed to be correct, but just the manner of handling that small domestic portion, which lies immediately beneath the eye. And, surely, when it comes to be considered, that in generalizing a principle, and applying it to a new subject, some variety must always result from the application ; and this not from any mutability of the principle itself, but from the diversity of the objects with which it is combined, a variety so extremely trivial, can hardly be admitted as an objection to the introduction of the picturesque principle into the Art of Gardening ; it falls before this self-evident proposition, that a rural scene in reality, and a rural scene upon canvas, are not precisely one and the same thing.

But that point, in which they differ here, is not itself without a guiding principle : Utility sets up her claim, and declares, that however concurrent the genuine Beauty of Nature and Picture may be, the Garden Scene is hers, and must be rendered conformable to the purposes of human life ; if to these every consonant charm of painting be added, she is pleased ; but by no means satisfied, if that which is convertible to use be given absolutely to wildness. The Wildness of Nature, therefore, is irretrievably set aside, and,

and, consequently, it is only that kind of beauty which wears the stamp of human interference that can be cultivated here. Admit that desert Nature is best arrayed in the rough garb which painting chuses to imitate; yet in the English Garden, even in her very finest scenery, it is not desirable to preserve her in such a state of useless purity, that it shall appear as if no human footstep had even trod the ground. The presence of the mansion must for ever refute the supposition. Neatness must, consequently, supersede this savage air; for meer slovenly accomodation is, of all defects, the most disgusting, it is a mean between wildness and cultivation, which makes each destructive of the other, and, consequently, instead of being both, is really neither. To neatness, therefore, the surface of the foreground must be given: the claims of utility must be complied with, for the rudeness of Nature is precluded, and this alone remains: but even from this no small share of picturesque beauty may be made to arise, and smoothness itself, if thus the means and reasons of creating it appear, and that the shaven Lawn be seen covered with the flocks which have been the instruments of its polish, will be found in a very extensive degree to conform to the principle originally prescribed. But I will now go even further, and aver, that it altogether conforms: The Arts which imitate Nature are necessarily defective in one point, they cannot imitate her motion; and hence they are driven to seek for some substitute that may be productive of the same effect. A roughness of surface is produced by quick contrasts of contiguous Light and Shade, which resulting in
the

the appearance of frequent projection and retirement, the Eye, by the rapid succession of these, is affected in exactly the same manner as if the parts were actually moving before it: But is this roughness, therefore, necessary in Nature herself? It certainly is not; and the reason is, that possessing a real, it would be superfluous to adopt the means by which only a fictitious motion is achieved: the PRINCIPLES of Painting, therefore, are universally received; and thus THE ENGLISH GARDEN, exempted from the necessity of using them, is found only not to accept of the artificial resources of Picture.

COMMENTARY

ON THE

SECOND BOOK.

THE Poet having, in the former Book, proposed every general principle relating to the Art of Gardening, it would have been allowable for him to have laid down his pen, and left his readers, in each particular instance, to have made the application as well as they could for themselves: But reflecting on the difficulty of carrying general theories into practice, he has himself condescended to take his Pupil by the hand, and to teach him to apply his rules in every portion of his subject. He enters accordingly in the following Books into the detail, and instructs us in the means of executing every part of that great whole with which we had been previously made acquainted; we have seen the Picture; we have admired the Composition; and even contemplated its greater features; but we are now to imitate it; we must, therefore, descend to subordinate considerations; we are no longer to consider the effect alone, but to enquire into the means by which it is produced; and to the speculative part of Gardening, henceforward learn to afford the assistance of manual operation.

The regard that is due to Utility, and the necessity which subsists of rendering even Beauty no more than an adjunct to this in the English Garden, has been already intimated: to some reflections on the happy effects

Ver. effects of their union the present portion of the subject now naturally leads the mind; and, accordingly, the
 1 Second Book opens with an Address to an Art which thus benevolently turns Magnificence from the cultivation of sumptuous trifles to the improvement of that which is beneficial to mankind. But here, while we
 18 attend to the precept conveyed in this apostrophe, we must be exceedingly on our guard not to misapply it or imagine, that by converting beautiful objects to any other than their appropriate use, we are acting under its direction: The genuine spirit and tendency of the rule is not to turn ornament to use; it is the converse of this, and instructs us only to make utility the subject of ornament (E). But even this law is not without its liberal construction; in the great it must, perhaps, be literally interpreted; yet, like Poetry, Gardening will frequently acquiesce in a fiction of utility, accept of an End for a Use, and stamp the means which effect it, and the just adaption of the ornaments to the seeming purpose, with the name and characters of Truth.

35 Under the authority of this general maxim then, it is obvious that the antient formal style of Gardening must necessarily fall: the Gardener will endeavour to restore to Nature whatever she has been so long deprived of: but as in the infancy of his art there is danger, that in destroying the right-lined disposition of
 47 his ground, he should, as was really the fact, run into the opposite extreme, a caution is suggested against all
 51 excessive and overstrained curvatures, and that easy line, which is a mean between them, and which is
 56 spontaneously traced in the pathway of every Being
 that

that moves under the unaffected direction of Nature, *Ver.*
 is described as the only legitimate source of beauty
 and genuine grace; of this soft and melting curve the
 application we are told, must be universal; and that 71
 not only the pathway, and the outline of wood and
 water must be guided by it, but that the form of the
 surface of the ground itself must come under its direc-
 tion.

But however gracefully it may flow, and however
 considered in itself, it may appear to be an absolute
 stranger to geometric rules; yet as all parallelisms 82
 must thence derive their source, even this curve must
 not be matched with its own parallel: the great
 fward, therefore, through which the pathway winds
 must be varied in its breadth, and the neighbouring
 objects stand at that variety of distance that con- 83
 trast may result; in like manner the surface of the
 ground should be diversified in its form; and in every 86
 instance, whether of hill, ground-plan, or plantation
 the idea of pairs must be diligently avoided. With- 90
 out this equality the balance may be sufficiently main-
 tained, and the means of preserving it are prescribed 92
 by Nature herself: it is not by copying one feature
 from another that she proceeds to create a harmony of
 parts. She accomplishes this, and with more variety
 nor finds it even necessary to place her correspondencies
 at an equal distance from the point of view; for to the
 remote Mountain she frequently opposes the neigh-
 bouring Shade or Rock, and thus satisfies the expec-
 tations of the Eye with difference and uniformity
 at once. Hence then Art should derive its rule, and
 by a like opposition of dissimilar objects, give poise

107. and regularity to the general Composition of her
 108 Works to the Foreground is her proper district; here
 therefore every object, whether of surface or planta-
 109 tion, may be formed according to the Taste of the
 Proprietor; their mutual adaption is, consequently,
 at his disposal; and he is accordingly instructed in the
 manner of suiting both their forms and hues, not only
 to each other, but to the distant scenery which is be-
 held from among them.
 110 But in this, and every other operation of Art, the
 particular character of the scene must be most atten-
 111 tively considered, and cultivation assume a manner
 from the subject with which it is connected; thus the
 introduction of soil, sufficient to maintain the vegeta-
 112 tion of forest trees among the rocky clefts, may prove
 113 this means of removing the black and desolated Air of
 114 a scene, whose proper character is Majesty; and thus
 by a junction of Wood and Rock, and thence a happy
 contrast of gloom and glitter, Dignity may be made to
 115 supersede a cold and forbidding aspect. The swelling
 116 Hillcock may be made to vary the fatiguing sameness
 of the Flat, while this again, opposed by Plantations,
 may result in an animated and cheerful Landscape;
 117 and in like manner variety may be introduced into the
 very Thicket, its uniform darkness may be chequered
 by clearing away the inferior wood, while the re-
 maining Shade will borrow dignity from the contrast-
 118 ed Light that is thus admitted into it; the rivulet too
 should here be allowed to sparkle in the sun and assist
 the opposition; and thus we see not only the balance
 well adjusted, but the cure that may, by attention to
 its

its genius, be applied to the defects of each particular *Ver.*
species of scenery.

But of all the purposes on which the character of a 159
Scene should be consulted, that is the most important
which determines the mode of adapting ornament to
Use, without permitting it to encroach upon the
limits by which it should be restricted; of these, as
we have already observed, it is the business of the
gardener to make such a Union, that neither may
prove injurious to the other; ornament must not in-
fringe the claims of Utility, while, at the same
time, it is essential that Utility should not sordidly
reject the ornament with which it is becomingly ar-
rayed. But it is a Truth, which experience will
speedily evince, that nothing is more difficult than to 161
preserve the proper boundary of these; Pleasure in its
wantonness would seek to appropriate what should
be destined to more profitable purposes; and there is
hardly to be found a profitable Purpose to which
ground may be turned, that is not likely to invade
the equitable claims of Pleasure; the very sheep, in
their browsing, thus destroy the bloom and foliage
which give beauty to the Pathway that steals round
their pasture. Where then is the remedy to be
found? in the Fence, alone; we must ascertain their re. 167
spective Limits; we must divide and yet not disunite,
and the expedient is as practicable as it is necessary;
the Fence, by winding freely, may for ever be with-
drawn from the eye, and the very foliage, which it 170
serves to protect, will at every bend conceal it from
the view. The form of the ground, in each parti-
cular instance, will instruct in some peculiar means

Ver. of disguising the division, but in all it should
 178 be drawn with that bold line, that the trees and
 shrubbery which adorn the pathway, should frequent-
 ly project into, and appear to blend themselves with
 the field; while the field, in like manner, should
 frequently be seen to form recesses among these pro-
 jected trees; and here, when the sheep go into these,
 they will seem to be uncontrolled, and the only evi-
 dence to the contrary will afterwards be, that no-
 thing has been destroyed.

245 Having thus far spoken of the Fence, as the neces-
 sity for its concealment, and the general form of its
 line are concerned, the Poem now enters into a more
 practical discussion of the various kinds that may be
 resorted to, and the properest means to render them
 at once effectual and invisible; and of these, the first
 that is recommended to our choice, is that which
 260 is commonly known by the name of the Sunk Fence;
 by this the ground which is seen beyond it, provided
 its manner of cultivation be any thing similar, ap-
 pears so intimately and continuously united with
 that on which we stand ourselves, that it is almost
 always with surprize the division is discovered; and
 hence, as expressive of that passion, it obtained, when
 first invented, the name of the Ha! Ha! The mode of
 constructing this is specified, and is as follows: Dig
 265 deep a trench, and to the base of the side from which
 you look, and which must be perpendicular and fronted
 with stone, the opposite side must be gently sloped
 from the level of the soil; the verdure of this slope
 must be preserved, and the wall which sustains the
 272 neighbouring side, must be covered on its top also with
 the

the green turf, a little raised above the surface of the soil. This is the strongest manner of constructing the Sunk Fence; but the greatest strength is not in every instance necessary; it may, indeed, be requisite, in order to restrain the Deer, but cattle of a tamer kind, will be turned without it; the perpendicularity and the stone front of the nearer bank may, therefore, be here dispensed with, and in their place a slope, and at midway down a row of thorns, defended when young with pointed pales, may be substituted; but this must be kept from surmounting the level of the Lawn, and its surface made always parallel to the bank on which it grows.

But the form of the surface of the ground, the direction in which it is to run, and the nature of the inconvenience to be excluded, must, in every particular case, determine the sort of Fence that should be made use of; that which we have already seen is best applied, when its line runs directly across the Eye for in this instance it becomes absolutely invisible; but on the contrary it becomes, of all deformities, itself the most disgusting, if ascending the Hill in front, or in any other manner offering its end to the view. It exhibits only a gaping interruption of the otherwise continuous surface: in these cases, therefore, we must have recourse to new expedients, and if sheep only are to be excluded from the Pathway, a sufficient defence against their inroads may be obtained from net-work, or wire extended upon common stakes; three rows of stronger cordage stretched between posts must be opposed to horses and oxen (F); but as these are all liable to a thousand injuries and

Ver. a swift decay, and consequently will require a trouble-
336 some degree of attention to keep them in repair; a
more durable substitute, but chiefly where the division
350 is at some little distance, is allowed of, and for this
purpose a well-constructed paling of wood-work is
recommended; but as this again might very pro-
bably obtrude itself upon the Eye, while it is not
possible that a fence of any kind can be an orna-
ment, we are instructed in the best means of miti-
gating the necessary evil, and preventing its becoming
a defect.

362 The means then are briefly these; give to your
paling no tawdry glare, but as near as possible the
colour of the ground against which it is seen; for thus
the Eye shall blend them together, and thus the
ground in a manner shall absorb the Fence. And
here the poet, strongly feeling, and wishing to inculcate,
the necessity of this precept, is exceedingly particular,
and has left it only for me to reduce his farther instruc-
tions on this head, to the form of a recipe, in
which, however, I am obliged to omit the quantity of
each ingredient, because it must always depend upon
the circumstances of the scenery in which the paint
367 is made use of; take then White-Lead, Oker, Blue-
Black, and a proportionably small quantity of Verdi-
grease, and making of these an oil paint, spread it on
393 the paling; the effect of this, if used with judge-
ment, will be found fully answerable to the most
sanguine expectations; the limits, as it were, retire
from the view, and Use and Beauty, which seemed
to have suffered a momentary divorce, are now indis-
tinguishably united again.

But

But there is a Fence of which the concealment is *Ver-*
 not equally necessary, a Fence which genuine taste 407
 will ever rejoice to contemplate, for of genuine taste
 humanity is the inseparable associate; on the children,
 therefore, of the labouring Peasants, we are prev-
 ously desired to confer the charge of superintending all
 our boundaries, and guarding them from the inva-
 sions of herds and flocks; in order to adapt them to
 this little stewardship, to change their weeds of 430
 poverty for a more cleanly and comfortable attire;
 and arming the infant shepherds with the proper im-
 plements of their picturesque office, to employ and
 post them where they may be even conspicuously
 seen.

From this benevolent precept, the Poet is naturally 460
 led to consider the blessings and mental improvements
 which attend upon the active occupations and the
 contemplative retirement of the Gardener, and con-
 cludes the book with an Episode in which they are
 eminently illustrated. The scenery of the piece is
 well deserving of our attentive observation, and the
 sentiment, however poetically blazoned, stands firm
 upon the basis of historic evidence.

Cicero has spoken of retirement in terms not very
 different from those which introduce the Tale of
 Abdolonimus: "Quis enim hoc non dederit nobis,
 "ut cum opera nostra Patria sive non possit uti, sive
 "nolit, ad eam vitam revertamur, quam multi docti
 "homines, fortasse non recte, sed tamen multi etiam
 "reipublicae praeponendam putaverunt." *Cic. Epist.*
lib. ix. epist. vi. But, surely, the Poet has spoken
 more decisively like a patriot than even this great de-

Ver. liverer of his country himself; he has not preferred
 460 secession to the cause of the public; on the contrary,
 he has described it as a means of cultivating every
 talent for its service, and a sort of watch-tower from
 which to look out for the happy moments when they
 may be called into action; and in the conduct of his
 Hero, has presented it to us in the light of a school, in
 which the lessons of magnanimity and moderation are
 taught; and in which the well-disposed mind, ab-
 stracted from the pursuits of the world, will learn the
 duty of foregoing every private indulgence, when the
 sacrifice may render us the fortunate instruments of
 restoring prosperity to our country, or extending the
 happiness of our species.

I do not exclusively challenge for Gardening the
 whole of those attributes which have been by a thou-
 sand writers ascribed to Agriculture at large, any
 more than I should exclusively claim to the most per-
 fect knowledge of architectural ordonnance the entire
 eulogy that might be pronounced on the art of con-
 structing habitations. Without the stately column or
 fretted roof the Savage might receive protection from
 the storm, and without the picturesque scene the nerves
 of labour might be braced, and the markets supplied
 with the ordinary productions of the field: But on the
 other hand, without some portion of these refinements,
 are Agriculture and Architecture adapted to the exer-
 cise or reception of an English Gentleman? Certainly
 they are not; and yet, as we are now instructed to
 dispose the Garden-scene, the occupations of the Farm
 are not excluded from it, the purposes of life are not
 only attended to, but consulted. Magnificence is no
 longer

longer a Tyrant, deriving his honours from the desolation of his territories; assuming a milder royalty, he now seeks his chief glory from their fertile state; he sets his polish upon accommodation, and it is henceforward Utility that the King delighteth to honour. What, therefore, can now be said in the praise of Agriculture that may not be extended to Gardening, with this additional felicity, that being endowed with Pleasures of its own, it counteracts the guilty temptations of fashionable Vice, and renders the favourites of Fortune partakers with the peasant in the blessings of innocence and health; without, at the same time, imposing upon them the necessity of sharing in his toil; enjoying at once the opportunities of salubrious exercise and contemplative leisure, unaffected by the little cares of the world, and unalienated by seeing their unamiable influence upon others, exempt, so far as human nature can be exempt, from the assaults of irremediable disappointment, Contentment, which generates the love of man, and a sense of gratitude which, if not the thing itself, must necessarily result in the Love of God, take possession of their hearts, and assume the conduct of their virtuous lives; and hence, with the man who tills his own ground, the Gardener may be justly characterized as "one who inflicts no terror; who entertains no hostile disposition, but is an universal friend; whose hands, unstained with blood, are devoutly consecrated to that God who blesses his orchards, his vintage, his threshing-floor, and his plough; who vindicates his equality in an equal state, and strenuously opposes himself to the unconstitutional encroachments of Aristocratic or Monarchic Power." (G)

COMMENTARY

ON THE

THIRD BOOK.

IN an apostrophe to his memory, the Poet now introduces his late lamented friend, Mr. Gray; as delivering his opinion on the subject of the present Poem, and declaring the preference which he gave to the works of Nature over every effort of Art. We are not, however, to conceive that he condemned her just exertions, because he prefers the more majestic sublimity of Nature; the contrary inference will follow from the precept with which he closes his animated counsel: for after he has showed the inferiority of art's creative powers, he yet proceeds to regulate her conduct, and stating her proper office, advises her to conform to the Canon of Nature, and only to curb every fantastic or capricious variation from her great example. (H)

Ver. The subject of the English Garden is not, like that of Thomson's Seasons, a mere descriptive Enlogy on the luxuriences and beauties of Nature; it is preceptive, and its end is to polish Husbandry, and instruct us in the art of preserving those very beauties as far as may be reconcilable with the necessities of cultivation: these had, in the antient mode of Gardening, been altogether superseded; to reach the means, therefore, of recalling them is, surely, not setting up Art as a rival to Nature, it is making it

subservient and contributory to her ends. If the rude ^{Ver.} magnificence of untouched Nature could consist with appropriation, it would be unnecessary to prescribe any rule; but when we know that it cannot, and that heretofore a false idea of beauty has been entertained, shall we, therefore, depreciate the value of the lesson that conveys a better? Or shall we, because the praise of Nature is higher than that of Art, declare that Art is not deserving of our attention? The argument, that on this ground would militate against the English Garden, will be found to go a great deal farther, and extend to the subversion of every other imitative art as well as the Art of Gardening.

As we have all along considered the Garden as a Picture, so we are under the necessity of considering the unadorned and naked soil as the Painter's canvas, and, consequently, of looking on every means of ornament as the pencils and colours with which he is to work. But the canvas, with the coarse outlines of the scene, are supplied by Nature; the former Book has corrected the drawing; and now we come to give it all the variety of tints that WOOD and WATER can afford; from these it is true the landscape will derive its most important charms of light and shadow, they are nevertheless represented only in the light of super-added, though natural, ornaments, as not being essential to the existence of the scene which, considered in this light, we see may subsist without them. From ⁶³ the conduct of the Pathway, the Fence, and the Ground-plan, therefore, the subject now changes first to the proper disposition of WOOD; and the picturesque purposes of planting being to conceal deformities

87 *formities and create ornament, the Planter, tho' it is*
 96 *declared unnecessary for him to be an adept in all*
the science of the Naturalist, with respect to the classi-
fication of trees, is yet required skilfully to know their
several forms, their sizes, their colours, their manner
of growing, and other external characters, in order
that he may be always able to apply them respectively
to those purposes which they are best adapted to an-
swer; for his ignorance of these may lead him into
 108 *bad mistakes; the Pine, for instance, by its quick*
growth and branching arms, seems well calculated to
shut out the low wall or fence from the view, yet a
better acquaintance with its habits, will shew its un-
fitness; for as it rises it is found to shake off those
 115 *very arms that might serve to tempt the planter to use*
it. Box, therefore, and Holly, &c. are declared more
eligible here, because they are found to thicken be-
low, and being planted not for their own beauty,
but to hide what is defective in other objects, may be
 118 *brought by the pruning knife to any form that most*
effectually promotes this end. But above all plants,
the Laurel has received a preference from the Poet, as
it once both answering this purpose, and being in
 136 *itself also positively beautiful. With these evergreens,*
it is farther recommended to blend such indigenous
shrubs as are of early bloom, and though the utmost
 150 *nicety of selection be not attended to, yet we are*
promised a good general effect, one rule only being
observed, which is to range the darker foliage behind
 153 *as a ground to fling forward that which has a brighter*
hue, and, in Autumn, by their undecaying verdure, to
give brilliancy to the sadder colour which is acquired
 by

by the dying deciduous leaves; but this latter reason *Key*
 is not insisted on, the Spring and Summer being, 161
 deemed of more important consideration: in order, 002
 however, to prevent any breach in the screen from the 163
 decay of leaves in Winter, the greatest care must be
 taken to preserve the line of Evergreens entire. 012

Such is the remedy for low deformities, but to ex- 169
 clude those of loftier stature, the intervention of forest
 trees, so planted as not to overhang the underwood,
 shrubbery, is required; and these may be so managed,
 as that while they conceal a part they may, at the
 same time, convert the remainder of a structure even
 to an ornamental object. When the barn-like choir
 and chancel of a country Church, for instance, are
 by means of such a screen as this shut out from the
 view, what can afford a more pleasing appearance than
 the tower which remains among the deep-shadowing
 foliage that has served to conceal them? 012

It only now remains to consider planting in the 172
 light of ornament, and as it serves at once to harmon-
 ize, and give energy to that opposition of light and
 shade which results, perhaps, too tenderly from the
 easy surface of the soil. To the general maxims de-
 livered in the first book upon this subject, the follow-
 ing more particular precepts are therefore now added,
 and taken together, the whole may be considered as
 a complete code of all the laws that relate to this
 subject. 012

Where the ground is so elevated as to be itself an 195
 obstruction, the interposition of foliage cannot any
 farther abridge the view. Plant boldly, therefore, on
 such a brow, it is itself your object; its beauty must
 arise

197 arise from the richness of its vesture, and consequently
 101 the trees with which it is clothed must be closely
 200 planted together; but on the plain beneath they must
 201 be set single, or at wide intervals, and this without
 any seeming order or the visible interference of art.

210 Art must, however, in reality interfere, and that
 202 for many purposes; the indiscriminating hand might
 else exclude an eligible distance by the interposition
 of trees which spread their tops and hang their impenetrable branches, while, under her correction, the scene may be preserved, and sufficient wood obtained by planting only such as bear an airy foliage on light and lofty stems.

219 She must superintend the choice of trees destined to form either clumps or an extensive shade, and for this purpose select such only as are of similar character, size, and colour, and also bear their leaves in the same season.

226 She will hearken to the dictates of Nature, and carefully avoiding every transgression against her laws, will adapt her plants only to such soils and situations as are favourable to their culture.

232 Avoiding disproportion, she will forbear to plant the Lawn with low clumps of shrubbery, and, instead of incongruously attempting there to interpose their diminutive stature for the sake of variety, will range them contiguous to the pathway, where alone they can have consequence, and where the eye may either dwell upon their peculiar beauties, or altogether look beyond them.

240 She will teach us also to cultivate only the hardy indigenous race of trees, and to avoid the introduction

tion of exotics into the general scene; from which an ill-adapted climate will soon snatch them, and so leave a blank. This doctrine the Poet has enforced and exemplified in a fictitious tale, which, however, he concludes with a little statement of his interdiction; for he allows, that if a taste for foreign plants must be gratified, it may be indulged in some lateral seclusion, from the general scene, sheltered from every rougher blast, and open only in mild and favorable aspects.

The subject of planting being now concluded, with a very brief recapitulation, referring the particular instances to good taste, and limiting every precept that would attempt to regulate this to little more than prohibitory caution, a subsequent evil is suggested, which is the overgrowth of trees beyond the line they were intended to describe, by means of which, when the effect is obtained, it is almost as soon lost; but the Planter, whose materials (in this differing from those of the Painter) will not retain their forms, is assured of his remedy in attention; and of being able to restore his outline by introducing the axe and pruning knife to cut off the luxuriance that has infringed those limits which his picturesque idea had originally prescribed.

Care then, we perceive, is necessary to preserve what Taste had created, (but this necessity, we are told, should not yet discourage us from the pursuit of beauty: Mutability is a common lot, and the possibility of Winter-torrents might be equally well urged against the introduction of Water into a Scene, or that it is liable to be dried away by violent Summer heats.

And here the Poet, by means of this exempli-
 fication, with great address changes his theme from
 Wood to WATER; he seems to pant beneath the fer-
 vour he has just described, and seeking a refuge in
 the coolness of the element he has named, assumes
 the latter as a subject which the heat he sustains has
 rendered grateful to his mind.
 The tendency which Nature has bestowed upon
 every portion of her works is vindicated to them as a
 species of right, and that of Fluidity being an active
 descent to the lowest beds, the false principles upon
 which the French, as described by Rapin, have endeav-
 oured to give an upward current to water by means
 of *Jer d'eau*, with all their fantastic varieties, are
 censured as an infringement of its equitable claims;
 while the dank bottom ground, which is, on that
 account, unfavourable to vegetation, is declared to be
 the proper receptacle of this element. Here then, if
 sufficiently copious, let it spread; or, if more scantily
 supplied, and that the declivity of the Soil be such as
 to afford it a channel, let it rather assume the form of
 a river, for to this extent which is in general beyond
 the reach of Art, and yet the usual character of natural
 lakes, is not required. But, be the disposition what
 it may, we are desired in either case to give to water
 as fair of freedom in its outline; and a bolder curve
 than that which has been already prescribed for the
 pathway; the natural reason of which precept is,
 that the base of every little inequality in the ground
 jets into and turns it; and consequently, as it is un-
 able to climb and surmount these, it must receive
 them as limits to its bed or channel. These, it is true,

the torrent may cut or wear away, and hence the *Ver.* rocky and perpendicular bank has its original ; but unless we have the means to supply a torrent speed to our artificial rivers, this species of margin is not a proper subject for our imitation.

Though the river has obtained a preference on account of the difficulty of giving sufficient greatness to the lake, the latter is not, however, proscribed, and the smallest extent of water is allowed of for the purpose of reflecting foliage and its accidents, and as a scene for Water-fowl, &c. provided that it be in a sequestered situation, and well surrounded with forest-trees ; but unless so bounded, these diminutive pools are declared to be absolutely inadmissible, nothing being more obnoxious to the eye than such palpable patches ; for even the greatest rivers, if by their windings they are rendered seemingly discontinuous, and are caught only at broken intervals, are adjudged disgusting, being thus reduced to pools, unless indeed they afford a considerable stretch of water contiguous to the beholder's station, in which case the eye is carried on to their distances, and thus unites their divided parts without any other assistance. 398

Fill then the channel you give to the water, provided the best effect of river is sought for, in order that it may not be interrupted in its windings, but still demonstrate its own continuance ; but when this has in reality found its determination, let the eye there encounter some strong feature of wood or hill seemingly interposed ; for beyond this, if conducted with judgment, the imagination will certainly continue to prolong the stream. And here a consideration 415

f

of

419

Var. of the necessity we lie under of procuring abundant supplies of water for all these purposes, leads the Poet to a direct prohibition of every attempt to introduce this great natural ornament, unless we can give it perfection from such supplies.

- 423 The flat lake and low-bedded river being thus dismissed, we now come to the rules which teach the streams to descend with beauty from their higher sources to the vallies underneath. But first, the false taste of our ancestors, which conducted water thus circumstanced down by steps, as it were, and for resting-places, disposed it in short canals, so ranged one beneath another as in profile to afford the appearance of stairs, but of length and continuance from some one favoured point of view, is censured as de-
- 429 serving only our contempt, which we ought to bestow still more liberally on that mode of communication which conveys it from those above to those below by flights of narrow stairs, whether it is suffered at all times to trickle down, or hoarded, on account
- 438 of its scarcity, to be devolved only at long and arbitrary intervals; for the cascade, such as Nature has exhibited, and such alone is recommended to our present purpose, requires an abundant store of water, which must first be provided ere imitation is attempted,
- 450 and instead of narrow steps requires a vast mound
- 462 to fall over (I), which, when raised, must have its front beautified with rocks to shape the fall, and give it the majestic rudeness of Nature. (K)

- 473 But as the possession of these more magnificent features of landscape is beyond the limits of most men's power, every attempt to achieve them without
- a pre-

a previous certainty of success is discouraged, and we *Ver.*
 are desired to acquiesce in the enjoiment of the little
 rivulet which waters almost every scene; nay its im-
 provement, if requisite, is permitted; but this must
 be made to correspond exactly with its character: it
 is not the office of genuine art here to stagnate the
 lively stream into width of lake, or by retarding its
 current to give it the form of a slow-moving river; on 490
 the contrary, she will try to fret, and so to increase
 its murmuring course as to continue it still, only in a
 higher degree, what Nature originally formed it.

On the secluded margin of one of these clear rivu-
 lets, the Poet presenting himself as seated, there testi-
 fying the fitness of such a situation to excite Fancy,
 and in a short history of his own life giving an in-
 stance how constantly he has been enamoured of this
 kind of aquatic scenery, proceeds to confer a form
 and voice upon the lovely stream that has so strongly
 captivated his imagination. That voice which he
 has thus bestowed, he accordingly makes her now
 raise, and concludes the book with a recital of the
 Song, in which she aptly renders the several qualities 532
 of her little current so many examples of virtue to
 human Nature: her reflection of the ray she receives 542
 from the sun reads to man a lesson of gratitude; the
 nurture afforded to every little flower that embroiders 546
 her banks, of extensive benevolence; she seeks the
 lowliest vale for the path of her waters, and thence 549
 rebukes the aspiring career of Ambition; she calls
 on Sloth to mark her brisk and unceasing current; 552
 and swelling to an indignant torrent effectually to
 resist the Tyranny of Art, contemptuously derides

Ver. the servile Spirit; she then commissions her Poet to
 555 report her counsels, and with a warning voice to pro-
 559 nounce the vices she has reprobated to be the cause of
 a nation's overthrow; but, if neglected, himself to
 take the lesson and monopolize the profits he is denied
 the means of communicating; and thus we become
 almost persuaded that we find the assertion of Shake-
 spear's Duke in *As you like it*, even literally verified,
 the little brook has instructed us in good;

"And thus a life exempt from public haunt
 "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running streams,
 "Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

COMMENTARY

ON THE

FOURTH BOOK.

SIMPLICITY having already reformed the taste and corrected the false principles of Gardening; delineated the genuine curve of Nature; instructed us in the means of uniting Beauty with Use, and to this end concealed the necessary fence which forms their common limit; having promulged the laws of Planting, and directed the proper course or bed for Water, is once more invoked to continue her assistance, while the Poet proceeds now to the consideration of artificial ornaments, that is, of such works of Architecture and Sculpture as may, without derogation from its dignity, be admitted into the Garden Scene.

But this is not the whole; for the fourth Book, not only extends to artificial ornament, but is a kind of recapitulation of all that has gone before, which, exclusive of variety, the declared purpose of its Author, gives, even in point of strict propriety, a preference to the form of a tale in which it is conceived; for were it preceptively written, it must have been restricted to its single subject, while the ordinary rules of composition allow a latitude and allot the business of exemplification and enforcement to the conclusion. The demesne of ALCANDER accordingly shews us not the example only from which we may, on the present portion of the subject, deduce for ourselves

Ver. the rule, but in its general disposition demonstrates the great advantage of attending to every rule that has been already prescribed.

These, however, have been considered in their respective places, and therefore it only remains for me to discuss the principles of artificial ornament as they are set forth in the practice of ALEXANDER.

- 65 All vestiges of former Art being obliterated, and Nature restored to her original simplicity, the study of congruity in ornament is the first maxim that offers itself to our observations; and, therefore, if the principal structure or mansion be Gothic, the ornamental
80 buildings should be made to agree with it. Even such necessary structures as the offices of a Farm, seldom ornamental in themselves, may, at a proper distance, receive this character; by being masked with the fictitious ruins of a castle they will appear as if the reliques of an antient fortress had been turned to the purposes of husbandry, and thus, instead of offending the sight, be converted to a correspondent and even a noble object; while a mouldering Abbey will better
95 serve to conceal those domestic structures that stand nearer to the view.

But not only the mutual agreement of buildings should be attended to, but their agreement with the circumstances of the scene in which they are introduced; the Castle, for instance, should derive the probability of having stood in former ages, from a situation in which it is probable that a former age would have placed it for the purposes of defence and strength; to this, therefore, an elevated situation is adapted, while a secluded recess and contiguity to
running

running water, are not among the least essential characters of the Abbey, which should, now that time is supposed to have passed over it, stand backed with wood, and so sunk in shade as to give it an air of antique solemnity; for the great and venerable tree will be considered as a kind of witness to its age, while diligence should be used to bring forward the growth of ivy to assist in giving credit to the fiction.

Still farther, in every ornamental building of whatsoever kind, an agreement of its parts among themselves is to be maintained; in those already instanced it is requisite that every character of each should be preserved with the most scrupulous precision: omission of parts indeed may be justified by the supposition of ruin and decay; but what can palliate the absurdity of annexing parts unknown to antiquity, and altogether foreign from the original purposes of such a structure.

These are the greatest possible artificial features, and as they must necessarily preclude all littleness, and consequently exceed the abilities of most improvers, they are converted to uses which must, undoubtedly, be somewhere complied with, and which will, therefore, defray at least some part of the charges. These also belong to the general scenery, and consequently admit of no dispensation either with respect to their greatness, or propriety in the manner of constructing them. The inference is obvious: where the execution, from its proper point of view, cannot amount to absolute deception, let the attempt be altogether relinquished: to fictitious buildings of this nature I have never yet heard an objection (and many an ob-

Ver. section I have heard) that in substance extended farther than to such as are ill performed, and against such I am as ready to give my voice as the severest critic that has ever passed judgment upon them. (L)

119 But, apart from the general, there is also another species of scenery to which alone the ornament may be referred without considering its relation to the whole: Thus, if the valley be so sunk as to make no part of the prospect, the structure that adorns it may be adapted rather to this of which it will constitute an important feature, than to the whole, of which, by the supposition, it makes no part at all; to this retired valley, therefore, if watered by a rapid stream, the grotto is well adapted, for the water trickling thro' its roof, will serve to keep it always cool for refreshment; but even here within itself, consistency of ornament must be attended to; and whether the scene in which it is placed be inland, or in view of the ocean, the building must only be incrustated with the productions that are natural to its situation and the soil.

173 The Flower-Garden also comes under this description; and therefore it is required, that it shall stand apart from the general scene, and be whatever it is within itself; some glade or sheltered seclusion is con-

194 sequently its proper situation. The form and disposition of the flower-beds, though very irregular, must not appear broken into too many round and disjointed patches; but only seem to interrupt the green-sward walks, which, like the mazy herbage that in forest-scenes usually surrounds the underwood tufts of thorn, wind carelessly among them, and running from side to side through every part of the scene, fre-

frequently meet the gravel path that leads round *Ver.*
the whole. The Flower-Garden being professedly a
work of art, will no more desire to catch prospects
beyond its own limits than it seeks to be seen from
without itself; the internal scenery, therefore, must
consist of objects adapted to a neighbouring eye, pre-
sent it with graceful architectural forms, and call to
mind, by their emblems, the Virtues and the Arts that
deserve our cultivation, or by their busts the names of
men, who, by cultivating these, have deserved our
graceful remembrance.

But among all the ornaments of the Flower-Garden,
the Conservatory is intitled to the pre-eminence;
great, however, as it may be rendered, it is not yet
requisite that its style should coincide with that of the
mansion; it stands in a separate scene, there forms
the principal feature, and, consequently, instead of
receiving, should itself prescribe the mode to which
every inferior ornament must be made to conform.

Separation from the general scene is likewise re-
quisite for the recess where domestic fowl are reared;
and as these are of two kinds, the land and the
aquatic, their little demesne must consist of parts
adapted to the habits of each; the lake studded with
small islands, and surrounded with a grassy bank, will
afford them every accommodation of this nature; and
the narrowness of the space required will give propriety
to the introduction of some classic emblematical orna-
ments; while the whole animated plot may be enjoyed
from a bower or rustic seat, so situated as at once to
comprehend it all, and so circumstanced as to shut out
the glare of the noontide sun by the means of climb-

Ver. ing shrubbery, which will serve at the same time to invest the wall and conceal the masonry of which this bower must necessarily be constructed.

These three consistencies, for such they may be called, with the scene, with each other, and of each within itself, being thus declared necessary to artificial ornaments, and exemplified in a Gothic scheme, the manner of maintaining them, where the mansion or
 388 principal structure is of Greek Architecture, is now prescribed; and here, instead of the majestic Ruin, the great ornaments of the general scene should rather consist of the Temple, the Obelisk, the Column, or triumphal Arch. The fragment, however, of the Gothic Structure is not to be considered as an inconsistency in England; it may be the residue of an age that actually once existed; it has, consequently, a kind of prescriptive right to its station, and should
 400 not therefore be obliged to conform; while the Greek buildings that are raised to suit the mansion must be made to appear its modern cotemporaries, the idea of a Greek Ruin in England being a contradiction
 403 both to history and experience.

Every argument to prove the necessity of maintaining consistency, being in a manner exhausted, it remained only for the Poet with ridicule to explode the heterogeneous miscellanies of buildings which have been sometimes drawn together from remote parts of the earth, and by a comic painting of the puerile
 639 chaos to render it contemptible in our eyes.

As it seems to have been our Author's intention to select from the variety of buildings, which have usually found a place in our modern Gardens, such

as were capable of being introduced with the greatest *Ver.* congruity, and, when so introduced, capable of producing the best effect, he could not well overlook that most common of them all, the Hermitage; he has therefore allotted to it a situation retired and solitary; but, as the melancholy circumstances of his tale led him to do, he has also made it a kind of monumental structure; here as elsewhere, both by example and precept, conveying to us these important lessons, that such melancholy memorials should only be raised where a real interest in their object gives them propriety, and that where the circumstance recorded is near the heart, simplicity should be most studiously consulted, as emblems and unappropriated ornaments must necessarily prove contemptible to a mind which is too much in earnest to derive any pleasure from fiction. (M) 648

Although it has been my province to divide what the Poet has most closely interwoven, to decompose, as it were, this part of the Poem, and separate the preceptive maxims from the tender narrative in which they are involved, I cannot, however, conclude without observing that this book appears to me to be *unique* in its kind, as combining with infinite address in one natural whole, the dramatic, the descriptive, and the didactic *genera* of writing. To elucidate the last is all that I have attempted; and if what I have written tends, in any sort, to give the less attentive kind of readers a clearer conception of the general plan of the Poem, and of the connexion of its parts with each other, it will add considerably to the pleasure I have already enjoyed in this agreeable occupation.

Having

Ver. Having now finished the whole of his subject, he
 665 concludes this book, as he had done the first, with an
 address to those of his countrymen who have a relish
 for the politer arts; but as an interval of more than
 ten years had past between the times when the first
 and fourth books were written, that art, therefore,
 which in the former he exhorts them to practice for
 the embellishment of a then prosperous country, in the
 672 latter he recommends, merely for the purpose of amuse-
 ment and self-consolation, at a period when the free-
 dom and prosperity of that country lay oppressed be-
 neath the weight of an immoral, a peculating, a san-
 guinary, and desolating system. History, when she
 transmits the records of the year 1781, will best con-
 vince posterity that this conclusion of the Poem had
 in it as much propriety when it was written, as they
 will feel that it has pathos when they peruse it.

It is reserved for me to conclude this Commentary
 in a happier hour: When a great and unexpected
 ministerial revolution gives us good reason to hope
 that the sword which was drawn to obliterate the rights
 of mankind, and cut up the securities of Property,
 will soon hide its disappointed and guilty edge in its
 scabbard; that commerce will once more return with
 opulence to our shores; and that a just, a generous,
 and a liberal Policy will scorn to restrain her benefits
 to a single district of a great and united Empire. I
 have only to ask of Heaven to hasten the maturity of
 these blessings; to give them perpetuity; and, instead
 of suffering a barbarous and debilitating luxury to
 grow upon that prosperity of which it has thus afford-
 ed

ON THE FOURTH BOOK.

241

ed us a prospect, to invigorate our very amusements, and teach us with a manly and patriot pride, in the hours of peace and relaxation, to aim at lifting our country to that superiority in genuine Arts which we have so lately begun to vindicate to her in just and honourable Arms.

THE END OF THE COMMENTARY.

MAY 30, 1782.

NOTES

N O T E S.

U P O N

B O O K T H E F I R S T

A n d i t s C O M M E N T A R Y.

Such of the following Notes as are marked with numeral Letters and the number of the Verse refer to the Poem, and were inserted by the Author in the former quarto Editions of its separate books. Those marked with the capital Letters of the Alphabet and the Page refer to the Commentary.

NOTE I. Verse 30.

At this sad hour, my desolated soul.

THIS Poem was begun in the year 1767, not long after the death of the amiable person here mentioned. See *Epitaph the first in the Author's Poems.*

NOTE A. Page 89.

I think it proper to apprise my Reader, that I use the general term GARDENING for that peculiar species of modern improvement which is the subject of the Poem, as it is distinguished from common horticulture and planting. — The Gardener in my sense, and in that of the Poet, bears the same relation to the Kitchen-Gardener that the Painter does to the House-Painter.

NOTE

NOTE B. Page 95.

The few descriptions of Gardens which occur in the writers of antiquity, cut off all hope of obtaining any classical aid to the art. In that of Alcinous the charm consists not in the happy disposition of the little plot, for it was hedged in and contained only four acres, but in the supernatural eternity of its bloom and verdure, and the perpetual maturity of its fruits. The hanging gardens of Babylon, and of the Egyptian Thebes, like the pastures on the roof of Nero's golden palace, are rather to be considered as the caprices of Architecture. The younger Cyrus, according to Xenophon's account of his occupations, had, perhaps, a more just idea of magnificence, yet still the orderly arrangement of his quincunxes could never have consisted with the picturesque principle. If we turn to the primitive Romans, their Agrarian laws, however ill executed, directly operated against this art, and we find Cincinnatus called not from his Garden but his Farm to assume the government of his country; and as to the Liternum of Scipio, that simplicity of life, which is so highly applauded by Seneca, and the very little care he took even to accommodate himself there, will give us reason to believe that he rather neglected than over-polished his villa. Cicero was a professed admirer of *topiary works*, which exactly correspond with the green statuary, the espaliers, and trellis-work of our own old gardens: "Trahitur enim Cupressus in
 "picturas opere historiali, venatus classesse, et ima-
 "gines rerum tenui folio, brevique et virente super-
 "vestiens." *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 6. cap. 33.*

From

From the laboured description which the younger Pliny has given us of his own Tuscan Villa, we may at once infer the truth of our Poet's panegyric on the general appearance of Italy, and also that Gardening had not improved at Rome beneath the imperial yoke. Nothing can exceed the beauty of that scenery which this elegant writer has laid before us: "A Theatre, such as Nature alone could construct, is presented to our eye: a Valley is extended at the foot of the surrounding Appenine, whose loftiest summits are crowned with old patrician Forests, while the descending sides are covered with foliage, there only interrupted where some bold projections lift their heads above it: Vineyards extended on every side occupy the base of the mountain, while the valley beneath looks chearful with meadows and cornfields, and all the varieties of inclosure and cultivation; the whole is fertilized by eternal rills which are yet no where collected in a stagnant lake, but hurry down the declivities of the ground into the Tiber, which, forming here a vast navigable stream, and reflecting the whole landscape from his smooth surface, divides the valley in the midst." Such are the glowing scenes of Italy, and how well adapted they are to the canvas Pliny himself has perceived; for he declares, "the view before him to resemble a picture beautifully composed rather than a work of Nature accidentally delivered."

And now having contemplated the prospect, it is time to turn our eye to the proprietor, and the character of that foreground from which he was pleased to enjoy it. Behold him then hemmed in by a narrow

row inclosure, surrounded with a graduated mound, tracing, perhaps, his own or his Gardener's name scribbled in some sort of herbage upon a formal parterre, or ranging in allies formed of boxen pyramids and unshorn apple-trees placed alternately, in order, as he declares himself, "happily to blend rusticity with the works of more polished art;" nay, it is even possible that seated now upon a perforated bench, so contrived as, under the pressure of his weight, to fling up innumerable jets d'eau, he thence takes in the view of this "vast Theatre of Nature" from between the figures of fantastical monsters or the jaws of wild beasts, into which he has shorn a row of box-trees at the foot of an even sloping terrace. In brief, in a foreground probably designed, but certainly applauded by the younger Pliny, no vestige of Nature is suffered to remain; and if, from a man of his erudition and accomplishments, we receive no better a model for our imitation, I believe we may safely infer, that however lovely Italian scenery in general may be to the eye, the search of classic aid to the Art of Gardening must prove absolutely fruitless: By one of his contemporaries, it is true, the defective taste of his age was observed, but the censure affords an argument of its universality while it exempts only the sensible individual who pronounced it.

In vallon Egeriae descendimus et speluncas
Difficileis veris. Quanto præstantius effec-
Numen Aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum.

Journ. Set. III. ser. 17.
The

The villa of the Gordiani, described by J. Capitolinus, is in much the same style, nor does that of Dioclesian seem to have possessed any advantage over it.

I should not name the fictitious Garden of Psyche, as delineated in very general terms by Apuleius, but for the purpose of introducing one of a much later date, described by his commentator Beroaldus, and so illustrating the equally defective Taste of modern "superstitious Italy." "Behold then the fairest and most magnificent seat subsisting in the territories of Bologna in the year 1510; and we find its beauties to consist of a marble fountain, in a green inclosure, throwing the water up by the means of siphons; of a fish-pond annexed to this; and of a long and right-lined canal between two parallel stone-walls, while another stone-wall of ten feet high, but broad enough at top to admit of two persons walking abreast on its completely excludes the view of the country and of the natural river from which this canal is supplied with water." In the year 1550 we find a Cardinal at Velletri, at Rome, employed in erecting a hanging Garden on the columns of his palace. Strada, who was himself a Roman, gives us his own idea of a perfect Garden in the middle of the last century, and like that of Pliny, it principally consists of jets d'eau and green statuary: And Bishop Burnet, in the year 1685, describes the Borromean Garden in the Lago Maggiore, as "rising from the lake by five rows of terraces on the three sides of the Garden that are watered by the lake; the stairs are noble, the walls are all covered with Oranges and Citrons, and a
"more

"more beautiful spot of a Garden cannot be seen." He afterwards informs us, in more general terms, that "the Gardens of Italy are made at great cost; the statues and fountains are very rich and noble; the grounds are well laid out, and the walks are long and even; but they are so high-scented by plots made with box, that there is no pleasure to walk in them; they also lay their walks between hedges that one is much confined in them. In many of their Gardens there goes a course of water round the walls, about a foot from the ground, in a channel of stone that goes round the side of the wall." So here is an Italian Garden, walled round, watered by fountains, and an elevated stone-channel at its extremities, and divided into box-plots by long, even, high-hedged walks; "but they have no gravel," he says, "to make these firm and beautiful like those we have in England;" and hence, perhaps, it is that the judgment of Addison, who visited that country but a little after, may be accounted for; "for," he says, "their Gardens then contained a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of Garden and Forest, which represent every where an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegance which we meet with in our own country;" but he bestows the same encomium upon the Gardens of France, where there is but little reason to believe that he really found a better stile than that which prevailed at home; he desired to reform a mode that disgusted him; he saw the fault and wished to avoid it, but had never formed an idea of the perfection to which it was possible the art could

be carried; whatever differed from the obnoxious track he had been used to afforded him satisfaction, and this he probably exaggerated to himself, and was glad to make use of as an example to his doctrines. It is not very likely that Mr. Addison, if he were still living, would now bestow the exalted title of heroic Poets upon the designers of Kensington Gardens: But the fact is, we were in his time the apes of France in this as well as in every other frippery device of Fashion, and Le Nautre alike presided over the taste of Gardening in both countries. Rapin is childish in his precepts; Stevens, a century before him, delivered nearly the same in prose; and I cannot find that France, at any previous time, afforded an instance of a practice better than they have prescribed. The genius of Petrarch, I grant, is in some respect visible at Vaucluse; but who has dared to tread in his footsteps? But I do not design minutely to trace the history of French Gardening. It is my purpose only to confirm the assertion of the Poet, who vindicates the Art he sings to his own country; and this, I think, I have sufficiently done, by enquiring into its state upon the Continent, and chiefly in Italy, down to the time about which it seems to have had its commencement in England; but though admired by some of their travellers who have visited this country, it is not yet adopted by them, and consequently no modern claim can come into competition with ours. Mr. Gray has asserted our originality in this particular, and Algarotti has acknowledged it. * The Art is, therefore,

* See Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray, Vol. 8. Sect. 5.

therefore, our own, and consequently the Poem, which undertakes to impart its principles, has a right to intitle itself the ENGLISH GARDEN.

NOTE C. Page 104.

In a postscript which the Author annexed to the quarto edition of the fourth book of this Poem, in which he gave a general analysis of the whole, and answered certain objections which had been made to particular passages in it, he thus vindicates himself for having prescribed the demolition of vistas, which had been defended as having in themselves a considerable share of intrinsic beauty : "I am," says he, "myself far from denying this, I only assert that their beauty is not picturesque beauty ; and, therefore, that it is to be rejected by those who follow picturesque principles. It is architectural beauty, and accords only with architectural works. Where the Artist follows those principles, vistas are certainly admissible ; and the French, who have so long followed them, have, therefore, not improperly (though one cannot help smiling at the title) given us, in their Dictionary of Sciences, an article of *Architecture du Jardinage*. But did Gaspar Poussin, or Claude Lorrain, ever copy those beauties on their canvas ? Or would they have produced a picturesque effect by their means if they had ? I think this single consideration will induce every person of common taste to allow that these two principles oppose one another ; and that whenever they appear together, they offend the eye of the beholder by their heterogeneous beauty. If, therefore, vistas are ever to be admitted, or rather

to be retained, it is only where they form an approach to some superb mansion so situated that the principal prospect and ground allotted to picturesque improvement lie entirely on the other side; so much so that the two different modes of planting can never appear together from any given point of view; and this is the utmost that I can concede on the subject."

NOTE II. Verse 395.

With stone. Egregious madness; yet pursu'd

Altho' this seems to be the principle upon which this false taste was founded, yet the error was detected by one of our first writers upon architecture. I shall transcribe the passage, which is the more remarkable as it came from the quaint pen of Sir Henry Wotton: "I must note," says he, "a certain contrariety between building and gardening: for as fabricks should be regular, so gardens should be irregular; or at least cast into a very wild regularity. To exemplify my conceit, I have seen a garden, for the manner perchance incomparable, into which the first access was a high walk like a terras, from whence might be taken a general view of the whole plot below, but rather in a delightful confusion, than with any plain distinction of the pieces. From this the beholder descending many steps, was afterwards conveyed again by several mountings and valings, to various entertainments of his scent and sight: which I shall not need to describe, for that were poetical; let me only note this, that every one of these diversities, was as if he had been magically transported into a new garden." Were the

the terras and the steps omitted, this description would seem to be almost entirely conformable to our present ideas of ornamental planting. The passage which follows is not less worthy of our notice. "But tho' other countries have more benefit of the Sun than we, and thereby more properly tied to contemplate this delight; yet have I seen in our own a delicate and diligent curiosity, surely without parallel among foreign nations, namely in the garden of Sir Henry Panfhaw, at his seat in Ware-Park; where, I well remember, he did so precisely examine the influences and seasons of his flowers, that in their settings, the inwardest of which that were to come up at the same time, should be always a little darker than the utmost, and so serve them for a kind of gentle shadow." This seems to be the very same species of improvement which Mr. Keitt valued himself for inventing, in later times, and of executing, not indeed with flowers, but with flowering shrubs and evergreens, in his more finished pieces of scenery. The method of producing which effect has been described with great precision and judgment by a late ingenious writer. (See *Observations on modern Gardening*, sect. 14th, 15th, 16th.) It may, however, be doubted whether Sir Henry Panfhaw's garden were not too delicate and diligent a curiosity, since its penegyric concludes the whole with telling us, that it was "like a piece not of Nature, but of Art." See *Reliquiae Wottonianae*, page 64, edit. 4th.

NOTE III. Verse 412. *The wilds of taste. Yes, sagest VERULAM,*

Lord Bacon, in the 46th of his essays, describes what he calls *the platform of a princely garden*. If the Reader compare this description with that which Sir William Temple has given in his essay, intituled *The Gardens of Epicurus*, written in a subsequent age, he will find the superiority of the former very apparent; for though both of them are much obscured by the false taste of the times in which they were written, yet the vigor of Lord Bacon's genius breaks frequently through the cloud, and gives us a very clear display of what the real merit of gardening would be when its true principles were ascertained. For instance, out of thirty acres which he allots for the whole of his Pleasure-ground, he selects the first four for a lawn, without any intervention of plot or parterre, "because," says he, "nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn." And "as for the making of knots of figures, with "diverse coloured earths, that they may lie under "the windows of the house, on that side which the "garden stands, they be but toys, you may see as "good sights many times in tarts." Sir William Temple, on the contrary, tells us, that in the garden at Moor-park, which was his model of perfection, the first inlet to the whole was a very broad gravel walk garnished with a row of Laurels which looked like Orange-trees, and was terminated at each end by a summer-house. The parterre or principal garden which makes the second part in each of their descriptions, it must be owned, is equally devoid of simplicity in

in them both. "The garden," says his Lordship, "is best to be square, encompassed with a stately arched-hedge, the arches to be upon carpenters' work, over every arch a little belly enough to receive a cage of birds, and, over every space, between the arches, some other little figure with broad plates of round coloured glass, gilt for the sun to play upon." It would have been difficult for Sir William to make his more fantastic; he has, however, not made it more natural. The third part, which Lord Bacon calls the Heath, and the other the Wilderness, is that in which the Genius of Lord Bacon is most visible; "for this," says he, "I wish to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildness." And accordingly he gives us a description of it in the most agreeable and picturesque terms, inasmuch that it seems less the work of his own fancy than a delineation of that ornamental scenery which had no existence till above a century after it was written. Such, when he descended to matters of mere Elegance (for when we speak of Lord Bacon, to treat of these was to descend) were the amazing powers of his universal Genius.

NOTE IV. Verse 447.

All that the Nymph forgot, or left forlorn.

See Spencer's Fairy Queen, Book 4th, Canto the 10th: the passage immediately alluded to is in the 21st Stanza.

For all that Nature, by her mother wit,

Could frame in earth and form of substance base

Was there; and all that Nature did omit,

Art (playing Nature's second part) supplied it.

NOTE V. Verse 453. *That work, "where not nice Art in curious knots,"*
See Milton's inimitable description of the garden of Eden. *Paradise Lost*, Book 4th, part of which is here inserted.

NOTE VI. Verse 481.

Thou reach the Orchard, where the sparing turf
The French at present seem to be equally sparing of this natural clothing of the earth, although they have done us the honour to adopt our Bowling-greens, and to improve upon them. This appears from the following article of the *Encyclopedie* translated verbatim.

"Boulingrin. N. S. In gardening is a species of
"Parterre composed of pieces of divided turf with
"borders sloping (*en glacis*) and evergreens at the
"corners and other parts of it. It is mowed four
"times a year to make the turf finer. The invention
"of this kind of parterre comes from England, as
"also its name, which is derived from *Boule*, round,
"and *Grin*, fine grass or turf. Boulingrins are either
"simple or compound; the simple are all turf with-
"out ornament; the compound are cut into com-
"partments of turf, embroidered with knots, mixt
"with little paths, borders of flowers, yew-trees,
"and flowering shrubs. Sand also of different colours
"contributes greatly to their value."

NOTE VII. Verse 489.

Surpassing rule and order." TEMPLE, *yes,*

The passage here alluded to is as follows: "What
"I have said of the best forms of Gardens, I meant
"only

"only of such as are in some sort regular; for there
 "may be other forms wholly irregular, that may, for
 "ought I know, have more beauty than any of the others;
 "but they must owe it to some extraordinary dispo-
 "sitions of Nature in the seat, or some great race of
 "fancy and judgment in the contrivance, which may
 "reduce many disagreeing parts into some figure
 "which shall yet upon the whole be very agreeable.
 "Something of this I have seen in some places, and
 "heard more of it from authors who have lived much
 "among the Chineses." Sir William then gives us
 a kind of general account of the Chinese taste, and
 of their *Sharawadgi*, and concludes thus: "But I
 "should hardly advise any of these attempts in the
 "figure of gardens among us, they are adventures of
 "too hardy achievement for any common hands;
 "and tho' there may be more honour if they succeed
 "well, yet there is more dishonour if they fail, and
 "it is twenty to one they will, whereas in regular
 "figures it is hard to make any great and remarkable
 "faults." See *Temple's Miscellanies*, vol. I. p. 186.
 fol. edit.

oil bound. NOTE VIII. Verse 393.

"Lest to the fair achievement. ADDISON. I had before called Bacon the prophet, and Milton
 the herald of true taste in Gardening. The former,
 because in developing the constituent properties of a
 princely garden, he had largely expatiated upon that
 adorned natural wildness which we now deem the
 essence of the art. The latter, on account of his
 having made this natural wildness the leading idea in
 his exquisite description of Paradise. I here call Ad-
 dison,

dison, Pope, Kent, &c. the Champions of this true taste, because they absolutely brought it into execution. The beginning therefore of an actual reformation may be fixed at the time when the *Spectator* first appeared. The reader will find an excellent chapter upon this subject in the *Pleasures of Imagination*, published in No. 414 of the *Spectator*; and also another paper written by the same hand, No. 447; but perhaps nothing went further towards destroying the absurd taste of clipped evergreens than the fine ridicule upon them in the 173d *Guardian*, written by Mr. Pope.

NOTE IX. Verse 503.

Sweeps thro' each kindred Vista; Groves to Groves

See Mr. Pope's Epistle on False Taste, inscribed to the Earl of Burlington. Few readers, I suppose, need be informed that this line alludes to the following couplet:

Grove nods to Grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

NOTE X. Verse 511.

The pencil's power: but, fir'd by higher forms

It is said that Mr. Kent frequently declared he caught his taste in Gardening from reading the picturesque descriptions of Spenser. However this may be, the designs which he made for the works of that poet are an incontestible proof, that they had no effect upon his executive powers as a painter.

NOTE XI. Verse 522.

The simple Farm eclips'd the Garden's pride,

Mr. Southcote was the introducer, or rather the inventor of the *Ferme ornée*; for it may be presumed, that

that nothing more than the term is of French extraction.

NOTE D. Page 107.

Camden, who lived in the days of Spenser, has described Guy-Cliffe, in Warwickshire, in a manner that looks as if either the Taste of his time was infinitely superior to that of the period immediately succeeding it; or at least as if the Proprietor were himself an instance of a Genius very far transcending all his cotemporaries. "Guy-Cliffe, nunc Thomas de Bello Fago habitatio, & quae ipsa sedes est amoenitatis: Nemusculum ibi est opacum, fontes limpidi et gemmei, antra muscosa, prata semper verna, rivi levis et susurrans per saxa discursus, nec non solitudo, et quies Musis amicissima." Here is nothing fantastic and unnatural, which is the more extraordinary, as Guy-Cliffe is situated in the same country with Kenilworth, at that time the principal seat of every quaint and sumptuous departure from Nature and Simplicity.

Theobalds, which Hentzner has described, was laid out by Lord Burleigh, who seems to have anticipated all the absurdities we usually ascribe to a Taste supposed to have been long after imported from Holland; a Ditch full of water, Labyrinths made with a great deal of labour, and a Jet d'eau with its marble bason, constitute the principal ornaments of the place; and in a still earlier period, we learn that the Beauty of Nonfuch, the Delight of Henry VIII, consisted chiefly in Groves ornamented with trellis work, and cabinets of verdure. "At Ulfkelf, near Towton," says Leland, "there lives a Prebendary of
 21014
 York,

York; possessed of a goodly orchard with walks *opere topiario*;" and, in the year 1538, the same author describes "the Gardens within, and the orchards without the Moat" of Wresbilla Castle, the ancient seat of the Percys, to have "been exceedingly fair. And in the orchards were mounts *opere topiario*, wri- then about with degrees like turnings of cokil-shells to cum to the top without pain."

This is all that I will add to Mr. Mason's notes on this part of the subject; I had intended to have gone a great deal farther, and to have traced the history of modern Gardening in England as far as diligence would have supplied me with materials; but the subject has had the better fortune to come under the agreeable, the lively, and at the same time the accurate pen of Mr. Walpole. With all my readers I rejoice that I have been thus prevented.

NOTES

UPON

BOOK THE SECOND

And its COMMENTARY.

NOTE XII. Verse 10.

Which fills the fields with plenty. Hail that Art

THIS simile, founded on the vulgar error, concerning the Harvest Moon, however false in philosophy, may, it is hoped, be admitted in poetry.

NOTE E. Page 112.

This rule is founded in Nature and Reason, and its universal application has the sanction of antiquity to support it. Quintilian, though certainly defective in his taste for Landscape, and even an admirer of *topikry* works, has yet in the following passage very well apologized for that regularity which he in general applauds, by making Utility and Profit, in these particular instances, reasons for it. "Nullusne *fructus* *referis* adhibendus est decor? quis neget? nam et in ordine certa que intervalla redigam meas arbores: quid enim illo quincunxe speciosius, qui, in quamcunque partem spectaveris, rectus est? sed protinus in id quoque prodest ut terrae succum aequaliter trahant. Decentior Equus cujus adstricta sunt ilia, sed idem velocior. Pulcher aspecta sit Athleta cujus lacertos exercitatio expressit,

expressit, idem certamini paratior. Nunquam vera Species ab Utilitate dividitur." *Quint, Inst. lib. viii. cap. iii. de Ornatu.*

Cicero has elegantly observed, "Nullam partem corporis (vel hominis vel ceterarum animantium) sine aliqua necessitate affectam, totamque formam quasi perfectam reperiatis Arte non casu. Quid in arboribus, in quibus non truncus, non rami, non folia sunt denique, nisi ad suam retinendam, conservandamque Naturam? nusquam tamen est ulla pars nisi venusta. Linquamus Naturam, Artesque videamus; quid tam in Navigio necessarium quam latera, quam catinae, quam mali, quam vela? quae tamen hanc habent in specie venustatem, ut non solum salutis sed etiam voluptatis causa inventa esse videantur. Columnae et templa et porticus sustinent, tamen habent non plus Utilitatis quam Dignitatis. Capitoli fastigium illud et caeterarum Aedium non Venustas sed Necessitas ipsa fabricata est. Nam cum esset habita ratio quemadmodum ex utraque parte tecti, aqua delaberetur, Utilitatem Templi, Fastigii Dignitas consequuta est, ut etiam, si in Coelo Capitolium statueretur ubi imber esse non posset, nullam sine Fastigio dignitatem habiturum fuisse videatur. Hoc in omnibus item partibus Orationis evenit ut Utilitatem ac prope Necessitatem suavis quaedam et Lepor consequatur." *Ciceron. de Oratore, lib. iii.*

I might multiply quotations without end, but will close with a passage from the practical Architect Vitruvius, which may serve as a comment on the above beautiful observation of Cicero: "Quod non potest in veritate fieri, id non putaverunt (Antiqui)

in

in imaginibus factum, posse etiam rationem habere. Omnia enim certa proprietate, et a veris Naturæ deductis moribus traduxerunt in operum perfectiones; et ea probaverunt, quorum Explicationes in disputationibus rationem possunt habere Veritatis." Vitruv. lib. IV. cap. II. de Ornamentis Columnarum.

NOTE XIII. Verse 119.

Than does this sylvan Despot. Yet to those

See Book the First, line 84. See also Mr. Pope's Epistle to Lord Burlington, line 57.

Consult the Genius of the place in all, &c.

A fundamental rule, which is here further enlarged upon from line 126.

NOTE XIV. Verse 222.

(And that the tyrant's plea, to work your harm.

Alluding to Milton.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity.

The tyrant's plea, excus'd his dev'lish deeds.

PARADISE LOST, book IV. line 393.

NOTE XV. Verse 327.

Is cur'd by mimic snares: the slenderest twine

Linnaeus makes this a characteristic property of the fallow deer; his words are, *arctetur filo horizontali.*

(See Syst. Nat. Art. Dama.) I have sometimes seen feathers tied to this line for greater security, though perhaps unnecessarily. They seem, however, to have been in use in Virgil's time, from the following passage in the Georgicks:

Stant circumfusa pruinis

Corpora magna bouum: confertoque agmine cervi

Forpent mole nova, et fummis vix cornibus extant.

Hoc non emissis canibus, non cassibus ullis,
 Purpuree agitant pavidos formidine pennae:
 Sed frustra oppositum trudentes pectore montem
 Cominus obtruncant ferro.

GEORG. lib. III. v. 368.

Ruæus's comment on the fifth line is as follows:
*linea, aut funiculus erat, cui Plumae implicabantur
 variis tinctæ coloribus, ad feras terrendas, ut in retia
 agerentur.* And a simile, which Virgil uses in the
 twelfth book of the *Aeneid*, v. 749, and another in
 Lucan's *Phars.* lib. IV. v. 437, clearly prove that the
 learned Jesuit has rightly explained the passage.

NOTE F. Page 117.

I omitted, in the Commentary, to take notice of
 the Feathers which the Author has mentioned as a
 means of restraining deer, because in the foregoing
 Note he seemed to think them unnecessary; and there-
 fore I conceived that he introduced them only as a
 poetical embellishment founded merely on classical
 authority; but I have since learned that the practice
 still prevails in many, perhaps all of our English forests,
 particularly in that of Whittlebury. It should seem,
 therefore, that its continuance thro' ages must be
 supported by experience of its use, and that a hori-
 zontal line without these feathers would not be a
 sufficient obstruction.

NOTE XVI. Verse 470.

The wise Sidonian liv'd: and, tho' the pest
 ARDOLONIMUS. The fact, on which this Episode
 is founded, is recorded by Diodorus Siculus, Plu-
 tarch

tarch, Justin, and Q. Curtius; the last is here chiefly followed. M. de Fontenelle and the Abbé Metastasio have both of them treated the subject dramatically.

NOTE G. Page 121.

Φοβερός γεωργός εἶναι, φίλος πᾶσιν, ἄπειρος
 βίματος, ἄπειρος σφαγῆς, ἱερὸς καὶ παναγής
 θεῶν ἐπικαρκίων καὶ ἐπικληναιῶν καὶ αἰώων καὶ
 προήροσιων· ἴσος μὲν ἐν δημοκρατίᾳ, ὀλιγαρχίᾳ
 θὲ καὶ τυραννίδι πάντων μάλιστα μίσει γεωργία.

Γεωργοὶ πρῶτοι μὲν τῶν ἐκ γῆς καρπῶν τοῖς
 θεοῖς κατασχεύουσιν, ἀπερξάμενοι γεωργῶν φίλων
 θρωστοὶ μὲν αἱ εὗχαι, εὐφρημοὶ δὲ αἱ θυγαῖς ἀπὸ
 οὐκείων πόρων, ἀμειβοὶ συμφορῶν, ἀμειβοὶ
 κακῶν.

Maxim. Tyr. Dissertat. xiv.

have both of them stated in the most literally.

NOTION OF THE

BOOK THE THIRD

And its COMMENTARY.

NOTE H. Page 122.

THE respect Mr. Gray had for the Art of Gardening, appears in his letter to Mr. How, to which I have before referred my reader, (see Note B. p. 94.) but which I shall here insert at large, because I have since been informed that a Poem on the same subject has been lately published in France, and is there highly esteemed, in which the Author, like the rest of his countrymen, ascribes the origin of our Gardens to the Chinese. "He (Count Algarotti) is highly civil to our nation, but there is one point in which he does not do us justice; I am the more solicitous about it, because it relates to the only taste we can call our own; the only proof of our original talent in matter of pleasure, I mean our Skill in Gardening, or rather laying out grounds: and this is no small honour to us, since neither France nor Italy have ever had the least notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it when they see it. That the Chinese have this beautiful art in high perfection seems very probable from the Jesuit's Letters, and more from Chambers's little discourse published some years ago; but it is

is very certain we copied nothing from them, nor had any thing but Nature for our model. It is not forty years since the Art was born among us, and as sure we then had no information on this head from China at all." See *Memoirs of Mr. Gray*, Section v. Letter VIII.

In the last smaller Edition of Mr. Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, the reader will also find a very entertaining and important addition made to his history of Gardening on this very subject (see vol. iv. p. 283.) which puts the matter out of all doubt. Yet it is to be observed, that Mr. Gray and Mr. Walpole differ in their ideas of Chinese perfection in this Art: But had Mr. Gray lived to see what he calls Chambers's little discourse enlarged into a dissertation on oriental Gardening by Sir William Chambers, Knight, it is more than probable he would have come over to his friend's sentiments; certain it is he would never have agreed with the French, in calling this species of Gardening *Le gout Anglo-Chinois*.

NOTE XVII. Verse 12.

Place I the Urn, the Bust, the sculptur'd Lyre.

Mr. Gray died July 31st, 1771. This book was begun a few months after. The three following lines allude to a rustic alcove the author was then building in his garden, in which he placed a medallion of his friend, and an urn; a lyre over the entrance with the motto from Pindar, which Mr. Gray had prefix'd to his Odes, ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΤΝΕΤΟΙΕΙ, and under it on a tablet this stanza, taken from the first edition of his Elegy written in a country church-yard:

*Here scatter'd oft, the loveliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The Redbreast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.*

NOTE XVIII. Verse 122.

Let England prize this daughter of the East

Our common Laurel was first brought into the Low Countries A. D. 1576 (together with the Horse Chestnut) from Constantinople, as a present from David Ungnad, the Imperial Ambassador in Turkey, to Clusius the famous Botanist. It was sent to him by the name of Trabison-Curmasi, or the Date of Trebisond, but he named it Lauro-Cerasus.

NOTE XIX. Verse 354.

Deepen your dripping roofs! this feverish hour

These lines were written in June, 1778, when it was remarkably hot weather.

NOTE XX. Verse 366.

Shuts to the tuneful trisling of the Bard,

René Rapin, a learned Jesuit of the last century, who wrote a didactic Latin Poem on Gardens, in four books, by way of supplement to Virgil's Georgics. The third book treats the subject of water, or more properly of water-works; for it is entirely made up of descriptions of jets d'eau, and such sort of artificial baubles.

NOTE XXI. Verse 388.

And winds with shorter bend. To drain the rest

See Book the second, ver. 50 to ver. 78, where the curve of beauty, or a line waving very gently, is said

not

not only to prevail in natural pathways, but in the course of rivulets and the outline of lakes. It generally does so; yet in the latter it is sometimes found more abrupt: in artificial pieces of water, therefore, sharper curves may be employed than in the formation of the sand or gravel-walk.

NOTE XXII. Verse 452.

That facile mode which His inventive powers

Mr. Brindley, who executed the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, and invented a method of making dams to hold water, without clay, using for this purpose any sort of earth duly tempered with water.

NOTE I. Page 130.

The method of constructing these moulds, which is called "puddling," consists only in greatly moistening and turning the soil (of whatever nature it may be) in the manner in which mortar is tempered; for thus its parts are brought closer together, and in its almost fluid state the influence of attraction is allowed to operate, to turn to each other and bring into contact those surfaces which are best adapted to cohesion, a principle so universal, that even in sand it is found so strong as to render it, after sufficient working, water-proof. Where an unmeasurable weight of water was to be resisted, I have seen the operation thus performed; a deep perpendicular trench was dug out about four feet wide; in this, as incident to its situation, the water sprung up very plentifully, and into this the soil that was raised was again returned by degrees, being trampled and beaten, and turned with shovels and spades, exactly (as I said before)

before) as if it were mortar, by which means it became perfectly viscons; beyond this point labour is useless; for attraction has taken place and no more can be added. The practice, on a very confined scale, was known before Brindley, but he first developed its principles, applied it indiscriminately to every soil, and used it to great and extensive purposes, and therefore may justly be allowed the honour of having been the inventor.

NOTE K. Page 130.

We so seldom see the rock-work of these artificial Cascades well executed, that persons of a refined picturesque taste, are apt to explode them, and to think of them as they do of artificial Ruins and imitative Buildings, that they ought never to be put into execution. Our Author, however, has ventured to recommend both, the one here, and the other in the succeeding book; and this, in my opinion, very justly, because the arguments against their use are founded only on that abuse which has taken away all likeness from the imitation; and, surely, that they have been ill imitated affords no reason that they cannot be well imitated; on the contrary, there is great reason to attempt a copy upon better principles, and execute it with truer taste because there are scenes and situations in Nature which absolutely call for such objects to give them their last and finished perfection. It is as necessary, therefore, for the Gardener to supply them upon his living canvass, as for the Landscape Painter to display them upon his dead one; and he is capable of doing this, because he has sometimes actually done it with full effect.

NOTE

NOTE XXIII. Verse 471.

Rejoice; as if the thund'ring Tees himself

The fall of the Tees, near Middleton in Yorkshire, is esteemed one of the greatest in England.

NOTE XXIV. Verse 492.

H A Naiad dwells; LINEA is her name.

This idea was conceived in a very retired grove at Papplewick in Nottinghamshire, the seat of Frederick Montagu, Esq; who has long honoured me with his friendship, where a little clear trout-stream (dignified perhaps too much by the name of a River) gurgles very deliciously. This stream is called the Lin, and the spring itself rises but a little way from his plantations. Hence the name of this Naiad is formed. The village itself, which is situated on the edge of the forest of Sherwood, has not been without poetical notice before, Ben Johnson having taken some of his *Dramatis Personae* from it, in his unfinished Pastoral Comedy, called *The Sad Shepherd*.

NOTE XXV. Verse 512.

To Commerce and to Care. In Margaret's grove,

St. John's College in Cambridge, founded by Margaret Countness of Richmond, mother of Henry the Seventh.

NOTE XXVI. Verse 528.

Who stole the gift of Thetis. Hence the cause,

Alluding to the Ode to a Water Nymph which the Author wrote a year or two after his admission into the university. See his *Poems*, Ode II.

NOTES

UPON

BOOK THE FOURTH

And its COMMENTARY.

NOTE XXVII. Verse 101.

A time-struck Abbey. An impending grove

IT was said in the first Book, ver. 384, that of those architectural objects which improved a fine natural *English* prospect, the two principal were the *Castle* and the *Abbey*. In conformity with this idea, ALCANDER first begins to exercise his taste, by forming a resemblance of those two capital artificial features, uniting them, however, with *utility*. The precept is here meant to be conveyed by description, which had before been given more directly in Book II. ver. 21.

*Beauty scorns to dwell**Where Use is exil'd.*

NOTE L. Page 136.

If we consider how Gothic Edifices were originally constructed, it will appear how very defectively they have been, for the most part, imitated. In order, therefore, to obviate this practice, I will here give a summary and brief description both of such as were Military and Ecclesiastical.

The Gothic Castle, or military structure, consisted in every instance of the Keep or Strong-hold, and the Court or Enclosure annexed to the Keep.

The Keep was a great and high tower, either round or square, for the most part situated on an artificial elevation, the entire top of which it usually occupied. Advantage also was frequently taken of a naturally high situation.

If the tower was square, it often had annexed to it square projections, generally at the corners, and about mid-way between them, to act as buttresses, of which, however, they do not carry the appearance, as they exhibit a front greater than their projection, and do not diminish in their projection as they ascend. When round, I have frequently seen the Keep without any buttress whatever.

The great Portal or door of entrance into the Keep, was always at the least one floor high from the ground, and was usually entered by means of an external stair-case and vestibule, which was strongly fortified. This stair-case led only so high as the portal, and the landing-place at the head consisted for the most part of a draw-bridge which was worked from within the Keep, and which, when raised, not only cut off all communication, but by leaning against and covering the portal, served exceedingly to strengthen it against an enemy that might already have taken possession of the vestibule and stair-case.

There was seldom any aperture for a considerable height from the ground; and as the apartments of the Lord or Commander of the Castle were near the top, it was only there that any aperture appeared which exceeded

exceeded the size of a loop, and even there the windows were of but small dimensions.

The Keep was usually embattled at top, but the battlements have in general been defaced by time and ruin. The wall of the Court, or Enclosure was always connected with the Keep, and the entrance into it was usually by a great arch strongly fortified, and passing between two towers connected by the wall through which the arched way was carried. There was never any great arch in the Keep itself.

As the wall commenced at the Keep at both sides, it was commonly carried down the hill, and frequently comprehended not only the descent but also a part of the plain beneath.

The height of the wall, where it joined the Keep, was sometimes regulated by the height of the great portal that led to the principal apartments, which, for the most part, occupied the third story; for the staircase, by which this was approached, was often built within the substance of the wall itself, in which case there was no other external vestibule.

Loops were frequently made in the wall of the Enclosure; for it was of such dimensions as not only to contain a passage for maintaining a communication among the parts of the fortress within its thickness, but had sometimes even apartments, either for confinement of prisoners, or for stores.

The reader, who wishes for farther information on this subject, is referred to Mr. King's ingenious and accurate *Observations on antient Castles*.

ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS, or ABBIES, consisted generally of the great Church, a Refectory, a Chapter-House, and a Cloyster, with the necessary accommodations of Kitchen, Dormitory, &c.

The Church was usually in the form of a cross, in the center of which rose the tower. — From east to west it was always considerably longer than from north to south.

The great west end was the place of entrance into the Church; here, therefore, the greatest degree of ornament was bestowed both on the portal and the window over it.

The lateral walls were strengthened by buttresses which always diminished as they rose, and between every two windows was a buttress.

Within, the insulated columns ran in rows corresponding with the buttresses without.

As a cross affords two sides to each of many squares, one of these squares was usually completed, and the other two sides were supplied, the one by the cloyster, which was frequently carried in length from north to south, and the other by the refectory and chapter-house, which stood at right angles with this cloyster, and parallel to the body of the Church from east to west.

The cloyster was sometimes carried into length, and sometimes surrounded a square court; over the cloyster was the customary place for the dormitory.

None of the parts of the Abbey at all approached to the height of the Church.

The great pointed arch was an invention subsequent to the building of many Abbies, which have small round-

round-topped windows; these, therefore, may very well be placed in the sides of the Church; but in the west end, for the most part, the pointed arch was introduced as a high ornament by succeeding Architects.

There never yet was built an external column, nor an internal buttress; miniature imitations of these were indeed promiscuously introduced among the smaller ornaments of the building; but the rule is invariably true with regard to the great structure itself.

The stone-work of Gothic buildings was very neatly hewn and jointed; and even now their very ruins are by no means rough on the surface, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the spot where time has made a breach, or where they have been stripped of their casing.

Though the rules of Gothic Architecture have not been so diligently inquired into as those of the Greek, yet certain we may be, from the resemblance which prevails, not only in the whole, but in the parts of all great Gothic edifices among themselves, that they were constructed upon rules which it would be better for us to investigate than dispense with in favour of the silly caprices which we daily see executed under the name of Gothic Buildings, to the disgrace of our Observation and Taste. I have seen a Gothic Temple, an open Gothic Portico, a Gothic Cupola, and I have seen an arched Gothic Rotunda!

Magnitude is a *fine qua non* of Gothic Architecture.

I have been forced to make use of the qualifying terms usually, for the most part, &c. because I cannot

say

By that any of these rules, tho' general, are without, perhaps, many exceptions. I am writing, not for the benefit of the Gothic Architect, but his picturesque Imitator, for whom these few precepts and cautions, I trust, will be found sufficiently precise.

The reader will not suppose, that by thus delineating the rules by which these two sorts of edifices were constructed, I recommend to the imitator an exact copy of the whole of either, much less that I would wish him to execute on a small scale what can only have probability when practised on a great one. I only require a judicious selection of the parts of such buildings, and that each may be made with exactness to occupy its proper place. A remnant of the Keep, of the great gate of entrance, or even of a single tower, with an additional length of ruined wall, will frequently answer the purpose of imitation in the military style very completely, while a single high-arched window or portal, a part of a low groined cloyster, and a few mutilated columns justly arranged within the supposed body of the Church, will equally well answer it in the ecclesiastical style: But the general faults that have prevailed in these kinds of imitation is, first, that of designing too much, perhaps a whole; secondly, the executing that whole upon a pigmy scale; thirdly, the introduction of a capricious mode of ornament; and, lastly, a total neglect of the real position of the parts. The best, perhaps the only good rule that can be followed, is to copy some beautiful fragment of an ancient ruin with the same fidelity that one would copy a portrait, and happily for our purpose England abounds with such fragments; but

let

let us ever avoid invention where our proper business is only imitation.

The description of Alcander's mansion remarkably coincides with Leland the Antiquary's account of Greenwich in its ancient state.

Ecce ut jam niteat locus petitus.

Tanquam sydereae domus cathedrae!

Quae fastigia picta! quae fenestrae!

Quae turres vel ad astra se efferentes!

Leland died A. D. 1552.

NOTE XXVIII. Verse 137.

And fright the local Genius from the scene.

A precept is here rather more than hinted at; but it appeared to be so well founded, and yet so seldom attended to by the fabricators of *Grottos*, that it seemed necessary to slide back a little from the narrative into the didactic, to inculcate it the more strongly.

NOTE XXIX. Verse 157.

Hic Galatea: Yes, th' impassion'd Youth.

Alluding to a Letter of that famous Painter, written to his Friend Count Baltasar Castiglione, when he was painting his celebrated picture of Galatea, in which he tells him, *essendo carestia di bella donna, io mi servo di certa idea che viene alla mente*. See Bellori *Discriz. delle imagini dipinte da Raffaello d'Urbino*, or the Life of B. Castiglione, prefix to the London Edition of his Book entitled, *Il Cortegiano*.

NOTE

NOTE XXX. Verse 201.

Irregular, yet not in patches quaint,

There is nothing in picturesque Gardening which should not have its archetype in unadorned Nature. Now, as we never see any of her plains dotted with dissevered patches of any sort of vegetables, except, perhaps, some of her more barren heaths, where even Furze can grow but sparingly, and which form the most disagreeable of her scenes; therefore the present common mode of dotting clumps of flowers, or shrubs on a grass-plot, without union, and without other meaning than that of appearing irregular, ought to be avoided. It is the form and easy flow of the grassy interstices (if I may so call them) that the designer ought first to have a regard to; and if these be well formed, the spaces for flowers or shrubbery will be at the same time ascertained.

NOTE XXXI. Verse 218.

Might safely flourish; where the Citron sweet,

M. Le Girardin, in an elegant French Essay, written on the same subject, and formed on the same principles, with this Poem, is the only writer that I have seen (or at least recollect) who has attempted to give a stove or hot-house a picturesque effect. It is his hint, pursued and considerably dilated, which forms the description of ALCANDER'S Conservatory. See his *Essay, De la composition des Paysages*. Gen. 1777.

NOTE XXXII. Verse 358.

The Linnets warble, captive none, but lur'd

See Rousseau's charming description of the Garden of Julie, *Nouvelle Eloise*, 4 partie, lett. 11th. In

consequence of pursuing his idea, no birds are introduced into ALCANDER'S Menagerie, but such as are either domesticated, or chase to visit it for the security and food they find there. If any of my more delicate readers wish to have theirs stocked with rarer kind of fowls, they must invent a picturesque Bird-cage for themselves.

NOTE XXXIII. Verse 427.

Till, like fatigu'd VILLARIO, soon we find

See Pope's Epistle to Lord Burlington, ver. 88.

NOTE XXXIV. Verse 448.

Tho' foreign from the soil, provokes thy frown.

It is hoped that, from the position of this River-God in the menagerie; from the situation of the busts and vases in the flower-garden; and that of the statue in the conservatory, the reader will deduce the following general precepts, "that all adventitious ornaments of sculpture ought either to be accompanied with a proper back-ground (as the Painters term it) or introduced as a part of architectural scenery; and that when, on the contrary, they are placed in open lawns or parterres, according to the old mode, they become, like Antaeus and Enceladus mentioned in the beginning of this book, mere scare-crows."

NOTE XXXV. Verse 462.

"If true, here only." Thus, in Milton's phrase

See Milton's Paradise Lost, b. iv. ver. 248, &c.

NOTE XXXVI. Verse 499.

To those that tend the dying. Both the youths

These lines are taken from the famous passage in Hippocrates in his book of Prognostics, which has been

been held so accurately descriptive, that dying persons are, from hence, usually said to have the facies Hippocratica. The passage is as follows: Ρίς ὀξεῖα, ὀφθαλμοὶ κδιλοὶ, πρόταφοι ξυμπεπτακότες, ὥτα ψυχρὰ καὶ ξυνεσαλμένα, καὶ οἱ λόβοι τῶν ὠτῶν ἀπεσραμμένοι, καὶ τὸ δέρμα τὸ περὶ τὸ μέτωπον, σκληρὸν τε καὶ περιτεταμένον καὶ καρφαλέον ἐόν, καὶ τὸ χρώμα πᾶ ξύμπαντος πρόσωπε χλωρὸν τε ἢ καὶ μέλαν ἐόν καὶ πελιὸν ἢ μολιβοδῶδες.

NOTE XXXVII. Verse 646.

He bids them raise : it seem'd a Hermit's cell :

If this building is found to be in its right position, structures of the same kind will be thought improperly placed when situated, as they frequently are, on an eminence commanding an extensive prospect. I have either seen or heard of one of this kind, where the builder seemed to be so much convinced of its incongruity, that he endeavoured to atone for it by the following ingenious motto :

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre

Errare, atque viam palanteis quaerere vitæ.

Luc. lib. II. v. 9.

But it may be said, that real Hermitages are frequently found on high mountains : Yet there the difficulty of access gives that idea of retirement, not easily to be conveyed by imitations of them in a Garden-scene, without much accompanying shade and that lowness of situation, which occasions a seclusion from all gay objects.

NOTE M. Page 139.

Cicero has beautifully expressed a similar sentiment in the following terms :

Tam Piso : Naturae nobis hoc datum, dicam, an errore quodam, ut cum ea loca videamus, in quibus Memoria dignos viros acceperimus multos esse versatos, magis moveamur, quam si quando eorum ipsorum aut facta audiamus, aut scriptum aliquod legamus? velut ego nunc moveor: venit enim mihi Platonis (memoria sc.) in mentem, quem acceperimus primum hic (in Academia sc.) disputare solitum: cujus etiam illi hortuli propinqui non memoriam solum mihi afferunt sed ipsum videntur in conspectu meo hic ponere; hic Spensippus, hic Xenocrates, hic ejus auditor Polemo; cujus ipsa illa sessio fuit quam videmus — tanta vis admonitionis inest in locis ut non sine causa ex his memoriae ducta sit disciplina. — Cicero de Fin. lib. v. ad init. (*vide quoque quod ibid. de Carneade idem dicit.*)

My business, as an illustrator of the English Garden, properly ends here; but as the Author thought fit, in a general Postscript to the first edition of his Poem, not only to assign his reasons for composing this fourth Book, in a style so different from those that go before it, but to defend the particular Tale, in which he has conveyed his precepts, in a manner that I think reflects as much honour upon his heart, as the design and conduct of the Story does upon his invention and judgment, I chuse here to reprint the two paragraphs for the mere satisfaction of declaring my own concurrence with the sentiments they convey.

“Though

"Though this subject was in itself as susceptible of poetical embellishment as any that preceded it, and much more so than those contained in the second book; yet I was apprehensive that descriptive poetry, however varied, might pall when continued through so long a poem; and therefore, by interweaving a Tale with the general theme, I have given the whole a narrative, and in some places a dramatic cast. The idea was new, and I found the execution of it somewhat difficult: However, if I have so far succeeded as to have conveyed, through the medium of an interesting story, those more important principles of taste which this part of my subject required, and if those rules only are omitted which readily result from such as I have descriptively given; if the judicious place and arrangement of those artificial forms, which give the chief embellishment to a finished garden-scene, be distinctly noticed, I am not without hope that this conclusion will be thought (as Sir Henry Wotton said of Milton's juvenile Poems at the end of a miscellany) to leave the reader in some small degree *con la bocca dolce*.

With respect to criticisms, which may be made on this last book, there is one so likely to come from certain readers, that I am inclined to anticipate it; and taking for granted that it will be said to breathe too much of the spirit of party, to return the following ready answer: The word *Party*, when applied to those men, who, from private and personal motives, compose either a majority or minority in a house of parliament, or to those who out of it, on similar principles, approve or condemn the measures

of any administration, is certainly in its place: But in a matter of such magnitude as the present American War, in which the dearest interests of mankind are concerned, the puny term has little or no meaning. If, however, it be applied to me on this occasion, I shall take it with much complacency, conscious that no sentiment appears in my Poem which does not prove its author to be of THE PARTY OF HUMANITY."

F I N I S.

AN
ESSAY
ON
PAINTING:
IN TWO EPISTLES
TO
MR. ROMNEY.

Συγγενείαν τινὰ πρὸς ποιητικὴν ἔχειν ἡ τέχνη
εὗρισκεται, καὶ ποῦνῃ τις αὐτὴν εἶναι
Φαντασία,

— ἂν λέγειν οἱ ποιηταὶ εἶναι ταῦτα ἐν
τῷ γράμματι σημαίνουσα.

PHILOSTRATUS.

Patet omnibus Ars, nondum est occupata, multum ex
illa etiam futuris relictum est.

SENEC. Epist. 33.

BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

ARGUMENT

EPISTLE I.

Introduction — The flourishing state of Art in this country — Disadvantages attending the modern Painter of Portraits — Short encomium on this branch of Art, with the account of its origin in the story of the Maid of Corinth — Superiority of Historical Painting — Some account of the Greeks who excelled in it — Its destruction and revival in Italy — Short account of the most eminent Italian and Spanish Painters — Those of Flanders and France — The corruption of Art among the latter.

EPISTLE II.

The rise of Painting in England, and the reasons for its happening so late — The rapidity of its improvement — A slight sketch of the most eminent living Artists in England. The author's wish to see his friend among the first of that number — His reasons for hoping it. The reputation of a Painter in some degree owing to a happy choice of subjects — A few recommended from national events — and from Milton and Shakespeare — Conclusion — Author's wishes for his friend's success.

TO
MR. GEORGE ROMNEY.

EPISTLE I.

BLEST be the hour, when fav'ring gales restore
The travell'd artist to his native shore:
His mind enlighten'd, and his fancy fraught
With finest forms by ancient genius wrought;
Whose magic beauty charm'd, with spell sublime,
The scythe of Ruin from the hand of Time,
And mov'd the mighty leveller to spare
Models of grace so exquisitely fair.

While you, whom Painting thus inspir'd to roam,
Bring these rich stores of ripen'd judgment home;
While now, attending my accomplish'd friend,
Science and Taste his soften'd colours blend;
Let the fond Muse, tho' with a transient view,
The progress of her sister art pursue;
Eager in tracing from remotest time
The steps of Painting through each favour'd clime,
To praise her dearest sons, whose daring aim
Gain'd their bright stations on the heights of fame,
And mark the paths by which her partial hand
Conducts her ROMNEY to this radiant band.

Painting, sweet Nymph! now leaves in lifeless trance
Exhausted Italy, and tinsel France,
And sees in Britain, with exulting eyes,
Her vot'ries prosper, and her glories rise.
Yet tho', my friend, thy art is thus cared,

And with the homage of the public blest,
 And flourishes with growing beauty fair,
 The child of Majesty's adoptive care,
 The youthful artist still is doom'd to feel
 Obstruction's chilling hand, that damps his zeal : 30
 Th' imperious voice of Vanity and Pride
 Bids him from Fancy's region turn aside,
 And quit the magic of her scene, to trace
 The vacant lines of some unmeaning face :
 E'en in this work his wishes still are crost, 35
 And all the efforts of his art are lost ;
 For when the canvas, with the mirror's truth,
 Reflects the perfect form of age or youth,
 The fond affections of the partial mind
 The eye of judgment with delusion blind : 40
 Each mother bids him brighter tints employ,
 And give new spirit to her hooby boy ;
 Nor can the painter, with his utmost art,
 Express the image in the lover's heart :
 Unconscious of the change the seasons bring, 45
 Autumnal beauty asks the rose of spring,
 And vain self-love, in every age the same,
 Will fondly urge some visionary claim.
 The luckless painter, destin'd to submit,
 Mourns the lost likeness which he once had hit, 50
 And, doom'd to groundless censure, bears alone
 The grievous load of errors not his own.

Nor is it Pride, or Folly's vain command,
 That only fetters his creative hand ;
 At Fashion's nod he copies as they pass 55
 Each quaint reflection from her crowded glass.
 The formal coat, with intersecting line,

Mars the free graces of his fair design ;
 The towering cap he marks with like distress,
 And all the motley mass of female dress :
 The hoop extended with enormous size,
 The corks that like a promontory rise ;
 The stays of deadly steel, in whose embrace
 The tyrant Fashion tortures injur'd Grace.
 But Art, despairing over shapes like these
 To cast an air of elegance and ease,
 Invokes kind Fancy's aid — she comes to spread
 Her magic spells — the Gothic forms are fled ;
 And see, to crown the painter's just desire,
 Her free positions, and her light attire
 Th' ambitious artist wishes to pursue
 This brilliant plan with more extensive view,
 And with adopted character to give
 A lasting charm to make the portrait live ;
 All points of art by one nice effort gain,
 Delight the learned ; and content the vain ;
 Make history to life new value lend,
 And in the comprehensive picture blend
 The ancient hero with the living friend.
 Most fair device ! "but, ah ! what foes to sense,
 What broods of motley monsters rise from hence !"
 The strange pretensions of each age and sex
 These plans of fancy and of taste perplex ;
 For male and female, to themselves unknown,
 Demand a character unlike their own,
 Till oft the painter to this quaint distress
 Prefers the awkward shapes of common dress.

Sweet

* Ver. 77. See NOTE I.

Sweet girls, of mild and pensive softness; choose
 The sportive emblems of the comic Muse;
 And sprightly damsels are inclin'd to borrow
 The garb of penitence, and tears of sorrow
 While awkward pride, tho' safe from war's alarms,
 Round his plump body buckles ancient arms,
 And, from an honest justice of the peace,
 Starts up at once a demi-god of Greece;
 Too firm of heart by ridicule to fall,
 The finish'd hero crowns his country hall,
 Ordain'd to fill, if fire his glory spare,
 The lumber-garret of his wiser heir.
 Not less absurd to flatter NERO's eyes *
 Arose the portrait of colossal size:
 Twice fifty feet th' enormous sheet was spread,
 To lift o'er gazing slaves the monster's head,
 When impious Folly sway'd Oppression's rod,
 And servile Rome ador'd the mimic God.
 Think not, my friend, with supercilious air,
 I rank the portrait as beneath thy care.
 Blest be the pencil! which from death can save
 The semblance of the virtuous, wise, and brave;
 That youth and emulation still may gaze
 On those inspiring forms of ancient days,
 And, from the force of bright example bold,
 Rival their worth, "and be what they behold."
 Blest be the pencil! whose consoling pow'r
 Soothing soft Friendship in her pensive hour,
 Dispers the cloud, with melancholy fraught,
 That absence throws upon her tender thought.

Blest

* Ver. 100. See NOTE II. ** Ver. 108. See NOTE III.

Blest be the pencil! whose enchantment gives
 To wounded Love the food on which he lives.
 Rich in this gift, tho' cruel ocean bear 120
 The youth to exile from his faithful fair,
 He in fond dreams hangs o'er her glowing cheek,
 Still owns her present, and still hears her speak:
 Oh! LOVE, it was thy glory to impart
 Its infant being to this magic art! 125
 Inspir'd by thee, the soft Corinthian maid,
 Her graceful lover's sleeping form portray'd
 Her boding heart his near departure knew,
 Yet long'd to keep his image in her view:
 Pleas'd she beheld the steady shadow fall, 130
 By the clear lamp upon the even wall:
 The line she trac'd with fond precision true,
 And, drawing, doated on the form she drew:
 Nor, as she glow'd with no forbidden fire,
 Conceal'd the simple picture from her fire, 135
 His kindred fancy, still to nature just,
 Copied her line, and form'd the mimic bust.
 Thus from thy power, inspiring LOVE, we trace
 The modell'd image, and the pencil'd face!
 We pity Genius, when by interest led, 140
 His toils but reach the semblance of a head;
 Yet are those censures too severe and vain,
 That scorn the Portrait as the Painter's bane.
 Tho' up the mountain winds the arduous road,
 That leads to pure Perfection's bright abode, 145
 In humbler walks some tempting laurels grow,
 Some flowers are gather'd in the vale below:

Youth

* Ver. 126. See NOTE IV.

Youth on the plain collects increasing force,
 To climb the steep in his meridian course.
 While Nature sees her living models share
 The rising artist's unremitting care,
 She on his mind her every charm imprints,
 Her easy postures, and her perfect tints,
 Till his quick pencil, in maturer hour,
 Becomes her rival in creative power. 155

Yet in these paths disdain a long delay,
 While eager Genius points a nobler way:
 For see! expanding to thy raptur'd gaze,
 The epic field a brighter scene displays!
 Here stands the temple, where, to merit true, 160
 Fame gives her laurel to the favour'd few:
 Whose minds, illumin'd with celestial fire,
 Direct the pencil, or awake the lyre;
 Who trace the springs of nature to their source,
 And by her guidance, with resistless force, 165
 The tides of terror and of transport roll,
 Thro' every channel of the human soul!

How few, my friend, tho' millions boast the aim,
 Leave in this temple an unclouded name!
 Vain the attempt, in every age and clime, 170
 Without the slow conductors toil and time;
 Without that secret, soul-impelling power,
 Infus'd by genius in the natal hour;
 And vain with these, if bright occasion's ray
 Fail to illuminate the doubtful way. 175

The elders of thy art, ordain'd to stand
 In the first circle of this honour'd band,
 (Whose pencil, striving for the noblest praise,
 The heart to soften and the mind to raise,

Gave

Gave life and manners to the finish'd piece) 180
 These sons of glory were the sons of GREECE !
 Hail ! throne of genius, hail ! what mighty hand
 Form'd the bright offspring of this famous land ?
 First in the annals of the world they shine :
 Such gifts, O LIBERTY, are only thine ; 185
 Thy vital fires thro' kindling spirits run,
 Thou soul of life, thou intellectual sun ;
 Thy rays call forth, profuse and unconfin'd,
 The richest produce of the human mind.
 First taught by thee, the Grecian pencil wrought 190
 The forceful lessons of exalted thought,
 And generously gave, at glory's call,
 The patriot picture to the public hall.

'Twas then PANAEUS drew, with freedom's train, *
 The chief of Marathon's immortal plain, 195
 In glorious triumph o'er the mighty host
 That Persia pour'd in torrents on their coast.

There POLYGNOTUS, scorning servile hire, **
 Display'd the embattled scene from HOMER's lyre.
 His country view'd the gift with fond regard, 200
 And rank'd the painter with their noblest bard.

Thy tragic pencil, ARISTIDES, caught ***
 Each varied feeling, and each tender thought,
 While moral virtue sanctified thy art,
 And passion gave it empire o'er the heart. 205

Correct PARRHASIUS first to rich design †
 Gave nice proportion, and the melting line,
 Whole

* Ver. 194. See NOTE V. ** Ver. 198. See NOTE VI.
 *** Ver. 202. See NOTE VII. † Ver. 206.
 See NOTE VIII.

Whose soft extremes from observation fly,
And with ideal distance cheat the eye.

The gay, the warm, licentious ZEUKIS drew * 210
Voluptuous Beauty in her richest hue:
Bade in one form her scatter'd rays unite,
And charm'd the view with their collected light.

But Grace consign'd, while her fair works he plann'd,
Her softest pencil to APELLES' hand : 215
Yet oft to gain sublimer heights he strove, **
Such strong expression mark'd his mimic JOVE,
Inimitably great he seem'd to tower,
And pass the limits of the pencil's power.

Ye sons of art, tho' on the gulph of years, 220
No floating relic of your toil appears,
Yet glory shews, in every cultur'd clime,
Your names still radiant thro' the clouds of time.

Thy pride, O ROME, inclin'd thee to abhor
Each work that call'd thee from thy sphere of war : 225
By Freedom train'd, and favour'd by the Nine,
The powers of eloquence and verse were thine,
While chilling damps upon the pencil hung, ***
Where TULLY thunder'd, and where VIRGIL sung,
Yet Grecian artists had the splendid fate, 230
To triumph o'er the Romans' scornful hate.
Their matchless works Profusion toil'd to buy,
Their wonders glitter'd in the public eye,
Till ROME's terrific pomp, and letter'd pride,
Were sunk in Desolation's whelming tide. 235

Oh!

* Ver. 210. See NOTE IX. ** Ver. 216. See NOTE X. *** Ver. 228. See NOTE XI.

Oh ! lovely Painting ! long thy cheering light
Was lost and buried in barbaric night ;
The furious rage of Anarchy effac'd
Each hallow'd character thy hand had trac'd,
And Ign'rance, muttering in her monkish cell,
Bound thy free soul in her lethargic spell. 240

At length from this long trance thy spirit rose,
In that sweet vale where silver Arno flows ;
There studious VINCI treasur'd every rule,*
To form the basis of a rising school : 245
Like early HESIOD, 'twas his fare to shine,
The herald of a master more divine.

Inflam'd by Genius with sublimest rage,
By toil unwearied, and unchill'd by age,
In the fine phrenzy of exalted thought 250
Gigantic ANGELO his wonders wrought ; **
And high, by native strength of spirit rais'd,
The mighty HOMER of the pencil blaz'd.

Taste, Fancy, Judgment, all on RAPHAEL smil'd, †
Of Grandeur and of Grace the darling child : 255
Truth ; passion ; character, his constant aim,
Both in the human and the heavenly frame,
Th' enchanting painter rules the willing heart,
And shines the finish'd VIRGIL of his art.

The daring JULIO, tho' by RAPHAEL train'd, †† 260
Reach'd not the summit, where his master reign'd ;
Yet to no common heights of epic fame,
True Genius guided his adventurous aim.

Thus
* Ver. 244. See NOTE XII. ** Ver. 251. See No-
te XIII. † Ver. 254. See NOTE XIV. †† Ver.
260. See NOTE XV.

Thus STATIUS, fraught with emulous regard,
 Caught not the spirit of the Mantuan bard :
 Tho' rival ardour his ambition fir'd,
 And kindred talents his bold verse inspir'd.

More richly warm, the glowing TITIAN knew
 To blend with Nature's truth the living hue :
 O ! had sublime design his colours crown'd !

Then had the world a finish'd painter found :
 With powers to seize the highest branch of art,
 He fix'd too fondly on an humbler part ;
 Yet this low object of his partial care
 Grew from his toil so exquisitely fair,
 That dazzled judgment, with suspended voice,
 Fears to condemn the error of his choice.

Thus pleas'd a flowery valley to explore
 Whence never Poet cull'd a wreath before, **
 LUCRETIVS chose the epic crown to lose
 For the bright chaplets of an humbler muse.

Soft as CATULLUS, sweet CORREGIO play'd ***
 With all the magic charms of light and shade.
 Tho' PARMA claim it for her rival son, †
 The praise of sweetest grace thy pencil won :
 Unhappy genius ! tho' of skill divine,
 Unjust neglect, and penury were thine.
 Lamenting o'er thy labours unrepaid,
 Afflicted Art oppress'd with wrongs decay'd,

Till

* Ver. 268. See NOTE XVI. ** Unde prius nulli
 velarunt Tempora Musae, LUCRETIVS, Lib. iv.
 Ver. 5. *** Ver. 282. See NOTE XVII. † Ver.
 284. See NOTE XVIII.

Till with pure judgment the CARACCI came; * 290
 And raising her weak powers and sinking frame,
 Reclaim'd the pencil of misguided youth,
 From Affectation's glare to tints of modest Truth.
 They form'd the Pencil, to whose infant fame
 Young ZAMPIERI ow'd his nobler name: ** 295
 Profoundly skill'd his figures to dispose,
 The learned LANFRANC in their school arose, ***
 And, trained to glory, by their forming care,
 The tender GUIDO caught his graceful air, †

Nor shall ye fail your well-earn'd praise to gain; 300
 Ye! who adorn'd with art your native SPAIN!
 The unfrequented shore, that gave you birth,
 Tempts not the faithful Muse to hide your worth;
 Just to all regions, let her voice proclaim
 TITIAN's mute scholar, rival of his fame. †† 305
 The power, that Nature to his lips denied,
 Indulgent Art, with fonder care, supplied;
 The cruel bar his happy genius broke;
 Tho' dumb the painter, all his pictures spoke,

And thou, VELASQUEZ, share the honour due ††† 310
 To forcetul tints, that fascinate the view!
 Thy bold illusive talents soar'd so high,
 They mock'd, with mimic life, the cheated eye.
 Thou liberal artist! 'twas thy praise to guide
 Thy happy scholar with parental pride; ††† 315

N 2 Thy

* Ver. 290. See NOTE XIX. ** Ver. 295. See NOTE XX. *** Ver. 297. See NOTE XXI. † Ver. 299. See NOTE XXII. †† Ver. 305. See NOTE XXIII. ††† Ver. 310. See NOTE XXIV.

Thy care the soft, the rich MURILLO form'd;
 And as thy precept taught, thy friendship warm'd,
 Yet other names, and not a scanty band!
 Have added lustre to th' IBERIAN land;
 But, generous ITALY, thy genial earth
 Superior numbers bore of splendid worth!
 And rais'd amidst them, in thy golden days,
 No mean historian to record their praise.

On Thee, whom Art, thy patroness and pride,
 Taught both the pencil and the pen to guide;
 Whose generous zeal and modest truth have known
 To blazon others' skill, not boast thy own;
 On thee, VASARI, let my verse bestow
 That just applause, so freely seen to flow
 From thy ingenuous heart and liberal hand,
 To each great artist of thy native land!
 Tho' many shine in thy elaborate page,
 And more have risen since thy distant age,
 Their various talents, and their different fame,
 The Muse, unskillful, must decline to name,
 Least in the nice attempt her judgment fail,
 To poise their merits in Precision's scale.

E'en public Taste, by no determin'd rule,
 Has class'd the merit of each nobler school:
 To ROME and FLORENCE, in Expression strong,
 The highest honours of Design belong;
 On her pure Style see mild BOLOGNA claim
 Her fairest right to secondary fame;
 Tho' prouder VENICE would usurp that praise,

Upon

* Ver. 316. See NOTE XXV. ** Ver. 323. See NOTE XXVI. *** Ver. 342. See NOTE XXVII.

Upon the splendid force of TITIAN's golden rays, * 345
 But ill they know the value of their art, or men of
 Who, flattering the eye, neglect the heart,
 Tho' matchless tints a lasting name secure,
 Tho' strong the magic of the clear-obscure,
 These must submit, as a dependant part, 350
 To pure Design, the very soul of Art;
 Or Fame, misguided, must invert her course,
 And RAPHAEL's Grace must yield to REMBRANDT's
 Force; **
 Fancy's bold thought to Labour's patient touch,
 And Rome's exalted genius to the Dutch. 355
 Yet, HOLLAND, thy unwearied labours raise ***
 A perfect title to peculiar praise:
 Thy hum'rous pencil shuns the epic field,
 The blazing falchion, and the sanguine shield;
 But hap'ly marks the group of rural Mirth, 360
 In social circle round the chearful hearth,
 And rustic Joy, from busy cares releas'd,
 To the gay gambols of the village feast:
 While Nature smiles her very faults to view,
 Trac'd with a skill so exquisitely true. 365
 These faults, O REMBRANDT, 'twas thy praise to hide!
 New pow'rs of ART thy fertile mind supplied;
 With dazzling force thy gorgeous colouring glows,
 And o'er each scene an air of grandeur throws:
 The meanest Figures dignity assume, 370
 From thy contrasted light, and magic gloom.
 These strong illusions are supremely thine,

N 3

And

* Ver. 345. See NOTE XXVIII. ** Ver. 353. See
 NOTE XXIX. *** Ver. 350. See NOTE XXX.

And laugh at Imitation's vague design:
 So near to blemishes thy beauties run,
 Those who affect thy splendor are undone: 375
 While thy rash rivals, loose and incorrect,
 Miscall their shadowy want of truth *Effect*,
 And into paths of affectation start:
 Neglect of Nature is the bane of Art.
 Proud of the praise by RUBENS' pencil won, * 380
 Let FLANDERS boast her bold inventive son!
 Whose glowing hues magnificently shine
 With warmth congenial to his rich design:
 And him, her second pride, whose milder care,
 From living Beauty caught its loveliest air! 385
 Who truth of character with grace combin'd,
 And in the speaking feature mark'd the mind.
 Her soft VANDYKE, while graceful portraits please, **
 Shall reign the model of unrivall'd ease.
 Painting shall tell, with many a grateful thought, 390
 From FLANDERS first the secret pow'r she caught, ***
 To grace and guard the offspring of her toil,
 With all the virtues of enduring oil;
 Tho' charm'd by ITALY's alluring views,
 (Where sumptuous LEO courted every Muse, † 395
 And lovely Science grew the public care)
 She fixt the glories of her empire there;
 There in her zenith soon she ceas'd to shine,
 And dated, passing her meridian line,
 From the CARACCI's death her period of decline. 400

Yet

* Ver. 380. See NOTE XXXI. ** Ver. 398. See
 NOTE XXXII. *** Ver. 391. See NOTE XXXIII.
 † Ver. 395. See NOTE XXXIV.

Yet in her gloomy and disgraceful hour
 Of faded beauty, and enfeebled power,
 With talents flowing in free Nature's course,
 With just exertion of unborrow'd force,
 Untrodden paths of art SALVATOR tried, * 405
 And daring Fancy was his favourite guide.
 O'er his wild rocks, at her command, he throws
 A savage grandeur, and sublime repose;
 Or gives th' historic scene a charm as strong
 As the terrific gloom of DANTE's song. 410
 His bold ideas, unrefin'd by taste,
 Express'd with vigour, tho' conceiv'd in haste,
 Before slow judgment their defects can find,
 With awful pleasure fill the passive mind.
 Nor could one art, with various beauty fraught, 415
 Engross the ardor of his active thought;
 His pencil pausing, with satiric fire
 He struck the chords of the congenial lyre;
 By generous verse attempting to reclaim
 The meaner artist from each abject aim. 420
 But vain his satire! his example vain!
 Degraded Painting sinks, with many a stain;
 Her clouded beams, from ITALY withdrawn,
 On colder FRANCE with transient lustre dawn,
 There, in the arms of ROMAN Science nurs'd, 425
 In every work of ancient genius vers'd,
 The sage POUSSIN, with purest fancy fraught,
 Portray'd the classic scene, as Learning taught;
 But Nature, jealous of her sacred right,

N 4

And

* Ver. 405. See NOTE XXXV. ** Ver. 427. See
 NOTE XXXVI.

And piqu'd that his idolatry should Tlight 439
 Her glowing graces, and her living air,
 To worship marble with a fonder care,
 Denied his pencil, in its mimic strife,
 The bloom of beauty, and the warmth of life.

Then rose LE BRUN, his scholar, and his friend, * 435
 More justly skill'd the vivid tints to blend;
 Tho' with exalted spirit he present
 The generous victor in the suppliant tent,
 Too oft the genius of his gaudy clime
 Missed his pencil from the pure sublime. 440

Thy dawn, LE SUEUR, announc'd a happier taste, **
 With fancy glowing, and with judgment chaste:
 But Art, who gloried in thy rising bloom,
 Shed fruitless tears upon thy early tomb.

These lights withdrawn, Confusion and Misrule 445
 Seize the vain pencil of the Gallic school:
 Tho' FRESNOY teaches, in Horatian song, ***
 The laws and limits that to Art belong;
 In vain he strives, with Attic judgment chaste,
 To crush the monsters of corrupted taste: 450
 With ineffectual fire the poet sings,
 Prolific still the wounded Hydra springs:
 Gods roll'd on gods encumber every hall,
 And saints, convulsive, o'er the chapel sprawl.
 Bombast is Grandeur, affectation Grace, 455
Beauty's

Ver. 435. See NOTE XXXVII. ** Ver. 441.
 See NOTE XXXVIII. *** Ver. 447. See NOTE
 XXXIX.

Beauty's soft smile is turn'd to pert grimace;
 Loaded with dress, supremely fine advance
 Old HOMER'S heroes, with the airs of FRANCE,
 Indignant, Art disclaim'd the money crew,
 Resign'd; their empire, and to BRITAIN flew.

END OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

EPISTLE II.

INGENUOUS ROMNEY, whom thy merits raise

To the pure summits of unclouded praise;

Whom Art has chosen, with successful hand,

To spread her empire o'er this honour'd land;

Thy progress Friendship with delight surveys,

And this pure Homage to thy Goddess pays.

Hail! heavenly Visitant! whose cheering powers

E'en to the happy give still happier Hours!

O! next to Freedom, and the Muse, design'd

To raise, ennoble, and adorn mankind!

At length we view thee in this favor'd Isle,

That greets thy Presence, and deserves thy Smile:

This favor'd Isle, in native Freedom bold,

And rich in Spirit as thy Greeks of old.

Tho' foreign Theorists, with System blind,*

Prescribe false limits to the British mind,

And, warp'd by Vanity, presume to hold

Our northern Genius dark, confin'd, and cold:

Painting, sweet Nymph, unconscious of their chain,

In this fair Island forms her new Domain,

And freely gives to BRITAIN'S eager view

Those charms which once her fav'rite ATHENS knew.

'Tis true, when Painting, on ITALIA'S shore,

Display'd those Graces, which all Realms adore,

No kindred forms of English growth appear;

Age after age the hapless Pencil here

Dropt unsuccessful from the Native's hand,

And

* Ver. 15. See NOTE XL.

And fail'd to decorate this darker Land,

But freely let impartial History say,

Why Art on BRITAIN shone with later ray. 30

When on this Isle, the Gothic clouds withdrawn,

The distant light of Painting seem'd to dawn,

Fierce HARRY reign'd, who, soon with pleasure cloy'd,

Now lov'd, now scorn'd, now worship'd, now destroy'd,

Thee as his Wives, enchanting Art! he priz'd, 35

Now sought to crown thee, now thy death devis'd:

Now strove to fix, with liberal support,

Thy darling RAPHAEL in his sumptuous Court;

Now o'er the hallow'd shrines thy hand had grac'd,

"Cried haycock, and let slip the Dogs of Waste." 40

When timid Art saw ruin his delight,

She fled in terror from the Tyrant's sight.

The Virgin Queen, whom dazzled eyes admire,

The subtle Child of this imperious Sire,

Untaught the moral force of Art to feel, ** 45

Proscrib'd it as the slave of bigot Zeal,

Of doom'd it, throwing nobler works aside,

To drudge in flatt'ring her fantastic Bride:

And hence the Epic pencil in the shade

Of blank neglect, and cold obstruction laid, 50

E'en while the Fairy-sprite, and Muse of fire,

Hung high in Glory's hall the English lyre.

JAMES, both for Empire and for Arts unfit,

(His sense a quibble, and a pun his wit)

Whatever works he patroniz'd debas'd, 55

But haply left the Pencil undisgrac'd,

With

* Ver. 33. See NOTE XLI. ** Ver. 45. See NOTE

XLII.

With fairer mind arose his nobler Son;
 Seduc'd by Parasites, by Priests undone :
 Unhappy CHARLES ! oh ! had thy feeling heart
 But honour'd Freedom as it valued Art ! 60
 To merit just, thy bounty flow'd alike
 On bolder RUBENS, and the soft VANDYKE :
 To this ennobled realm thy judgment brought
 The sacred miracles that RAPHAEL wrought.
 But regal Pride, with vain Ambition blind, 65
 Cut off the promise of thy cultur'd mind,
 By wounded Liberty's convulsive hand
 Unbound, fierce Anarchy usurps the Land ;
 While trembling Art to foreign regions flies,
 To seek a refuge in serenest skies. 70

These storms subsiding, see her once again
 Returning in the second CHARLES's train !
 She comes to copy, in licentious sport,
 The Minions of a loose luxurious Court ;
 From whence the modest Graces turn their eyes, 75
 Where Genius sees, and o'er the prospect sighs,
 LELY's soft tints, and DRYDEN's nobler Lyre,
 Made the mean Slaves of dissolute Desire.

Once more, alarm'd by War's terrific roar,
 The sweet Enchantress quits the troubled Shore ; 80
 While sacred Freedom, darting in disdain
 Her vengeful Thunder on th' apostate Train,
 And, pleas'd the gloomy Tyrant to disown,
 Gives to NASSAU the abdicated Throne.

The peaceful Prince may rising Art defend, 85
 And Art shall crown her Patron and her Friend.
 In tumults, from the cradle to the grave,
 'Tis thine, O WILLIAM ! sinking realms to save.

To thee no lessure mightier cares allow,
 To bind the laurel on the Artist's brow:
 'Tis thine to fix, with tutelary hand,
 The Base of Freedom, on which Art must stand.
 Yea to thy Palace KNELLER'S Skill supplied
 Its richest ornament in Beauty's pride.
 Unhappy KNELLER! covetous though vain;
 Thee Glory yielded to seducing Gain;
 While partial Taste from modest RILEY turn'd,
 By diffidence depriv'd of praise well earn'd.

Tho' in succeeding years the Muses taught,
 "How ANN commanded, and how MARLBORO' fought;
 And THORNHILL'S blaze of Allegory gilt
 The piles, that WREN'S superior genius built;
 Contending Factions, in her closing reign,
 Like winds imprison'd, shook fair Freedom's Fane.
 Painting, soft timid Nymph, still chose to roam,
 And fear'd to settle in this shaking Dome.
 At length, the fury of each storm o'erblown,
 That threaten'd BRUNSWICK'S race on BRITAIN'S throne,
 Rebellion vanquish'd on her native shore,
 Her clans extinguish'd, and her chiefs no more:
 The youthful Noble, on a princely Plan,
 Encourag'd infant Art, and first began
 Before the studious eye of Youth to place
 The ancient Models of ideal Grace.

When BRITAIN triumph'd, thro' her wide domain,
 O'er France, supported by imperious SPAIN,
 And

Ver. 93. See NOTE XLIII. ** Ver. 97. See NOTE
 XLIV. *** Ver. 101. See NOTE XLV. † Ver. 111.
 See NOTE XLVI.

And, sated with her Laurels' large Inheritance,
 Began to cultivate the plants of Peace;
 Fixt by kind Majesty's protecting hand,
 Painting; no more an alien in our land,
 First finil'd to see, on this propitious ground,
 Her Temples open'd, and her altars crown'd:
 And Grace, the first attendant of her train,
 She, whom APELLES wooed, nor wooed in vain,
 To REYNOLDS gives her undulating line,
 And Judgment doats upon his chaste design.
 Tho' Envy whispers in the ear of Spleen,
 What thoughts are borrow'd in his perfect scene,
 With glee she marks them on her canker'd scroll:
 Malicious Fiend! 'twas thus that VIRGIL stole,
 To the bright Image gave a brighter Gloss,
 Or turn'd to purest Gold the foreign Dross.
 Excelling Artift! long delight the eye!
 Teach but thy transient tints no more to fly,*
 BRITAIN shall then her own APELLES see,
 And all the Grecian shall revive in thee.
 Thy manly spirit glories to impart
 The leading Principles of lib'ral Art; **
 To youthful Genius points what course to run,
 What Lights to follow, and what Rocks to shun;
 So ORPHEUS taught, by Learning's heavenly sway,
 To daring Argonauts their doubtful way,
 And mark'd, to guide them in their bold Career,
 Th' unerring Glories of the starry Sphere.
 Thy Hand enforces what thy Precept taught,

* Ver. 134. See NOTE XLVII. ** Ver. 138. See
 NOTE XLVIII.

And gives new lessons of exalted thought;
 Thy nervous Pencil on the canvass throws
 The tragic story of sublimest woes:
 The wretched Sons, whom Grief and Famine tears,
 The Parent petrified with blank Despair,
 Thy UGOLINO gives the heart to chill,
 With Pity's tender throbs, and Horror's icy chill.

The offspring now of many a rival hand,
 Sublimity and Grace adorn the Land;
 Tho' but some few years past, this barren coast
 Scarce one fair grain of native Art could boast
 Of various forth, where'er we turn our eyes,
 With strong and rapid growth new wonders rise,
 Like seeds that Mariners, with generous toil,
 Have wisely carried to some kindred soil,
 Which, shooting quick and vigorous in their birth,
 Speak the fond bounty of the virgin Earth:
 The Land o'erjoy'd a fairer fruit to see
 Adopts, with glad surprize, the alien Tree.

Now Art exults, with annual Triumphs gay,
 And BRITAIN glories in her rich display
 Merit, who, unassisted, and unknown,
 Late o'er his unseen labours sigh'd alone,
 Sees honour now his happier toils attend,
 And in the generous Public finds a friend.
 O lovely Painting, to whose charms I bow,
 "And breathe my willing verse with suppliant vow,"
 Forgive me, if by undiscerning Praise,
 Or groundless Censure, which false Judgment sways,

My

Ver. 151. See NOTE XLIX. Ver. 163. See

NOTE L.

mid.

My failing list with faint resemblance wronging
 Thy Sons, the subject of no envious song
 Supremely skill'd the varied group to place,
 And range the crowded scene with easy grace;
 Yet finish parts, yet not impair the whole;
 But on th' impassion'd action fix the soul;
 Thro' wandering throngs the patriot Chief to guide,
 The shame of CARTHAGE, as of ROME the pride;
 Or, while the bleeding Victor yields his breath,
 Give the bright lesson of heroic Death:
 Such are thy Merits, WEST: by Virtue's hand
 Built on the human heart thy praise shall stand,
 While dear to Glory, in her guardian Fane,
 The names of REGULUS and WOLFE remain.
 With kindred power a rival hand succeeds,
 For whole just fame expiring CHATHAM pleads;
 Like CHATHAM'S language, luminous and bold,
 Thy colours, COPLEY, the dread scene unfold,
 Where that prime Spirit, by whose guidance hurl'd,
 BATTAIN'S avenging thunder aw'd the world,
 In patriot cares employ'd his parting breath,
 Struck in his field of civic fame by Death;
 And Freedom, happy in the tribute paid
 By Art and Genius to so dear a Shade,
 Shall own, the measure of thy praise to fill,
 The awful subject equall'd by thy skill.
 To DANCE's pencil, in Precision strong,
 Transcendent Force, and Truth of Line belong,
 Not GARRICK'S self, to SHAKESPEARE'S spirit true,
 Display'd that spirit clearer to our view,
 Than DANCE expresses, in its fiercest flame,
 The Poet's Genius in the Actor's Frame.

From GARRICK'S features, with distraction fraught,
 He copies every trace of troubled thought ;
 And paints, while back the waves of Battle roll,
 The Storm of sanguinary RICHARD'S soul. 210

The rapid MORTIMER, of Spirit wild,
 Imagination's dear and daring Child,
 Marks the fierce Russian, in the Dungeon's gloom,
 Stung with remorse, and shudd'ring at his doom.
 Yet still to nobler heights his Genius springs, 215
 And paints a lesson to tyrannic Kings :
 In his bright colours see the field appear
 To Freedom sacred, and to Glory dear,
 Where JOHN, proud Monarch, baffled on his throne,
 Hears the brave Chief his lawless pow'r disown, 220
 And, for an injur'd Nation, nobly claim
 The glorious CHARTER of immortal Fame !

But see far off the modest WRIGHT retire !
 Alone he rules his Element of Fire :
 Like Meteors darting through the gloom of Night, 225
 His sparkles flash upon the dazzled sight ;
 Our eyes with momentary anguish smart,
 And Nature trembles at the power of Art.
 May thy bold colours, claiming endless praise,
 For ages shine with undiminish'd blaze, 230
 And when the fierce VESUVIO burns no more,
 May his red deluge down thy canvass pour !

Art with no common gifts her GARNSB'ROUGH grac'd,
 Two different Pencils in his hand she plac'd ;
 This shall command, she said, with certain aim, 235
 A perfect Semblance of the human Frame ;
 This, lightly sporting on the village-green,
 Paint the wild beauties of the rural Scene.

In Storms sublime the daring WILSON soars,
And on the blasted Oak his mimic Lightning pours: 240
Arolo triumphs in his flaming skies,
And classic Beauties in his scenes arise.

Thy Graces, HUMPHREYS, and thy Colours clear,
From Miniature's small circle disappear:
May their distinguish'd Merit still prevail, 245
And shine with lustre on the larger scale.

Let candid Justice our attention lead,
To the soft Crayon of the graceful READ:

Nor, GARD'NER, shall the Muse, in haste, forget
Thy Taste and Ease; tho' with a fond Regret 250

She pays, while here the Crayon's pow'r The notes,
A Sign of Homage to the Shade of COATES.

Nor, if her favour'd hand may hope to shed
The flowers of glory o'er the skillful dead,

Thy Talents, HOGARTH! will she leave unsung; * 255
Charm of all eyes, and Theme of every tongue!

A separate povince 'twas thy praise to rule;
Self-form'd thy Pencil! yet thy works a School,

Where strongly painted, in gradations nice,
The Pomp of Folly, and the Shame of Vice, 260

Reach'd thro' the laughing Eye the mended Mind,
And moral Humour sportive Art refin'd.

While fleeting Manners, as minutely shewn
As the clear prospect on the mirror thrown;

While Truth of Character, exactly hit, 265
And dress'd in all the dyes of comic wit;

While these, in FIELDING's page, delight supply,
So long thy Pencil with his Pen shall vie.

Science

* Ver. 255. See NOTE LI.

Science with Grief beheld thy drooping age;
 Fall the sad victim of a Poet's rage:
 But Wit's vindictive spleen, that mocks controul,
 Nature's high tax on luxury of soul
 This, both in Bards and Painters, Fame forgives;
 Their Frailty's buried, but their Genius lives.

Still many a Painter, not of humble Name,
 Appears the tribute of applause to claim;
 Some alien Artists, more of English Race,
 With fair ANGELICA our foreign Grace,
 Who paints, with Energy and Softness join'd,
 The fond Emotions of the female Mind;
 And CIPRIANI, whom the Loves surround,
 And sportive Nymphs in Beauty's Cestus bound
 For him those Nymphs their every Charm display,
 For him coy VENUS throws her veil away;
 And ZAFFANI, whose faithful colours give
 The transient glories of the Stage to live;
 On his bright canvass each dramatic Muse
 A perfect copy of her scene reviews;
 Each, while those scenes her lost delight restore,
 Almost forgets her Garrick is no more. —
 O'er these I pass reluctant, least too long
 The Muse diffusely spin a tedious Song.
 Yet one short pause, ye Pow'rs of Verse, allow
 To cult a Myrtle Leaf for MEYER'S Brow!
 Tho' small its Field, thy Pencil may presume
 To ask a Wreath whete Flowers immortal bloom
 As Nature's self, in all her pictures fair,
 Colours her Insect works with nicest care,
 Nor better forms, to please the curious eye,
 The spotted Leopard than the gilded Fly;

So thy fine Pencil, in its narrow Space,
 Pours the full portion of unfigur'd Grace,
 And Portraits, true to Nature's larger line,
 Boast not an Air more exquisite than thine.
 Soft Beauty's charms thy happiest works express,
 Beauty thy model and thy Patroness.
 For her thy care has to perfection brought
 Th' uncertain toil, with anxious trouble fraught;
 Thy colour'd Chrysal, at her fond desire,
 Draws deathless Lustre from the dangerous Fire,
 And, pleas'd to gaze on its immortal charm,
 She binds thy Bracelet on her snowy arm.
 While Admiration views, with raptur'd eye,
 These Lights of Art that gild the British sky;
 Oh! may my Friend arise, with lustre clear,
 And add new Glory to this radiant Sphere.
 This wish, my ROMNEY, from the purest source,
 Has Reason's Warrant, join'd to Friendship's Force.
 For Genius breath'd into thy infant Frame
 The vital Spirit of his sacred Flame,
 Which frequent mists of Diffidence o'ercloud,
 Proving the vigor of the Sun they shroud.
 Nature in thee her every gift combin'd,
 Which forms the Artist of the noblest kind;
 That fond Ambition, which bestows on Art,
 Each talent of the Mind, and passion of the Heart;
 That dauntless Patience, which all toil defies,
 Nor feels the labour while it views the prize.
 Enligh'ning Study, with maturing pow'r,
 From these fair seeds has call'd the op'ning flow'r;
 Thy just, thy graceful Portraits charm the view,
 With every tender tint that TITIAN knew.

Round

Round Fancy's circle when thy Pencil flies,
 With what terrific pomp thy Spectres rise !
 What lust of mischief marks thy Witch's form, 335
 While on the LAPLAND Rock she swells the storm !
 Tho' led by Fancy thro' her boundless reign,
 Well dost thou know to quit her wild domain,
 When History bids thee paint, severely chaste,
 Her simpler scene, with uncorrupted taste. 340
 While in these fields thy judging eyes explore,
 What spot untried may yield its secret ore,
 Thy happy Genius springs a virgin Mine
 Of copious, pure, original Design ;
 Truth gives it value, and, distinctly bold, 345
 The stamp of Character compleats thy Gold.
 Thy Figures rise in Beauty's noblest scale,
 Sublimely telling their heroic Tale.
 Still may thy Powers in full exertion blaze,
 And Time revere them with unrivall'd praise ! 350
 May Art, in honour of a Son like thee,
 So justly daring, with a soul so free,
 Each separate Province to thy care commend,
 And all her Glories in thy Pencil blend !
 May tender TITIAN's mellow Softness join, 355
 With mighty ANGELO's sublimer Line ;
 CORREGIO's Grace with RAPHAEL's Taste unite.
 And in thy perfect Works inchant the ravish'd Sight !
 How oft we find that when, with noblest aim,
 The glowing Artist gains the heights of Fame, 360
 To the well-chosen Theme he chiefly owes
 That praise which Judgment with delight bestows.
 The Lyre and Pencil both this Truth confess,
 The happy Subject forms their full success.

Hard is the Painter's fate, when, wisely taught 365
 To trace with ease the deepest lines of thought,
 By hapless Fortune he is doom'd to rove
 Thro' all the frolics of licentious JOVE,
 That some dark PHILIP, phlegmatic, and cold, *
 (Whose needy TITIAN calls for ill-paid gold) 370
 May with voluptuous Images enflame
 The sated Passions of his languid frame.

Abuse like this awakens generous Pain,
 And just Derision mingles with Disdain,
 When such a Pencil, in a Roman hand, 375
 While the rich Abbess issues her command,
 Makes wild St. FRANCIS on the canvass sprawl,
 That some warm Nun in mimic Trance may fall,
 Or, fondly gazing on the pious whim,
 Feel faintly Love o'erload each lazy limb, 380
 Mistaking, in the Cloister's dull embrace,
 The Cry of Nature for the Call of Grace.

But see th' historic Muse before thee stand,
 Her nobler subjects court thy happier Hand!
 Her Forms of reverend Age, of graceful Youth, 385
 Of public Virtue, and of private Truth:
 The sacred power of injur'd Beauty's charms,
 And Freedom, fierce in adamant Arms;
 Whence Sympathy, thro' thy assisting art,
 With floods of Joy may fill the human heart. 390

But while the bounds of Hist'ry you explore,
 And bring new Treasures from her farthest shore,
 Thro' all her various fields, tho' large and wide,
 Still make Simplicity thy constant guide:

And

* Ver. 369. See NOTE LII.

And most, my Friend, a Syren's wiles beware, 395
 Ah ! shun insidious Allegory's snare !
 Her Flattery offers an alluring wreath,
 Fair to the eye, but poisons lurk beneath,
 By which, too lightly tempted from his guard,
 Full many a Painter dies, and many a Bard. 400
 How sweet her voice, how dangerous her spell,
 Let SPENSER's Knights, and RURENS' Tritons tell
 Judgment at colour'd saddles shakes his head,
 And fairy Songs are prais'd, but little read ;
 Where, in the Maze of her unbounded Sphere, 405
 Unbridled Fancy runs her wild Career.

In Realms where Superstition's tyrant sway
 "Takes half the vigor of the soul away,"
 Let Art for subjects the dark Legend search,
 Where Saints unnumber'd people every Church ; 410
 Let Painters run the wilds of OVID o'er,
 To hunt for monsters which we heed no more,
 But here, my ROMNEY, where, on Freedom's wings,
 The towering Spirit to Perfection springs ;
 Where Genius, proud to act as Heav'n inspires, 415
 On Taste's pure Altars lights his sacred fires ;
 Oh ! here let Painting, as of old in GREECE,
 With patriot passions warm the finish'd piece ;
 Let BRITAIN, happy in a gen'rous race,
 Of manly Spirit, and of female Grace, 420
 Let this frank Parent with fond eyes explore,
 Some just memorials of the line she bore,
 In tints immortal to her view recall
 Her dearest Offspring on the storied Wall.

But some there are, who, with pedantic scorn, 425
 Despise the Hero, if in BRITAIN born :

For them Perfection has herself no charins;
 Without a Roman robe, or Grecian arms;
 Our slighted Country, for whose Fame they feel
 No generous Interest, no manly Zeal, 430
 Sees public Judgment their false Taste arraign,
 And treat their cold contempt with due disdain;
 To the fair Annals of our Isle we trust,
 To prove this patriot indignation just,
 And, nobly partial to our native earth, 435
 Bid English Pencils honour English Worth.*

Shall BAYARD, glorious in his dying hour,
 Of Gallic Chivalry the fairest Flow'r,
 Shall his pure Blood in British colours flow,
 And BRITAIN, on her canvass, fail to shew 440
 Her wounded SIDNEY, BAYARD's perfect peer,**
 SIDNEY, her Knight, without Reproach or Fear,
 O'er whose pale corse heroic Worth should bend,
 And mild Humanity embalm her Friend!
 Oh! ROMNEY, in his hour of Death we find 445
 A Subject worthy of thy feeling Mind;
 Methinks I see thy rapid Hand display
 The field of ZUTPHEN, on that fatal day,
 When arm'd for freedom, 'gainst the guilt of SPAIN,
 The Hero bled upon the Belgic plain: 450
 In that great moment thou hast caught the Chief,
 When pitying Friends supply the wish'd relief,
 While Sickness, Pain, and Thirst his pow'r subdue,
 I see the draught he pants for in his view:
 Near him the Soldier that expiring lies, 455

This

* Ver. 436. See NOTE I.III. ** Ver. 441. See NOTE LIV.

This precious Water views with ghastly eyes,
 With eyes that from their sockets seem to burst,
 With eager, frantic, agonizing Thirst:
 I see the Hero give, oh! generous Care!
 The Cup untasted to this silent Pray'r;
 I hear him say, with Tenderness divine,
 "Thy strong Necessity surpasses mine."

Shall Roman Charity for ever share
 Thro' every various School each Painter's Care?
 And BRITAIN still her bright examples hide
 Of female Glory, and of filial Pride?
 Instruct our eyes, my ROMNEY, to adore
 Th' heroic Daughter of the virtuous MORE,
 Resolv'd to save, or in th' attempt expire,
 The precious relicks of her martyr'd Sire:
 Before the cruel Council let her stand,
 Press the dear ghastly Head with pitying Hand,
 And plead, while Bigotry itself grows mild,
 The sacred duties of a grateful Child.

Forgive the Muse, if haply she commend
 A Theme ill-chosen to her skilful Friend;
 She, tho' its pow'r command her willing heart,
 Knows not the limits of thy lovely Art,
 Yet boldly owns an eager wish to see
 Her darling Images adorn'd by thee,
 Nor shall her social Love in silence hide
 The just emotions of her grateful Pride,
 When thy quick Pencil pours upon her sight
 Her own Creation in a fairer light;
 When her SERENA learns from thee to live,

O 5

* Ver. 468. See NOTE LV.

And please by every charm that life can give,
 Thou hast imparted to th' ideal Fair
 Yet more than Beauty's bloom, and Youth's attractive air;
 For in thy studious Nymph th' enamour'd Eye
 May, thro' her breast, her gentle Heart descry; 499
 See the fond thoughts, that o'er her Fancy roll,
 And Sympathy's soft swell, that fills her soul.
 But happier Bards, who boast a higher claim,
 Ask from thy Genius an increase of Fame.

Oh! let the Sisters, who, with friendly aid, 495
 The Grecian Lyre, and Grecian Pencil sway'd,
 Who join'd their rival Powers with fond delight,
 To grace each other with reflected Light,
 Let them in BRITAIN thus united reign,
 And double lustre from that union gain! 500
 Not that my Verse, adventurous, would pretend
 To point each varied subject to my Friend;
 Far nobler guides their better aid supply:
 When mighty SHAKESPEARE to thy judging eye
 Presents that magic Glass, whose ample Round 505
 Reflects each Figure in Creation's bound,
 And pours, in floods of supernatural light,
 Fancy's bright Beings on the charmed sight,
 This chief Inchanter of the willing breast,
 Will teach thee all the magic he possess. 510
 Plac'd in his Circle, mark in colours true
 Each brilliant Being that he calls to view:
 Wrapt in the gloomy storm, or rob'd in light,
 His wayward Sister or his fairy Sprite,
 Boldly o'erleaping, in the great design. 515
 The bounds of Nature, with a Guide divine,

Let

Let MILTON's self, conductor of thy way,
Lead thy congenial spirit to portray
In Colours, like his Verse, sublimely strong,
The scenes that blaze in his immortal song. 529

See MICHAEL drawn, by many a skilful Hand,
As suits the Leader of the Seraph-Band !
But oh ! how poor the prostrate SATAN lies, *
With bestial form debas'd and goatish eyes !
How chang'd from him who leads the dire debate, 535
Fearless tho' fallen, and in Ruin great !
Let thy bold Pencil, more sublimely true,
Present his Arch Apostate to our view,
In worthier Semblance of infernal Pow'r,
And proudly standing like a stately tow'r, 539
While his infernal mandate bids awake
His Legions, slumbering on the burning Lake.

Or paint him falling from the Realms of Bliss,
Hurl'd in Combustion to the deep Abyss !
In light terrific let the Flash dispay 539
His Pride, still proof against almighty Sway :
Tho' vanquish'd, yet immortal, let his Eye
The Lightning's flame, the Thunder's bolt defy,
And still, with Looks of Execration, dare
To face the Horrors of the last Despair. 540

To these great Lords of Fancy's wide domain,
That o'er the human Soul unquestion'd reign,
To their superior Guidance be consign'd
Thy rival Pencil and congenial Mind.
Yet O ! let Friendship, ere the Verse she close, 545
Which in just Tribute to thy Merit flows,

The

* Ver. 523. See NOTE LVI.

226 ON PAINTING. EPISTLE II.

The sanguine wishes of her heart express,
With fond presages of thy full Success.

May Health and Joy, in happiest union join'd,
Breathe their warm Spirit o'er thy fruitful Mind! 550

To noblest Efforts raise thy glowing Heart,
And string thy sinews to the toils of Art!

May Independance, bursting Fashion's chain,
To eager Genius give the flowing rein,
And o'er thy epic Canvass smile to see 555

Thy Judgment active, and thy Fancy free!

May thy just Country, while thy bold design
Recalls the Heroes of her ancient Line,

Gaze on the martial Group with dear delight!

May Youth and Valour, kindling at the sight, 560

O'er the bright Tints with Admiration lean,

And catch new Virtue from the moral Scene!

May Time himself a fond Reluctance feel,

Nor from thy aged hand the Pencil steal,

But grant it still to gain increasing Praise, 565

In the late Period of thy lengthen'd days,

While fairest Fortune thy long Life endears,

With RAPHAEL's Glory join'd to TITIAN's Years!

NOTES

TO THE

FIRST EPISTLE.

As there may possibly be some Readers of the foregoing Performance, who may wish to look into the sources from whence the Author has borrowed some of his ideas, he has thrown together the subsequent Notes, and disjoined them from the body of the Work, as they are intended only for the perusal of those who have leisure and disposition for such kind of reading.

NOTE I. Verse 77.

MAKE history to life new value lend.] One of the most elegant writers of the present age, has made an ingenious effort to introduce History into the dull province of Portrait-painting, "by representing a whole family in a single picture, under some interesting historical subject suitable to their rank and character." See Fitzosborne's Letters, p. 6. But as the beauties and advantages of this plan struck forcibly on the imagination of this aimable Author, the infinite difficulties attending its execution were likewise fully open to his discernment. The success must depend on the choice of subject: where that is not very happily adapted,

adapted, the picture will probably contain some most ridiculous absurdities — Perhaps the Reader may recollect an unfortunate instance or two of this kind.

NOTE II. Verse 100.

[Not less absurd to flatter Nero's eyes.] Pliny furnishes us with this singular anecdote, as an instance of the extravagant abuse of Portrait-painting in his days, which, as he informs us, had arrived to a degree of madness. "Nero had ordered himself to be painted under the figure of a Colossus, upon cloth or canvass, a hundred and twenty feet in height." The same author informs us, that this preposterous picture, when it was finished, met with its fate from lightning, which consumed it, and involved likewise the most beautiful part of the gardens where it was placed in the conflagration. The Reader may find some ingenious remarks upon this subject, in the Notes sur l'Histoire de la Peinture ancienne extraite de l'Histoire naturelle de Plin. Fol. London, 1725.

NOTE III. Verse 108.

[Blest be the pencil! which from death can save.] The sweet illusion of this enchanting art is prettily expressed in a Letter of Raphael's to his friend Francesco Raifolini, a Bolognese painter. The two artists had agreed to exchange their own portraits, and Raphael, on receiving his friend's picture, addresses him in the following words:

"Messer Francesco mio caro, ricevo in questo punto il vostro ritratto — egli è bellissimo, e tanto vivo, che m'inganno talora, credendomi di essere con esso voi, e sentire le vostre parole."

Raccolta di Lettere sulla Pittura, &c. Tom. II. pag 82.

The

The charm of Portrait-painting is still more beautifully described in verse by a friend of Raphael's, the amiable and accomplished Count Balthasar Castiglione.

Sola tuos Vultus referens Raphaelis imago.

Picta manu, curas allevat usque meas:

Huic ego delicias facio, arrisusque jocoque

Alloquor, et tanquam reddere verba queam.

Assensu, nutuque mihi saepe illa videtur

Dicere velle aliquid, et tua verba loqui.

Agnoscit balboque Patrem puer ore salutat.

Hoc solor, longos decipioque dies.

These elegant lines are part of an epistle, written in the name of his Countess, Hippolyte, to her husband. See Pope's edition of the *Poemata Italorum*, Vol. II. page 248.

NOTE IV. Verse 126.

Inspir'd by thee, the soft Corinthian Maid.] Pliny has transmitted to us the History of the Maid of Corinth and her father. "Dibutades, a potter of Sicyon, first formed likenesses in clay at Corinth, but was indebted to his daughter for the invention; the girl being in love with a young man who was soon going from her into some remote country, traced with the lines of his face from his shadow upon the wall by candle-light. Her father, filling up the lines with clay, formed a bust, and hardened it in the fire with the rest of his earthen ware." *Plin. lib. 35.*

Athenagoras, the Athenian philosopher, gives a similar account of this curious and entertaining anecdote, adding the circumstance that the youth was sleeping when the likeness was taken from his shadow.

Pl.

Περὶ γὰρ αὐτῆς κοινῶς ἐν τοῖς τῆς
ἐκείνου.

The same writer, who lived in the second century of the Christian æra, informs us that this monument of ancient art was extant at Corinth in his time, though Pliny seems to intimate that it did not survive the taking of that city by Mummius.

In the Poësies de Fontenelle there is an epistle from the Maid of Corinth, whom the author calls Disbutadis, to her imaginary lover Polemon. She describes her own work in the following Stanzas :

Une lampe pretoit une lumière sombre

Qui m'aidoit encore à rever :

Je voyois sur un mur se depeindre ton ombre,

Et m'appliquois à l'observer :

Car tout plait, Polemon, pour peu qu'il représente

L'objet de notre attachement,

C'est assez pour flatter les langueurs d'une amante

Que l'ombre seule d'un amant.

Mais je pouffai loin cette douce chimere,

Je voulus fixer en ces lieux,

Attacher à ce mur une ombre passagere

Pour la conserver à mes yeux.

Alors en la suivant du bout d'une baguette

Je trace une Image de toi ;

Une image, il est vrai, peu distincte, imparfaite,

Mais enfin charmante pour moi.

NOTE V. Verse 194.

[*'Twas then Pausan drew, with freedom's train.*]
Pausan was the brother of Phidias, the celebrated Sculptor,

whom he is said to have assisted in his noblest works. Pausanias, in his Fifth Book, gives an account of several pictures by this early Artist, and particularly of the picture here alluded to. It was painted in the celebrated portico called Ποικίλη, Poecile.

Besides a general representation of the conflict, the flight of the barbarians, and a distant view of their ships, Theseus, Minerva, and Hercules were, according to this author, exhibited in the piece. The most conspicuous figures among the persons engaged were Callinachus, and Miltiades, and a hero called Echerlus: he mentions also another hero, who is introduced into the picture, called Marathon, from whom, he says, the field had its name. *Pausanias, fol. Lip. 1696, p. 37.*

From Pliny's account of the same picture we learn that the heads of the generals were portraits — adeo jam colorum usus percipiebatur, adeoque ars perfecta erat ut in eo Praelio ICONICOS duces pinxisse tradatur. — *Plin. lib. 35. c. 8.*

Miltiades had the honour of being placed foremost in this illustrious group, as a reward for his having saved Athens, and all Greece. *Cor. Nep. in Vita Miltiadi s.*

Panæus flourished, according to Pliny, in the 83d Olympiad, little more than forty years after the battle he painted.

NOTE VI. Verse 198.

There Polygnotus, scorning servile hire.] Of the talents of Polygnotus much honourable mention is made by many of the best authors of antiquity, as Aristotle and Plutarch, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, etc.

Pausanias speaks of the pictures here alluded to, and in his Tenth Book introduces a very long description of other pictures by the same artist, painted also from Homer in the Temple at Delphos. The passage however gives but a confused and imperfect idea of the painter's performance. How much the art is indebted to this ancient master, what grace and softness he gave to the human countenance, what embellishments he added to the female figure and dress, are much more happily described by Pliny. *Primus Mulieres lucida veste pinxit, capita earum mitris versicoloribus operuit, plurimumque picturae primus contulit: siquidem instituit os adaperire, dentes ostendere, vultum ab antiquo rigore variare.* The same author likewise bears honourable testimony to the liberal spirit of this great artist, who refused any reward for his ingenious labours in the portico. — *Porticum gratuito, cum partem ejus Mycon mercede pingeret.* *Plin. lib. 35. cap. 8.*

He flourished about the 90th Olympiad.

NOTE VII. Verse 202.

[*Thy tragic pencil, Aristides, caught.*] The city of Thebes had the honour of giving birth to this celebrated Artist. He was the first, according to Pliny, who expressed Character and Passion, the Human Mind, and its several emotions; but he was not remarkable for softness of colouring. "His most celebrated picture was of an infant (on the taking of a town) at the mother's breast, who is wounded and expiring. The sensations of the mother were clearly marked, and her fear lest the child, upon failure of the milk, should suck her blood." "Alexander the Great."

Great," continues the same author, "took this picture with him to Pella."

It is highly probable, according to the conjecture of Janius, (in his learned *Treatise de Pictura Veterum*) that the following beautiful epigram of Aemilianus was written on this exquisite picture

Εἴης, γαλῶν, παρὰ μητρὸς ὃν ἐκ ἐστὶ μαζόν
ἀμειλίχας

Ελκυσσὼν γαστρίῳ γάλα κατὰ Φθιμένης.

Ἡ δὲ γὰρ ἐφ᾽ ἑσσοί, λυκοπνοῶς ἀλλὰ καὶ
μητρὸς

Φίλτρα καὶ ἐν αἵδῳ παιδοποιεῖν εὐαθόν.

It is not ill translated into Latin by Grotius

Suge, miser, nunquam quae possit haec pocula suges.

Ultima ab exanimato corpore pocula trahe!

Expiravit enim iam sancta; sed vel ab orco

Infantem novit pascere matris amor.

But this is far inferior, and so perhaps is the original itself, to the very elegant English version of it, which Mr. Webb has given us in his ingenious and animated "Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting."

Suck a little wretch, while yet thy mother lives,

Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives!

She dies: her tenderness survives her breath,

And her fond love is provident in death.

Webb, *Dialogue* 7. p. 161.

NOTE VIII. Verse 206.

[Correct Parrhasius first to rich design.] The name of Parrhasius is immortalized by many of the most celebrated ancient authors; and his peculiar talents are thus recorded in Pliny: *Parrhasius symmetriam pictu-*

rac dedit, primus argutus vultus, elegantiam capilli, venustatem oris: confessione artificum in lineis extremis palmam adeptus. — He is one of the four ancient painters, whose lives are written by Carlo Dati. — This ingenious Italian very justly questions the truth of the singular story concerning Parrhasius, preserved in Seneca, where he is accused of purchasing an old Olynthian captive, and exposing him to a most wretched death, that he might paint from his agony the tortures of Prometheus. The same author contradicts on this occasion a similar falsehood concerning the great Michael Angelo, which was first circulated from the pulpit by an ignorant priest, as we learn from Gori's Historical Annotations to the Life of M. Angelo, by his scholar Onudi vi.

NOTE IX. Verse 216.

The gay, the warm, licentious Zeuxis drew.] The Helen of Zeuxis is become almost proverbial: the story of the Artist's having executed the picture from an assemblage of the most beautiful females is mentioned (though with some variation as to the place) by authors of great credit, Pliny, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Cicero. The last gives a very long and circumstantial account of it. *De Inventione, Lib. 2.*

If the story is true, it is perhaps one of the strongest examples we can find of that enthusiastick passion for the fine arts which animated the ancients. Notwithstanding her præminence in beauty, it seems somewhat singular that the painter should have chosen such a character as Helen, as a proper decoration for the Temple of Juno. A most celebrated Spanish Poet, though not in other respects famous for his judgment

judgment, has, I think, not judiciously metamorphosed this Helen of Zeuxis into Juno herself.

Zeuxis, Pintor famoso, retratando

De Juno el rostro, las faciones bellas

De cinco perfectissimas donzellas

Estuvo atentamente contemplando.

Rimas de Lope de Vega. Lisboa, 1605. p. 51. 2.

Junius supposes this picture to have been rated a little too high. —

NOTE X. Verse 216.

Yet oft to gain sublimer heights he strove.] Grace is the well-known excellence of Apelles, but that he sometimes very happily attempted the sublime, we learn both from Plutarch and Pliny, who speak of his force and energy — The Alexander of Philip, says Plutarch, was invincible, the Alexander of Apelles inimitable.

He painted, says Pliny, things that surpass the power of painting, quæ pingi non possunt, Tonitrua, fulgura fulgetraque —

NOTE XI. Verse 228.

While chilling damps upon the pencil hung.] That the Romans attained to no degree of excellence in Painting, or Sculpture, seems to be confessed, and accounted for in the following passage of Tully's Tusculan Disputations, Lib. 1.

An censemus, si Fabio, nobilissimo homini, laudatum esset quod pingeret, non multos etiam apud nos futuros Polycletos, et Parrhasios fuisse honos alit artes, omnesque incenduntur ad Studia Gloria, jacentque ea semper quæ apud quosque improbantur.

The fine arts necessarily languish without publick protection or encouragement: but publick honours at Rome flowed in a very different channel. While the Roman boasted his consummate skill in every art of empire and government, he avowed, in many works of genius and taste, his inferiority with an air of triumph.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,

Credo equidem vivos ducent de marmore vultus;

Orabunt causas melius, caelique inatrus

Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent.

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;

Hæc tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem;

Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

Aeneidos, Lib. VI.

NOTE XII. Verse 244.

There studious Vinci treasur'd everyrule.] Lionar-
do da Vinci was born near Florence in 1445. He
was perhaps a man as universally accomplished as
ever existed. Not only admirable beyond his Prede-
cessors in his own profession of Painting, but an ex-
cellent Architect and Musician, and of great skill as
an Anatomist. Besides all these talents, he was, ac-
cording to Vasari, the best extempore Rimer of his
Time. — His History and Works are well known. —
The singular circumstance of his dying in the arms
of Francis the First, king of France, is mentioned by
a French poet of the present age.

“Lorsque Francois premier, Roi digne d’être heu-
reux,

Tint Leonard mourant dans ses bras genereux.”

And

And the particulars of his death are thus curiously recorded by Vasari, who speaks in raptures of his various and exalted talents :

Finalmente venuto vecchio, sette molti mesi ammalato, et vedendosi vicino alla morte, si volle diligentemente informare de le cose catoliche, et della via buona, et santa religione christiana, et poi con molti pianti confesso e contrito, se bene e' non poteva reggerli in piedi, sostenendosi nelle braccia di suoi amici, e servi, volle divotamente pigliare il santissimo sacramento, fuor del letto : sopraggiunse il Rè che spesso e amorevolmente lo soleva visitare : per il che egli per riverenza rizzatosi, a sedere sul letto, contando il mal suo et gli accidenti di quello mostrava tuttavia quanto aveva offeso dio, et gli huomini del mondo, non avendo operato nel arte come si conveniva : onde gli venne un parossismo messagiero della morte. Per la qual cosa rizzatosi il Rè, et presolli la testa per aiutarlo, et porgerli Favore, accio che il male lo alleggerisse : lo spirito suo, che divinissimo era, conoscendo non potere havere maggiore honore, spirò in braccio a quel Rè nella età sua d'anni 75. *Vasari Vita di Leonardo da Vinci*, p. 10, 11.

NOTE XIII. Verse 251.

[*Gigantic Angelo his wonders wrought.*] Michael Angelo Buonarroti was born near Florence 1474, and died at Rome 1564.

This illustrious man is too well known, both as an Architect and a Painter, to need any encomium : he was also a Poet. His *Rime* were printed by the Giunta at Florence, in quarto, in 1623. The following Sonnet, which is to be found in Vasari, to whom

It is addressed, is at once a proof of his poetical talents, and his religious turn of mind: it may serve also as a lesson to vanity, in shewing that even a genius of the sublimest class entertained great apprehension concerning the mortality of his fame.

Giunto è già 'l corso della vita mia,
 Con tempestoso mar per fragil barca,
 Al comun porto, ov' à render si varca
 Conto e ragion d' ogni opra trista, e pia.
 Onde l' affettuosa fantasia,
 Che l' arte mi fece idolo e monarca,
 Cognition hor ben quant' era d'error carca
 E quel ch' a mal suo grado ognun desia.
 Gli amorosi pensier, già vani, e lieti
 Che sien or' s'a due morti mi avvicino?
 D'una so certo, e l' altra mi minaccia,
 Nè pinger nè scolpir fia piu che queti
 L'anima volta a quello amor divino
 Ch' aperse a prender noi in croce le braccia.

A letter, addressed to his friend Vasari, on the death of Urbino, his old and faithful servant, shews, that he united the soft virtues of a most benevolent heart to the sublime talents of an elevated mind. — This letter is printed both in Vasari, and in the first volume of *Raccolta di Lettere sulla Pittura*, etc. p. 6.

NOTE XIV. Verse 254.

[*Taste, Fauty, Judgment, all on Raphael smil'd.*] Raffaello da Urbino was born in 1483, and died 1520. His amiable qualities as a Man were not inferior to his exalted talents as an Artist. The reader will not be displeased to see the singular eulogium which the honest

Monest Vasari has bestowed on the engaging manners of this most celebrated Genius.

Certo fra le sue doti singolari ne scorgo una di tal valore che in me stesso stupisco ; che il cielo gli diede forza di poter mostrare nell' arte nostra uno effetto sì contrario alle complessioni di noi pittori : questo è che naturalmente gli artefici nostri, non dico soli i bassi, ma quelli che hanno umore d' esser grandi (come di questo umore l'arte ne produce infiniti) lavorando nell' opere in compagnia di Raffaello, stavano uniti e di concordia tale che tutti i mali umori in veder lui s'ammorzavano : e ogni vile e basso pensiero cadeva loro di mente. La quale unione mai non fu più in altro tempo che nel suo. E questo avveniva perchè restavano vinti dalla cortesia e dall' arte sua, ma più dal genio della sua buona natura. *Vasari Vita di Raff. p. 88.*

To atone for the imperfect sketch, which has been here attempted of these divine artists, (Michael Angelo and Raphael) the author intended to have presented the reader with a long quotation from a most animated discourse of the President of the Royal Academy, in which he has placed these great masters in a light of comparison with each other. But as the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds are no longer scarce (a new edition being now published) he shall refer the reader thro the Work itself. He will find this most happy and ingenious parallel in the discourse delivered at the Royal Academy, December 10, 1772.

NOTE XV. Verse 260.

The daring Julio, though by Raphael train'd.] Julio Romano was born at Rome 1492, and died at Mantua 1546.

His singular character is forcibly drawn by Vasari. He was, according to this writer, the most successful imitator of Raphael, the greater part of whose scholars became eminent, and were almost infinite in number. Raphael was particularly attentive to Julio, and loved him with the affection of a parent. *Vasari Vita di Giulio.*

NOTE XVI. Verse 268.

[*More richly warm, the glowing Titian knew.*] We find frequent censures thrown upon Titian by the critics, for confining himself "to flattering the eye by the richness and truth of his colouring; without a proper attention to the higher branch of his art, that of interesting our feeling by affecting subjects;" the criticism is indeed extended to the Painters of the Lombard School in general. *De Bos, Tom. I. Sect. 10.*

Why Titian chose not to follow the finished method of his excellent contemporaries, he declared to Francesco de Vargas, the ambassador of Charles the Fifth at Venice.

"I fear, (replied this eminent Painter to the question of Vargas, I should never equal the extreme delicacy which distinguishes the pencils of Corregio, Parmegiano, and Raphael: and even though I should be successful enough to equal them, I should always rank below them, because I should be only accounted their imitator. In a word, ambition, which always attends the fine arts, has induced me to choose a way entirely new, in which I might make myself famed for something, as the great Masters have done in the route they have followed." *Antoine Perce, dans la soixante unieme de ses Secondes Lettres.*

This

This great Artist enjoyed a long life of uninterrupted health, and died during the plague at Venice in 1576, at the uncommon age of ninety-nine.

NOTE XVII. Verse 282.

Soft as Catullus, sweet Corregio play'd.] Antonio da Corregio. — Very different accounts are given by different authors of the birth and fortunes of this exquisite Painter. His capital pictures were executed about the year 1512, according to Vasari; who relates, in a very affecting manner, the circumstances of his poverty and death.

Having taken a journey on foot, in extremely hot weather, he imprudently drank cold water, which brought on a fever, of which he died at about the age of forty.

His colouring was most exquisitely adapted to the delicate softness of female beauty. To form a perfect picture of Adam and Eve (says an Italian writer on Painting) Adam should be designed by Michael Angelo, and coloured by Titian; Eve designed by Raphael, and coloured by Corregio. —

The ill fortune of Corregio, and the gross neglect of Art, in the very city, which he had adorned with the most exquisite productions of his pencil, are expressed with great feeling in a letter of Annibal Caracci, written while he was studying the works of Corregio, at Parma, to his cousin Lodovico, in 1580. — Vide Raccolta di Lettere, etc. Tom. I. p. 88.

NOTE XVIII. Verse 284.

Though Parma claim it for her rival son.] Francesco Mazzuoli was born at Parma in 1504, and is
there

thence usually called Parmegiano. His character is thus distinctly marked by Vasari :

"Fu dal cielo largamente dotato di tutte quelle parti, che a un eccellente pittore sono richieste, poi che diede alle sue figure, oltre quello, che si è detto di molti altri, una certa venustà, dolcezza, e leggiadria nell'attitudini, che fu sua propria e particolare." — The same author gives us a particular description of the singular and admirable portrait, which this delicate artist drew of himself reflected from a convex mirror : he relates also some curious circumstances of his allegorical portrait of the emperor Charles the Vth, which he painted by memory, and by the recommendation of Pope Clement the VIIth presented to the emperor at Bologna. — The honest biographer laments, with great feeling, the errors and misfortunes of this most promising painter, who being seized, early in life, with the frenzy of turning alchemist, impaired his health and fortune by this fatal pursuit ; his attachment to which however some authors have questioned : a delirious fever put a period to his melancholy days at the age of thirty-six, in his native city of Parma, 1540.

NOTE XIX. Verse 290.

Till with pure judgment the Caracci came.] Lodovico Caracci, who with his consins Annibal and Augustin established the famous Academy of Bologna, was born in that city 1555. The circumstance that occasioned his death, as related by a French author, affords a singular proof how dangerous it is for an Artist to confide in the partial judgment of his particular friends.

Son

son dernier ouvrage qui est une Annonciation peinte à fresque, dans une des lunettes de la Cathédrale de Bologne, ne réussit pas; son âge, une vue affoiblie, et la grande elevation de l'Eglise furent cause qu'il se confia à un ami pour voir d'en bas l'effet de l'ouvrage. Cet ami lui dit qu'il étoit bien, et qu'il pouvoit faire ôter les Echaufauds: il fut trompé; on critiqua fort cette peinture: Louis s'en chagrina de manière qu'il se mit au lit, et Bologne perdit ce grand Homme en 1619. — *Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres.* Paris 8vo. 1762. Tom. II. p. 50.

Augustin, who quitted the pencil for the engraver, and is much celebrated for his various accomplishments, died at Parma in 1602. — Annibal, the immortal Painter of the Farnese gallery, whom Poussin did not hesitate to rank with Raphael himself, died in a state of distraction at Rome, 1609. This melancholy event is described in a very affecting letter written by an Italian prelate, who attended him in his last moments. *Raccolta, Tom. II. p. 384.*

NOTE XX. Verse 295. [Young Zampieri ow'd his nobler name.] Domenico Zampieri, born at Bologna 1518, died at Naples, not without suspicion of poison, 1640. — He entered early in life into the school of the Caracci, and was there honoured with the affectionate appellation of Domenichino, from his extreme youth. — His *Communion of St. Jerome* was compared by the judicious Poussin to the *Transfiguration of Raphael*; yet Du Fresnoy has past a severe censure on Domenichino, and affirms that he has less nobleness in his works than any other artist who studied in the school of the Caracci.

Caracci. So contradictory are the opinions of the two most enlightened judges in this delicate art.

NOTE XCI. Verse 297.

The learned Lanfranc in their school arose.] Giovanni Lanfranco, born at Parma 1581, was knighted by Pope Urban the VIIIth, and died at Rome 1647.

NOTE XXII. Verse 299.

The tender Guido caught his graceful air.] Guido Reni was born in Bologna 1595; exquisite in grace, though deficient in expression, he was held during his life in the highest estimation. A fatal passion for gaming involved him in continued scenes of distress. His personal beauty was so great, that his master Lodovico Caracci is said to have drawn his angels from the head of Guido.

NOTE XXIII. Verse 305.

Titian's more scholar, rival of his fame.] Titian is said to have resided in Spain from the year 1548 to 1553, and seems to have raised a strong passion for Art in that country. His most eminent disciple was Joán Fernandez Almenes de Navarrete, who is called by his Spanish Biographer, The Titian of Spain. Though born deaf and dumb, from whence he derives his common title *el Mudo*, he rose to great reputation as a Painter, and was warmly patronised by his Sovereign, as appears from the following anecdote. In painting the martyrdom of a Saint, he had introduced the figure of his personal enemy, who happened to be the King's Secretary, in the character of the Executioner: the Secretary complained to his master, and petitioned that his features might be effaced;

ted; but his Majesty defended the Painter, and ordered the figure to remain. — In praising this singular genius, I have ventured to borrow something like a conceit from the famous Spanish Poet Lope de Vega, who has celebrated his talents in the following verses.

Del Mudo Pintor famosissimo.

No quiso el cielo que hablasse,

Porque con mi entendimiento

Dielle mayor sentimiento

A las cosas que pintasse.

Y tanta vida les di

Con el pincel singular,

Que como no pude hablar,

Hize que hablassen por mi.

The Poet also honoured this favourite Artist, who died in 1572, with an Epitaph, which turns on the same idea, and which the curious reader may find in the Work, from whence I have taken this short account of him. *Vidas de los Pintores Espannoles por Palamino Velasco, Octavo, London, 1744.*

NOTE XXIV. Verse 310.

[And thou, Velasquez, share the honour due.] Don Diego Velasquez de Silva, the most accomplished of the Spanish Painters, was born at Seville, 1594, and clos'd his honourable and splendid life at Madrid in 1660. — His master was Pacheco, a Spaniard, who united the sister arts of Painting and Poetry. — Velasquez was patronized by the famous Olivarez, and had the honour of painting our Charles the First, during his visit at Madrid: perhaps he contributed not a little to form the taste and passion for art, by which that

that Prince was so eminently distinguished. The Spanish Painter rose to great honours in his own country, and had, like Rubens, the singular fortune to unite the character of an Ambassador with that of an Artist, being sent on an extraordinary commission, in 1648, to Pope Innocent X.

One of his most striking historical pictures, was the expulsion of the Moors from Spain; a noble, national subject, which he painted for Philip the Third, in competition with three Artists of reputation, and obtained the preference.

But he is particularly celebrated for the spirit and energy of his Portraits; concerning which there are two singular anecdotes related by his Spanish Biographer; and the following may possibly amuse the reader.

In 1639, he executed a portrait of Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, Commander in chief of an armament appointed to New Spain; and pleased himself so well in the execution, that he affixed his name to the picture; a circumstance not usual with him. He had painted with pencils of uncommon length, for the sake of working at a greater distance, and with peculiar force; so that the picture (says my Spanish author) when near, is not to be distinguished; and at a distance is a miracle. As Velasquez, after this Portrait was at work in the palace, the King, as usual, went privately to his apartment to see him paint; when observing the figure of Pareja, and taking it for the real person, he exclaimed with surprize, "What! are you still here? have you not your dispatches? and why are you not gone?" But soon perceiving his mistake,

mistake, he turn'd to Velasquez (who modestly doubted the reality of the deception) and said, "I protest to you it deceived me." For this story, such as it is, I am indebted to the author whom I have quoted in the preceding Note. The celebrated Murillo, whose pictures are much better known in England than those of his master, was a disciple of Velasquez,

NOTE XXV. Verse 316.

Thy care the soft, the rich Murillo form'd.] Don Bartolome Estevan Murillo was born in the neighbourhood of Seville, in 1613. His first master was Juan de Castillo; but he soon settled in Madrid, under the protection of Velasquez, who contributed to his improvement in the most generous manner. The Spaniards boast that Murillo became a great Painter, without ever travelling out of Spain. He is said to have refused the offer of an establishment in England from Charles the Second, and to have pleaded his age as an excuse for not quitting his own country; where he died, and was buried with great marks of honour, in 1685.

NOTE XXVI. Verse 323.

No mean historian to record their praise.] George Vasari, to whom we are indebted for a most valuable history of Italian Painters, was born at Arezzo in Tuscany, 1511. — Though the fame of the author seems to have eclipsed that of the artist, he rose to considerable eminence as a painter, and has left us a particular and entertaining account of himself and his pictures in the close of his great work — it is introduced with an apology, in which he speaks

of his own talents, and extreme passion for his art, in the most modest and engaging manner. — His generous desire of doing justice to the merit of others is most happily rewarded in the following Elogy, by the great Thuanus:

“Ob excellentiam artis, quam historia accurate et eleganter scripta illustravit, Georgius Vasarius meruit, ut inter viros ingenio, et literis praestantes accensere-
tur. Is Aretii in Etruria natus, pictor et architectus nostra aetate praestantissimus, dia magno Etruriae Du-
ci Cosmo, omnium liberalium artium, inter quas pictura et architectura ut referrentur obtinuit, fautori eximio, navavit; editis passim ingenii sui ad stupen-
dum omnium spectaculum monumentis, et tandem hoc anno climacterico suo v kalend. Quintil. vivis exemptus est; exinde sicuti testamento caverat, Flo-
rentia ubi decessit, Aretium in patriam translatus; quo loco in principali secundum sedem Episcopalem templo in sacello ab ipso juxta sumtuoso et admiran-
do artificio exstructo sepultus. *Thuanus, sub ann. 1574.*”

NOTE XXVII. Verse 342.

On her pure Style see mild Bologna claim.] The French author quoted above, under the article Caracci, not only speaks with the greatest warmth of the obligation, which Painting owes to Lodovico Caracci, for having raised it from that state of corruption, into which it had fallen in all the schools of Italy; but at the same time points out also the various mannerists who had chiefly contributed to its debasement.

The style introduced by Lodovico is recommended by that excellent judge Sir Joshua Reynolds (See
Discourse

Discourse 1769) as better suited to grave and dignified subjects than the richer brilliancy of Titian.

NOTE XXVIII. Verse 345.

[*Titian's golden rays.*] This expression is borrowed from the close of that elegant sentence of modern Latin, which the author of Fitzosborne's Letters has so justly commended, "*Aureo Titiani radio, qui per totam tabulam gliscens eam vere suam denunciat.*" See his excellent letter on Metaphors, p. 50.

NOTE XXIX. Verse 353.

And Raphael's Grace must yield to Rembrandt's Force.] Rembrandt Van Pryn, born near Leyden 1606, died at Amsterdam 1674, or, according to some accounts, 1668. The numerous works of this great master, both with the engraver and pencil, have rendered him universally known. His singular studies, and the pride which he seems to have taken in the natural force of his genius, appear strongly marked in the two following passages of his French Biographer.

"Les murs de son atelier couverts de vieux habits, de piques, et d'armures extraordinaires, étoient toutes ses études, ainsi qu'une armoire pleine d'étoffes anciennes, et d'autres choses pareilles qu'il avoit coutume d'appeller ses antiques. — Rembrandt, qui se glorifioit de n'avoir jamais vu l'Italie, le dit un jour que Vandick l'étoit venu visiter à Amsterdam et qui lui répondit, "Je le vois bien." Rembrandt naturellement brusque reprit : "Qui es tu pour me parler de la sorte ?" — Vandick répondit : "Monfieur, je suis Vandick, pour vous servir." — Abré-

Général de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres; Tom. III.
p. 115.

NOTE XXX. Verse 356.

Yet, Holland, thy unwearied labours raise.] There is no article of taste, on which different writers have run more warmly into the opposite extremes of admiration and contempt, than in estimating the painters of Holland. Those who are enchanted by the sublime conceptions of the Roman school, are too apt precipitately to condemn every effort of the Dutch pencil as a contemptible performance; while those, who are satisfied with minute and faithful delineations of nature, find absolute perfection in the very pictures, which are treated by others with the most supercilious neglect. — But sound and impartial judgment seems equally to disclaim this hasty censure, and this inordinate praise; — and ranking the most eminent Dutch artists below the great Italian masters, yet allows them considerable and peculiar merit. — A French author says, I think not unhappily, of the Dutch painters, that they are “dans la peinture, ce que le comique et le plaisant sont dans la poésie.” In design their fort is certainly humours, and they have frequently carried it to great perfection.

NOTE XXXI. Verse 380.

Proud of the praise by Rubens' pencil won.] Sir Peter Paul Rubens, who is happily styled by Mr. Walpole, “The Popular Painter,” was born at Cologne 1577, and died of the gout at Antwerp 1640. The history of his life furnishes a most striking incentive to the young painter's ambition. — The many accomplishments which he possess, the infinitude
of

of works which he produced, the reputation and esteem, the various honours and ample fortune which he so justly acquired, present to the mind an animating idea of what may be expected from a happy cultivation of talents in a course of constant and spirited application. Though he visited the court of Charles the First in the publick character of an ambassador, it does not appear how long he resided here; — Mr. Walpole conjectures about a year. — His pictures in the ceiling at Whitehall were not painted in England; which perhaps is the reason he has been at the pains of finishing them so neatly, that they will bear the nearest inspection; for he must have well known how greatly the reputation of any work depends on its first happy impression on the publick, and concluded his pictures would be viewed by the king and court instantly on their arrival, and that the critics would not be candid enough to delay their remarks on them till they were elevated to their intended height. This noble work was falling into decay, from which state it has been lately rescued by that excellent artist Mr. Cipriani, to whose care it has been most judiciously committed to be cleaned and repaired. — Rubens received for this work £. 3000.

NOTE XXXII. Verse 388.

Her soft Vandyke, while graceful portraits please.
Sir Anthony Vandyke, the celebrated scholar of Rubens, died of the same disorder which proved fatal to his master, and at a much earlier period of life. He was born at Antwerp 1598, expired in Black Fryars 1641, and was buried in St. Paul's, near the tomb of John of Gaunt. On his first visit to England he recei-

ved no encouragement from the Court, but Charles, becoming soon afterwards acquainted with his merit, sent him an invitation to return. Vandyke embraced the offer with joy; and the king, who shewed him, by frequent sittings, the most flattering marks of esteem, conferred on him the honour of knighthood in 1632, rewarding him also, with the grant of an annuity of £. 200 for life.

NOTE XXXIII. Verse 391. *From Flanders first the secret power she caught.*

The Low Countries, though little celebrated for inventive genius, have given to mankind the two signal discoveries, which have imparted, as it were, a new vital spirit both to Literature and to Painting. This honour however has been brought into question — Germany made a strong, but unsuccessful effort to rob Holland of the glory which she derives from the first invention of Printing: and Painting in oil (it has been said) was known in Italy before the time of John Van Eyck, or John of Bruges, as he is commonly called; to whom that discovery is generally ascribed, about the year 1410. — But Vasari, in his *Life of Antonello da Messina*, relates very particularly the circumstances of Van Eyck's invention, and the subsequent introduction of the secret into Italy. A most learned antiquarian and entertaining writer of our own time has supposed that Van Eyck might possibly "learn the secret of using oil in England, and take the honour of the invention to himself, as we were then a country little known to the world of arts, nor at leisure, from the confusion of the times, to claim the discovery of such a secret." — *Walpole's Anecdotes of painting,*

ting, Vol. I. p. 29. — The conjecture is not without some little foundation; — but the conjectural claims which either Italy or England can produce to this excellent invention, are by no means sufficiently strong to annihilate the glory of the happy and ingenious Fleming.

Since the preceding part of this Note was written, the reputation both of Van Eyck, and his encomiast Vasari, has been very forcibly attacked in an Essay on Oil-painting, by Mr. Raspe; an Essay which discovers such a zealous attachment to the arts, and such an active pursuit of knowledge, as do great credit to its ingenious author. But, though I have perused it with the attention it deserves, it does not lead me to retract what I had said; because after all his researches on this subject, it appears that although Oil-painting was not absolutely the invention of Van Eyck, it was yet indebted to him for those improvements which made it of real value to his profession. — The ingenious Fleming seems therefore to be still entitled to those honours that have been lavished on his name, as improvement in such cases is often more useful and more meritorious than invention itself, which is frequently the effect of chance, while the former arises from well-directed study.

NOTE XXXIV. Verse 395.

Where sumptuous Leo courted every Muse.] The name of Medicis is familiar to every lover of the fine arts. John de Medicis, the Cardinal, was raised to the papal See 1513. He continued that liberal patronage and encouragement to learning, which had before distinguished his illustrious family. He was pro-

ful and magnificent. The various, and celebrated productions of taste and genius under his pontificate, clearly mark the age of Leo the Xth as one of the great eras of literature.

NOTE XXXV. Verse 405.

Untrodden paths of Art Salvator tried.] Salvator Rosa was born at a village near Naples, in 1615. After a youth of poverty and adventure, he raised himself by his various and uncommon talents into lucrative reputation. Having passed nine years at Florence, in considerable employment, he settled in Rome, and died there at the age of 58, in 1673. — He was one of the few characters who have possessed a large portion of pleasant vivacity and satirical humour, with a sublime imagination. His talents as a painter are universally celebrated; but his social virtues, though perhaps not inferior, are far from being so generally known. In the "Raccolta di Lettere sulla Pittura" there are many of his letters to his intimate friend Ricciardi, an Italian poet, and professor of moral philosophy at Pisa, which perfectly display the warmth of his friendship, and the generosity of his heart. — They contain also some amusing anecdotes relating to his profession, and the great delight which he took in discovering historical subjects of a peculiar cast, untouched by other painters, and appearing to an ignorant eye almost beyond the limits of his art. He seems to describe himself with justice, as well as energy, in the following words of a letter to Ricciardi "tutto bile, tutto spirito, tutto fuoco." — Though he must have been wonderfully pleasant

pleasant as a companion, and valuable as a friend, yet he laments that his satires had made him many enemies, and heartily wishes he had never produced them: In that which relates to painting, he exposes indeed the vices of his brethren with great freedom and severity. — It is remarkable that his poetry abounds more with learned allusions than with high flights of imagination; yet in the satire I have mentioned, there is much whimsical fancy. An ape is introduced applying to a painter, and begging to learn his profession, as Nature he says has given him a genius for the mimetic arts. — The painter complies — but his disciple, after an apprenticeship of ten years, bids his master adieu, with many humorous execrations against the art of Painting. — Other parts of the poem contain many sensible and serious remarks on the abuses of the pencil; and as the author has given us a portrait of himself in his poetical character, I shall present it to the reader as a specimen of his style.

La state all' ombra, e il pigro verno al foco

Tra modesti desii l' anno mi vede

Pinger per gloria, e poetar per gioco.

Delle fatiche mie scopo, e mercede

E' sodisfare al genio, al giusto, al vero:

Ghi si sente scottar, ritiri il piede.

Dica pur quanto sà rancor severo:

Contro le sue saette ho doppio usbergo;

Non conosco interesse, e son sincero:

Non ha l'invidia nel mio petto albergo:

Solo zelo lo stil m'adatta in mano,

E per util commune i fogli vergo.

Satire di Salvator Rosa, pag. 68. Ediz. Amsterdam. 1719.

NOTE XXXVI. Verse 427.

The sage Poussin, with purest fancy franght.] Nicolas Poussin was born at Andely in Normandy 1594: one of his first patrons was the whimsical Italian poet Marino, who being struck with some fresco works of the young painter at Paris, employed him in some designs from his own poem l'Adone, and enabled him to undertake an expedition to Rome. He was recalled from thence by Cardinal Richelieu in 1640, but upon the death of Richelieu and the king he returned to Rome, where he ended a life of primitive simplicity and patient application in 1665.

NOTE XXXVII. Verse 435.

Then rose Le Brun, his scholar, and his friend.] Charles Le Brun, universally known by his Battles of Alexander, and his treatise on the passions, was born in Paris 1619: having presided over the French Academy, with great reputation, more than forty years, he died in 1690, partly, as the author of the *Abrégé* assures us, from the chagrin which he received from a cabal raised against him in favour of his rival Mignard: but neither his own works, nor the partial favour of his patron Louvois, nor the friendship of Moliere, who has written a long poem in his praise, have been able to raise Mignard to the level of Le Brun.

NOTE XXXVIII. Verse 441.

Thy dawn, Le Sueur, announc'd a happier taste.] Eustache Le Sueur (who, without the advantage of studying in Italy, approached nearer than any of his countrymen to the manner of Raphael) was a native of Paris. Le Brun, who came to visit him in his
last

last moments, is reported to have said, on quitting his chamber, "Que la mort alloit lui tirer une grosse epine du pied." If he was capable of uttering such a sentiment, at such a time, he thoroughly deserved the fate which is mentioned in the preceding Note.

NOTE XXXIX. Verse 447.

Though Fresnoy teaches, in Horatian song.] Charles Alfonse du Fresnoy, author of the celebrated Latin poem de Arte graphica, very hastily translated into English prose by Dryden, was himself a painter of some eminence, and the intimate friend of Mignard. He died in a village near Paris, at the age of forty-four, in 1665.

NOTES

TO THE

SECOND EPISTLE.

NOTE XL. Verse 15.

THOUGH foreign Theorists, with System blind.] The vain and frivolous speculations of some eminent French authors, concerning our national want of genius for the fine arts, are refuted with great spirit in an ingenious essay by Mr. Barry, entitled, "An Enquiry into the real and imaginary Obstructions to the Acquisition of the Arts in England." As this work highly distinguishes the elegance of his pen, his Venus rising from the sea does equal honour to his pencil.

NOTE XLI. Verse 33.

Fierce Harry reign'd, who, soon with pleasure eloy'd.] In this short account of the influence which the different characters of our Sovereigns have had on the progress of national Art, the Author is indebted principally to Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.

NOTE XLII. Verse 45.

Untaught the moral force of Art to feel.] An accomplished Critic of our own time has touched on the moral Efficacy of Picture, with his usual elegance and erudition. After having illustrated the subject from the writings of Aristotle and Xenophon, he concludes

cludes his remarks with the following reflection: —
 Yet, considering its vast power in morals, one cannot
 enough lament the ill destiny of this divine art, which,
 from the chaste handmaid of Virtue, hath been de-
 bauched, in violence of her nature, to a shameless
 prostitute of Vice, and procuress of Pleasure.” —
 Hurd's Note on the following line of Horace:

“*Suspendit picta vultum mentemque tabella.*”

To this let me add one observation for the honour
 of our English artists! — The prostitution of the
 pencil, so justly lamented by this amiable writer, is
 perhaps less frequent in this kingdom, than in any
 country whatever, in which Painting has been known
 to rise to an equal degree of perfection.

NOTE XLIII. Verse 93.

[*Pet to thy Palace Kneller's skill supplied.*] Sir God-
 frey Kneller, born at Lubeck 1646, settled in England
 1674, was knighted by King William, created a Baro-
 net by George the First, and died 1723. — No Pain-
 ter was ever more flattered by the Muses; who gave
 him credit for talents which he never displayed. Dry-
 den says, in his enchanting Epistle to Kneller:

Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,

Drudges on petty draughts, nor dares design

A more exalted work, and more divine.

But the drudgery of the Poet arose from the most
 cruel necessity; that of the Painter, from avarice, the
 bane of excellence in every profession! — If Sir God-
 frey had any talents for history, which is surely very
 doubtful, we have, as Mr. Walpole well observes, no
 reason to regret that he was confined to portraits, as

his

his pencil has faithfully transmitted to us "so many ornaments of an illustrious age."

Though I have partly subscribed to the general idea, that William, in whose reign this Painter principally flourished, "contributed nothing to the advancement of arts," yet I must observe, that his employing Kneller to paint the Beauties at Hampton Court, his rewarding him with Knighthood, and the additional present of a gold medal and chain, weighing £. 300, may justify those lines of Pope, which describe "The Hero, William," as an encourager of Painting.

NOTE XLIV. Verse 97.

While partial Taste from modest Riley turn'd.]

John Riley was born in London 1646: Mr. Walpole relates an anecdote of his being much mortified by Charles the Second; who, looking at his own picture, exclaim'd, "Is this like me? then, Ods-fish, I am an ugly fellow." — The same author says happily of this artist, "With a quarter of Sir Godfrey's vanity, he might have persuaded the world he was as great a master." Notwithstanding his extreme modesty, he had the good fortune to be appointed Principal Painter, soon after the Revolution, but died an early martyr to the gout 1691.

NOTE XLV, Verse 101.

And Thornhill's blaze of Allegory gilt.] Sir James Thornhill, born in Dorsetshire 1676, was nephew to the celebrated Sydenham, and educated by the liberality of that great physician. He afterwards acquired a very ample fortune by his own profession; was in parliament for Weymouth, knighted by George the Second, and died 1732. — His talents as a Painter are univer-

universally known; from his principal works at Greenwich, St. Paul's, &c.

NOTE XLVI. Verse 111.

The youthful Noble, on a princely plan.] About twenty years ago, the present Duke of Richmond opened, in his house at Whitehall, a gallery for artists, completely filled with a small but well-chosen collection of casts from the antique, and engaged two eminent artists to superintend and direct the students. — This noble encouragement of art, though superseded by a royal establishment, is still entitled to remembrance and honour: it not only served as a prelude to more extensive institutions, but contributed much towards forming some capital artists of the present time. The name of Mortimer is alone sufficient to reflect a considerable lustre on this early school.

NOTE XLVII. Verse 134.

Teach but thy transient tints no more to fly.] Although the superior excellencies of this admirable artist make us peculiarly regret the want of durability in his exquisite productions; yet he is far from being the only artist, whose pictures soon discover an appearance of precipitate decay. Fugitive colouring seems indeed to be the chief defect among our present painters in oil; and it must be the most ardent wish of every lover of art, that so great an evil may be effectually remedied. As the Royal Academy is a society of enlightened artists, established for the improvement of every branch of Painting, it may be hoped that they will pay attention to this mechanical point, as well as to the nobler acquirements of art, and employ some person,

person, who has patience and abilities for such an office, to discover, by a course of experiments, to what cause this important evil is owing. If it be found to arise from the adulteration of colours, oils, and varnishes, might it not be eligible for the Academy to follow the example of another profession, who, where health and life are concerned, obviate the difficulty of getting their articles genuine from the individual trader, by opening a shop at the expence of the Society, to prepare and sell the various ingredients, free from those adulterations which private interest might otherwise produce?

But there may be no just ground of complaint against the integrity of the colourman, and this failure may perhaps arise from the artist's mixing his colours, and their vehicles in improper proportions to each other; that is, instead of painting with oil properly thickened with colour, using oil only folly stained with it, to which a proper consistence (or body as the painters call it) is given by strong gum varnishes; in short, using more vehicle than colour; by which, although most brilliant and transparent effects may be produced, yet the particles of colour are too much attenuated, and divided from each other, and consequently less able to withstand the destructive action of light. If the deficiency complained of originates from this source, the Academy, by a careful course of experiments, may be able clearly to ascertain what preparations of the more delicate colours are most durable; what oils and varnishes will best preserve the original brilliancy of the paint; what are the best proportions for this purpose in which they can be used; and how far glazing (that

(that almost irresistible temptation to oil-painters) may or may not be depended on. All these points are at present so far from being known with certainty, that perhaps there are not two Painters, who think perfectly alike on any one of them. The author hopes, that the gentlemen of the pencil will pardon his presuming to offer a hint on this delicate subject, with which he does not pretend to be intimately acquainted. The ideas, which he has thus ventured to address to them, arise only from the most ardent wish, that future ages may have a just and adequate sense of the flourishing state of Painting in England in the reign of George the Third, and that our present excellent artists may not be reduced to depend on the uncertain hand of the engraver for the esteem of posterity.

A very liberal Critic, * in his flattering remarks on the Poem, seems, in speaking of this Note, to mistake a little the meaning of its author, who alluded only to that defect in colouring, where the finer tints are so managed, for the sake of an immediate and short-liv'd brilliancy, that they sink very soon into no colour at all. He did not mean to touch on those changes in Painting, where the colours all grow darker, the lights become brown, and the shadows one mass of black. This is likewise a great evil, and calls aloud for redress. Perhaps the Critic above mentioned has pointed out the true cause of this defect, viz. the indiscriminate

* See the Gentleman's Magazine for November 1778, page 526.

minate blending of the colours, and the not using pure, simple, uncompounded tints.

NOTE XLVIII. Verse 138.

The leading Principles of liberal Art.] I embrace with pleasure the opportunity of paying this tribute to the great artist here mentioned, who is not only at the head of his own profession, but may justly be ranked among the first writers of the age. His discourses, not merely calculated for the improvement of the young artists to whom they are addressed, contain all the principles of true and universal taste, embellished with great brilliancy of imagination, and equal force of expression.

NOTE XLIX. Verse 151.

Thy Ugolino, etc.] As the subject of this admirable picture is taken from a poet so little known to the English reader as Dante, it may not perhaps be impertinent to say, that in Richardson's Discourse on the Science of a Connoisseur, there is a translation of the story in English blank verse. A young and noble author, now living, has obliged the world with a translation of it in rhyme. — As to the picture, no artist could express more happily the wild and sublime spirit of the poet from whom he drew. We may justly apply to him the compliment which a lively Italian addressed to a great man of his own country, but of far inferior expression.

“Fabro gentil, ben sai,

Ch' ancor tragico caso é caro Oggetto.

E che spesso l' Horror va col Diletto.”

Marino.

NOTE

NOTE L. Verse 163.

Now Art exults, with annual Triumphs gay.]

While we are delighted with the increasing splendor of these annual entertainments, it is but just to remember, that we are indebted to the Society of Arts and Sciences for our first public exhibition of Paintings. The different societies of artists soon followed so excellent an example; and our rapid and various improvements in this lovely art reflect the highest honour on this happy institution. Our exhibitions at once afford both the best nursery for the protection of infant genius, and the noblest field for the display of accomplished merit: nor do they only administer to the benefit of the artist, and the pleasure of the publick: they have still a more exalted tendency; and when national subjects are painted with dignity and force, our exhibitions may justly be regarded as schools of public virtue. Perhaps the young soldier can never be more warmly animated to the service of his country, than by gazing, with the delighted public, on a sublime picture of the expiring hero, who died with glory in her defence. But, not to dwell on their power of inspiring martial enthusiasm, our exhibitions may be said to have a happy influence on the manners and morals of those, who fill the different departments of more tranquil life. In support of this sentiment I beg leave to transcribe the following judicious remark from an author, who has lately obliged the public with two little volumes of elegant and spirited Essays. "They, whose natural feelings have been properly improved by culture, nor have yet become callous by association with the world,

know from experience, how the heart is mollified, the manners polished, and the temper sweetened, by a well-directed study of the arts of imitation. The same sensibility of artificial excellence, extends itself to the perception of natural and moral beauty; and the student returns from the artist's gallery to his station in society, with a breast more disposed to feel and to reverberate the endearments of social life, and of reciprocal benevolence." — KNOX's *Essays*, moral and literary, 1778, p. 264, on Sculpture.

NOTE LI. Verse 255.

Thy Talents, Hogarth! etc.] William Hogarth was born in London, 1698, and put apprentice to an engraver of the most ordinary class; but his comic talents, which are said to have appeared first in the prints to *Hudibras*, soon raised him to fame and fortune. — He married a daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and died 1764. — The peculiar merits of his pencil are unquestionable. His *Analysis of Beauty* has been found more open to dispute; but however the greater adepts in the science may differ on its principles, it may certainly be called an honourable monument of his genius and application.

NOTE LII. Verse 370.

Whose needy Titian calls for ill-paid gold.] Richardson has fallen into a mistake concerning the famous *Danae*, and other pictures of Titian, which he says (in quoting a letter of Titian's without considering its address) were painted for Henry the VIIIth, of England, a tyrant indeed, voluptuous, and cruel, but still less detestable than the sullen and unnatural

Philip

Philip the 11th of Spain, who filled up the measure of his [superior] guilt by the horrid assassination of his son. Philip, on his marriage with Mary, assumed the title of King of England; and to him Titian addressed the letter, which speaks of the pictures in question: the painter frequently mentions his attachment to his unworthy patron.

His solicitude to ensure his protection and favour is strongly marked in the following short passage of a letter which he addressed to one of Philip's attendants. "Mando ora la poesia di Venere e Adone, nella quale V. S. vedra, quanto spirito e amore io metterò nell' opere di sua Maestà. — Raccolta, tom. II. p. 21.

How poorly this great artist was rewarded for his ill-directed labour, appears very forcibly in a long letter of complaints, which he had spirit enough to address to the king on the many hardships he suffered in being unable to obtain the payment of the pension which had been granted to him by the emperor Charles the 5th. — Raccolta, tom. II. p. 379.

NOTE LIII. Verse 436.

Bid English pencils honour English worth. The great encouragement given our painters to select subjects from English history, has of late years been very observable. Many individuals of rank and fortune have promoted this laudable plan with spirit and effect; and the Society of Arts and Sciences have confined their premiums to subjects taken from the British Annals.

NOTE LIV. Verse 441. *Her wounded Sidney, Bayard's perfect peer.*] The gallant, the amiable and accomplished Sir Philip Sidney may be justly placed on a level with the noble Bayard, "Le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche," whose glory has of late received new lustre from the pen of Robertson and the pencil of West. The striking scene here alluded to, which preceded the death of Sidney, has not yet, I believe, appeared upon canvas, but is forcibly described by the noble and enthusiastic friend of Sidney, the Lord Brooke. — See Biograph. Britan. Art. Sidney,

The particulars also are minutely described, and with great feeling, in a letter from his uncle Leicester to Sir Thomas Heneage, quoted in Collins's Memoirs of the Sidnys. The tide of national admiration flowed very strong in favour of Sidney, when Mr. Walpole, in speaking of Lord Brooke, appeared to check the current; but the merits of Sidney are sufficient to bear down all opposition. — Instead of joining the elegant author I have mentioned, in considering Sir Philip Sidney as "an astonishing object of temporary admiration," I am surprized that so judicious an author should ever question so fair a title to universal regard. The learning and munificence, the courage and courtesy of Sidney endeared him to every rank, and he justly challenges the lasting affection of his country from the closing scene of his life, in which heroism and humanity are so beautifully blended. I never can think this accomplished character any ways degraded by his having written a tedious romance (in which however there are many touches of exquisite beauty

and

and spirit) to amuse a most amiable sister, whom he tenderly loved; or by his having threatened an unworthy servant of his father's with death in a hasty billet, merely to intimidate and deter him from the future commission of an infamous breach of trust, in opening his letters.

NOTE LV. Verse 458.

[*The heroic Daughter of the virtuous More.*] Margaret, eldest daughter of the celebrated Sir Thomas More. The scene which I have proposed for the subject of a picture, is taken from the following passage in Ballard's *Life of Sir Thomas More*: "After Sir Thomas More was beheaded, she took care for the burial of his body in the chapel of St. Peter's and Vincula, within the precincts of the Tower, and afterwards she procured his corpse to be removed, and buried in the chancel of the church at Chelsea, as Sir Thomas More, in his life-time, had appointed. His head having remained about fourteen days upon London Bridge, and being to be cast into the Thames to make room for others, she bought it. For this she was summoned before the council, as the same author relates, and behaved with the greatest firmness, justifying her conduct upon principles of humanity and filial piety. She was, however, imprisoned, but soon released, and dying nine years after her father, at the age of thirty-six, was buried at St. Dunstan's, in Canterbury. The head of her father, which she had preserved with religious veneration, in a box of lead, was, at her particular request, committed with her to the grave. It was seen standing on her coffin in the year 1715, when the vault of the Roper (her husband's)

family was opened. — See Ballard's *Memoirs of learned Ladies*, p. 36.

The character [of] this amiable woman is happily drawn both by Addison and Walpole. — She married, at the age of twenty, William Roper, Esquire, of Kent, to the infinite satisfaction of her father; for she seems to have been the dearest object of his parental affection, which is very strongly marked in his letters addressed to her. She was indeed most eminently distinguished by her learning, in an age, when the graces of the mind were regarded as an essential article in female education: but the beauty and force of her filial piety reflects a still superior lustre on this accomplished woman. — There is more than one passage in her life, which would furnish an admirable subject for the pencil. Her interview with her father, on his return to the Tower, is mentioned as such by Mr. Walpole.

NOTE LVI. Verse 523.

But, oh! how poor the prostrate Satan lies.] It is remarkable, that the greatest painters have failed in this particular. Raphael, Guido, and West, are all deficient in the figure of Satan. Richardson observes, in his description of the pictures of Italy, — “*Je n'ai jamais vu d'aucun Maître une représentation du Diable, prince des Diables, qui me satisfît.*” Page 500.

In recommending this subject to the pencil, it may be proper to observe, that it is not only extremely difficult, but even attended with danger, if we credit the following curious anecdote, in a medical writer of great reputation. — Spinello, fameux Peintre Toscan, ayant peint la chute des anges rebelles, donna

des

des traits si terribles à Lucifer, qu'il en fut lui-même saisi d'horreur, et tout le reste de sa vie il crut voir continuellement ce Demon lui reprocher de l'avoir représenté sous une figure si hideuse. — Tiffot de la Santé des Gens de Lettres.

As this story is so singular, it may amuse some readers to see it in the words of Vasari, from whom Tiffot seems to have taken it. — The Italian Biographer says, in describing a picture by Spinello Aretino, who flourished in the close of the 14th century: Si vede un Lucifero già mutato in bestia bruttissima. E si compiacque tanto Spinello di farlo orribile, e contraffatto, che si dice (tanto può alcuna fiata l'immaginazione) che la detta figura da lui dipinta gl'apparue in sogno domandandolo, doue egli l'hauessse veduta si brutta e per che fattole tale scorno con i suoi pennelli: E che egli svegliatosi dal sonno, per la paura, non potendo gridare, con tremito grandissimo si scosse di maniera che la moglie destata si lo soccorse: ma niente di manco fu per ciò a rischio, stringendogli il cuore, di morirsi per cotale accidente subitamente. Ben che ad ogni modo spiritaticcio, e con occhi tondi, poco tempo vivendo poi si condusse alla morte, lasciando di se gran desiderio a gli amici. — Vasari Vita di Spinello Aretino, pag. 218. Edit. di Giunti.

F I N I S.

due trair de contraires à l'autre, qu'il en fut lui-même
 sans étonnement, et tout le reste de la vie il eut voir
 continuellement de Danton lui reprocher de l'avoir re-
 proché de son caractère à lui-même. — Tiffot de la
 Saint-Genis de l'autre.
 A cette fois il se singular, et par suite sous res-
 ders soit dans the words of Voltaire, from whom
 Tiffot seems to have taken it. — The Italian history
 other laws, in depicting a picture in Spinoza's Arcano,
 who distinguished in the close of the 17th century: Si
 dans l'âme l'autre, qui n'est pas in bestia primum
 à l'égard de l'autre Spinoza di fatto oribile, e con-
 trasto, che si dice (canto più al qua l'immagi-
 natione) che la data signa da lui dipinta gli appa-
 re in sogno comandandolo, dove egli l'ha veduta si
 prima e per che l'autre tale l'è con i suoi panni:
 E che egli veglia non tal sono, per la panna, non po-
 tando guidare, con nessuno grandissimo si scosse di ma-
 niere che la moglie dell'altro lo toccasse: ma niente di
 meno si per ciò a rischio, frangendosi il cuore, di
 morire per cause accidenti subitamente. Ben che ad
 ogni modo spiritistico, e con occhi noni, poco tem-
 po ricordo poi si condusse alla morte, lasciando di se
 gran desiderio a gli amici. — Valeri Vici di Spinoza
 Arcano, pag. 218. Edit. di Ginevra.

P R E F A C E .

THE

MINSTREL;T

THE Minstrel;T was to be a collection of poems, some in a modern style, and some in a more ancient one, which might be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a Minstrel;T, that is, as an ancient Poet and Minstrel.

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but

A P O E M

I have endeavoured to imitate Spenser in the manner

IN TWO BOOKS.

of his words, and in the harmony, simplicity, and variety, of his composition. Anding expressions I have

avoided; admitting, however, some old words, where

they seemed to suit the subject; but I hope none will

be found that are now obsolete, or in any degree not

JAMES BEATTIE, II. D.

intelligible to a reader of English poetry.

To those who may be disposed to ask, what could

induce me to write in so difficult a measure, I can

only answer, that it pleases my ear, and seems, from

its Gothic structure and original, to bear some relation

to the subject and spirit of the poem. It admits both

simplicity and magnificence of sound and of language,

beyond any other stanza that I am acquainted with.

It allows the latitudinarian of the couplet, as well as

the more complex modulation of blank verse. When

some critics have remarked, of its uniformity, as if

it were to the ear, will be found to hold true, only

when the poetry is fairly in other respects.

P R E F A C E.

THE design was, to trace the progress of a Poetical Genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as A MINSTREL, that is, as an itinerant Poet and Musician; a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred.

I have endeavoured to imitate SPENSER in the measure of his verse, and in the harmony, simplicity, and variety, of his composition. Antique expressions I have avoided; admitting, however, some old words, where they seemed to suit the subject: but I hope none will be found that are now obsolete, or in any degree not intelligible to a reader of English poetry.

To those, who may be disposed to ask, what could induce me to write in so difficult a measure, I can only answer, that it pleases my ear, and seems, from its Gothick structure and original, to bear some relation to the subject and spirit of the Poem. It admits both simplicity and magnificence of sound and of language, beyond any other stanza that I am acquainted with. It allows the sententiousness of the couplet, as well as the more complex modulation of blank verse. What some criticks have remarked, of its uniformity at last tiresome to the ear, will be found to hold true, only when the poetry is faulty in other respects.

III.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
 Nor need I here declare my burning love;
 How long I have been waiting for you,
 Right glad of heart, though lonely in my way;
 His waiting looks and lonely days
 While from his burning heart he waits for you,
PROGRESS OF GENIUS.
 Which is the first book.
 And over as he went some many a long

IV.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
 The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
 Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
 Has felt the influence of malignant star,
 And waged with fortune an eternal war;
 Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
 And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
 In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
 Then drop'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown.

II.

And yet, the languor of inglorious days
 Not equally oppressive is to all.
 Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
 The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
 There are, who, deaf to mad ambition's call,
 Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of Fame;
 Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
 Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
 Had HE, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

III. The

III.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore ;
Nor need I here describe in learned lay,
How forth THE MINSTREL fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array ;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey :
While from his bending shoulder decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung :
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

IV.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor Villager inspires my strain ;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide :
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign ;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms,
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

V.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony ! and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float :
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what heaven inspires, and wander where they
will.

VII

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
 Nor was perfection made for man below.
 Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
 Good counteracting ill, and gladness wo.
 With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow;
 If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
 There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
 Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
 And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

VII.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent Muse
 Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
 Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
 Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
 Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre;
 Will thou debase the heart which God refin'd?
 Not let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire;
 To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd;
 Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

VIII.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
 In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
 On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
 Stung with disease, and stupified with spleen;
 Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
 Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
 (The mansion then no more of joy serene),
 Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
 And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

IX. O

IX.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
 O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven !

X.

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
 And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart.
 But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
 E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart :
 For, ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;
 Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
 The stern resolve unmoved by pity's smart,
 The troublous day, and long distressful dream. —
 Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed theme.

XI.

There lived in Gothick days, as legends tell,
 A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree ;
 Whose fires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
 Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;
 But he, I ween, was of the north countrie : *
 A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms ;
 Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;
 Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
 Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

XII. The

* There is hardly an ancient ballad, or romance, wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterised, by way of eminence, to have been "OF THE NORTH COUNTRIE." It is probable, that under this

XII.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
 On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
 The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd;
 An honest heart was almost all his stock;
 His drink the living water from the rock;
 The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
 Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
 And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
 Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they
 went.

XIII.

From labour health, from health contentment springs.
 Contentment opes the source of every joy.
 He envied not, he never thought of, kings;
 Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
 That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy:
 Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled;
 He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
 For on his vows the blameless Phoebe smiled,
 And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

XIV.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
 Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
 Each season look'd delightful, as it past,
 To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
 Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
 They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
 Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
 Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
 Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

XV. The

this appellation were formerly comprehended all
 the provinces to the north of the Trent.

See PERCY's Essay on the English Minstrels.

XV.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
 Was all the offspring of this humble pair.
 His birth no oracle or seer foretold :
 No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
 Nor aught that might a strange event declare,
 You guess each circumstance of EDWIN's birth ;
 The parent's transport, and the parent's care ;
 The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth ;
 And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

XVI.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy ;
 Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye,
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gauds, nor toy,
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
 Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;
 And now his look was most demurely sad ;
 And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
 The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad.
 Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed
 him mad.

XVII.

But why should I his childish feats display ?
 Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled ;
 Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
 Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped ;
 Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head ;
 Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
 To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
 There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
 Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

XVIII. Th' ex-

XVIII.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the wo of any living thing.
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield:
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

XIX.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to
prize.

XX.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn;
Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil. —
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean,
smile.

XXI.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
 When all in mist the world below was lost.
 What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
 And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
 In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
 And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

XXII.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
 Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
 In darkness, and in storm, he found delight:
 Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
 The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.*
 Even sad vicissitude amused his soul:
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

XXIII.

* O ye wild-groves, o where is now your bloom!
 (The Muse interprets thus his tender thought.)
 * Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
 * Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
 * Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
 * To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
 * Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
 * For now the storm howls mournful through the
 brake,
 * And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

XXIV. 'Where

* Brightness, splendour. The word is used by some
 late writers, as well as by Milton.

XXIV.

'Where now the bill, melodious, pure, and cool;
 'And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty
 'crown'd;
 'Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool;
 'Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd;
 'Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound.
 'The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray.
 'And, hark! the river, bursting every mound,
 'Down the vale thunders; and with wasteful sway,
 'Uproots the grove; and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

XXV.

'Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
 'So flourish and fade majestic man;
 'Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
 'And fostering gales a while the nursing fan,
 'O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wane,
 'Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
 'Nor lessen of his life the little span.
 'Born on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
 'Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

XXVI.

'And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
 'Whose hope still grovels in this dark sejour.
 'But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
 'Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
 'Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return?
 'Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed? —
 'Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
 'And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
 'Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

XXVII.

'Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
 'When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
 'Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
 'Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
 'Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 'With disappointment, penury, and pain? —
 'No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive;
 'And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
 'Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant
 'reign.

XXVIII.

This truth sublime his simple fire had taught,
 In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.
 No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
 Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.
 'Let man's own sphere (said he) confine his view,
 'Be man's peculiar work his sole delight.'
 And much, and oft, he warn'd him, to eschew
 Falshood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
 By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

XXIX.

'And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Wo,
 'O never, never turn away thine ear!
 'Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
 'Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
 'To others do (the law is not severe)
 'What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
 'Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
 'And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
 'All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine
 own.

XXX. See,

XXX.

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy from shelter fly !
For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.
And, lo ! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun !
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chace thine ardor has begun !
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

XXXI.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power the bosom warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And Disappointment of her sting disarm. —
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm ?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire !
Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire :
Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

XXXII.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corse pale;
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles along.

XXXIII.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
 Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
 To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
 Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
 And there let Fancy rove at large, till sleep
 A vision brought to his intranced sight.
 And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
 Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
 With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of night.

XXXIV.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
 Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
 And forth an host of little warriors march,
 Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
 Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
 And green their helms, and green their silk attire;
 And here and there, right venerably old,
 The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling wire,
 And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

XXXV.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
 A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
 The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
 And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
 They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
 To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
 Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
 Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
 Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

XXXVI. The

XXXVI.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
 Who fear'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
 Fell chanticler! who oft hast rest away
 My fancied good, and brought substantial ill.
 O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
 Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
 Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
 Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
 And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

XXXVII.

Forbear, my Muse. Let Love attune thy line.
 Revok'd the spell: Thine Edwin frets not so.
 For how should he at wicked chance repine,
 Who feels from every change amusement flow:
 Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
 As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
 Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
 Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
 A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are born.

XXXVIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
 The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
 The hum of bees, and linnets' lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

XXXIX.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
 The whistling plowman stalks afield; and, hark!
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

XL.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
 O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
 To sing thy glories with devotion due!
 Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
 From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
 And held high converse with the godlike few,
 Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

XLI.

Hence! ye, who snare and stupefy the mind,
 Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
 Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
 Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
 And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
 Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling flime
 First gave you form! hence! lest the Muse should deign,
 (Though loath on theme so mean to waste a rhyme),
 With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

XLII. But

XLII.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
 Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
 Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
 Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
 O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
 Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide;
 Your voice each rugged path of life can smoothe;
 For well I know, where-ever ye reside,
 There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

XLIII.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,
 As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
 Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
 And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
 Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
 Her legend when the Beldame gan impart,
 Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
 Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
 Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art.

XLIV.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
 And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd;
 Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
 And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;
 The moon-light revel of the fairy glade;
 Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
 And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,*
 'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,
 Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

XLV. But

* Allusion to SHAKESPEARE.

Macbeth. How now, ye secret, black, and midnight
 hags,

What is't you do?

Witches. A deed WITHOUT A NAME.

MACBETH, Act. 4. Scene 1.

XLV.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
 A gentler strain the Beldame would rehearse,
 A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
 The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
 O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
 That heart by lust of lucre fear'd to stone?
 For sure, if aught of virtue left, or verse,
 To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
 Those helpless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

XLVI.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,*
 The babes now famish'd lay them down to die.
 Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
 Folded in one another's arms they lie;
 Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry:
 'For from the town the man returns no more.
 But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance darest defy,
 This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
 When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume
 thy store.

XLVII.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
 Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear. —
 'But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
 'And Innocence thus die by doom severe?
 O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
 Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel;
 Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere;
 But let us hope; to doubt is to rebel;
 Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

XLVIII. Nor

* See the fine old ballad, called, THE CHILDREN IN
 THE WOOD.

XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given;
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
To censure Fate, and pious hope forego:
Like yonder blasted boughs, by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

XLIX.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend!
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without
end!

L.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem,
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

LI. Thus

LII.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years.
 For Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar
 On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears;
 Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
 Through microscope of metaphysic lore:
 And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
 For why? their powers, inadequate before,
 This idle art makes more and more unfit;
 Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders
 wit.

LII.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth.
 Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
 Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth;
 Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
 To purchase chat or laughter, at the price
 Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
 That Nature form a rustic taste so nice. —
 Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
 Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

LIII.

Oft, when the winter-storm had ceased to rave,
 He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
 The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
 High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue:
 Where 'midst the changeful scenery ever new
 Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries
 More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
 Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
 And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

LIV. Thence

EIV.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th' autumnal day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er Heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder
ran.

LV.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe when all
In sprightly dance the village-youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind,
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly.
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined,
Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of heavenly melan-
choly!

LVI.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muse; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or mourn,
And delve for life, in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton
swine.

LVII. For

LVII.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd;
 Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
 The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
 And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
 His infant muse, though artless, was not mute;
 Of elegance as yet he took no care;
 For this of time and culture is the fruit;
 And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare;
 As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

LVIII.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
 Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
 By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
 He scan'd with curious and romantic eye.
 Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
 From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
 Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
 At last, though long by penury control'd,
 And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

LIX.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
 For many a long month lost in snow profound,
 When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
 And in their northern cave the storms are bound;
 From silent mountains, straight, wit startling sound,
 Torrents are hurl'd; green hills emerge; and lo,
 The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd;
 Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
 And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.*

LX. Here

* Spring and Autumn are hardly known to the Lap-landers. About the time the Sun enters Cancer, their

LX.

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while.
 The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
 But on this verse if MONTAGU should smile,
 New strains erelong shall animate thy frame.
 And her applause to me is more than fame;
 For still with truth accords her taste refined.
 'At lucre or renown let others aim,
 I only wish to please the gentle mind,
 Whom nature's charms inspire, and love of human-kind.

their fields, which a week before were covered
 with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and
 flowers.

SCHAEFFER's History of Lapland, p. 16.

THE
MINSTREL;

or the
PROGRESS OF GENIUS.
THE SECOND BOOK.

I.

OF chance or change O let not man complain,
Else I shall he never never cease to wail;
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
And gulphs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where th' Atlantick rolls wide continents have
bloom'd. *

II.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas, we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine:
But spare, o Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

III. So

* See PLATO's Timæus.

III.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
 Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
 And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand;
 Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
 Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
 Warbling and sauntering carelessly along;
 Where every face was innocent and gay,
 Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
 Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

IV.

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire"
 Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
 Edwin, though loved of heaven, must not aspire
 To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
 On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
 Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy:
 But now and then the shades of life explore;
 Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
 And many a quahn of care his rising hopes destroy.

V.

Vigour from toll, from trouble patience grows,
 The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
 Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;
 But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
 Mark yonder oaks! Superiour to the power
 Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
 And from the stormy promontory tower,
 And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
 While each assailing blast increaseth of strength supplies.

VI.

And how the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
 Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
 And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
 And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.
 One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,
 It was his chance to wander far abroad,
 And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
 Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
 A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode,

VII.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene.
 For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
 Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
 Fenced from the north and east this savage dell,
 Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
 Whose long long groves eternal murmur made:
 And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
 Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, survey'd
 Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might see
 The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
 And, here and there, a solitary tree,
 Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
 Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
 Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
 And from the summit of that craggy mound
 The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
 Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

IX.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantick visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew roll; —
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole,

X.

'Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
'And woo the weary to profound repose;
'Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
'And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
'Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
'And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
'O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
'When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
'Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
 springs.

XI.

'Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire?
 'Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid: —
 'To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
 'It is thy weakness that requires their aid: —
 'To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd?
 'They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm: —
 'To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?
 'Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
 'Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

XII.

'True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
 'Virtue has raised above the things below;
 'Who, every hope and fear to heaven resign'd,
 'Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow.'
 This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow,
 In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star;
 And from embattled clouds emerging flow
 Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
 And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar,

XIII.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew;
 (While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)
 'Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
 'Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good!
 'Ye only can engage the servile brood
 'Of Levity and Lust, who all their days,
 'Asham'd of truth and liberty, have woo'd
 'And hug'd the chain, that glittering on their gaze
 'Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal
 blaze.

XIV.

'Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
 'I fought for glory in the paths of guile;
 'And fawn'd and smiled, to plunder and betray,
 'Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while;
 'So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file.
 'But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue
 'Those years of trouble and debasement vile. —
 'Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue!
 'Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever, from my view.

XV. 'The

XV.

'The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
 'And storms of disappointment, all o'erpass;
 'Henceforth no earthly hope with heaven shall share
 'This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
 'And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
 'And if no future age shall hear my name,
 'I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
 'And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
 'Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

XVI.

'The end and the reward of toil is rest.
 'Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
 'Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess'd,
 'Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease?
 'Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
 'The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
 'The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
 'All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
 'If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring!

XVII.

'Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
 'With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
 'In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
 'Where night and desolation ever frown.
 'Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
 'Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
 'With here and there a violet bestrown,
 'Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
 'And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave,

XVIII.

'And thither let the village swain repair;
 'And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
 'To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
 'And celebrate the merry morn of May.
 'There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
 'Fill all the grove with love's bewitching wo;
 'And when mild Evening comes in mantle grey,
 'Let not the blooming band make haste to go;
 'No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.

XIX.

'For though I fly to scape from Fortune's rage,
 'And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
 'Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
 'Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn;
 'For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
 'O Man, creation's pride, heaven's darling child,
 'Whom nature's best divinest gifts adorn,
 'Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
 'And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears
 defiled!

XX.

'Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!
 'What majesty attends Night's lovely queen!
 'Fair laugh our vallies in the vernal beams;
 'And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
 'And all conspire to beautify the scene.
 'But, in the mental world, what chaos drear!
 'What form of mournful, loathsome, furious mien!
 'O when shall that Eternal Morn appear,
 'These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear!

XXI. 'O

XXI.

'O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
 'In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
 'Rose from th' abyss; when dark Confusion, driven
 'Down down the bottomless profound of night,
 'Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight!
 'O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
 'To blast the fury of oppressive might,
 'Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
 'And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the way.'

XXII.

Silence ensued: and Edwin raised his eyes
 In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart;
 'And is it thus in courtly life (he cries)
 'That man to man acts a betrayer's part?
 'And dares he thus the gifts of heaven pervert,
 'Each social instinct, and sublime desire? —
 'Hail poverty! if honour, wealth, and art,
 'If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
 'Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire!'

XXIII.

He said, and turn'd away; nor did the Sage
 O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.
 The Youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
 Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd;
 For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
 The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;
 Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd;
 A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
 Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

T 5

XXIV. But

* How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank. ,

SHAKESPEARE.

XXIV.

But he from day to day more anxious grew,
 The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear.
 Nor durst he hope the Hermit's tale untrue;
 For man he seem'd to love, and heaven to fear;
 And none speaks false, where there is none to hear.
 'Yet can man's gentle heart become so fell!
 'No more in vain conjecture let me wear
 'My hours away, but seek the Hermit's cell;
 'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel.'

XXV.

At early dawn the Youth his journey took,
 And many a mountain pass'd, and valley wide,
 Then reach'd the wild; where, in a flowery nook,
 And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
 An antient man: his harp lay him beside.
 A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
 And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied
 A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
 And hung his lofty neck with many a flowret small.

XXVI.

And now the hoary Sage arose, and saw
 The wanderer approaching: innocence
 Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
 Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.
 'Who art thou, courteous stranger? and from
 whence?
 'Why roam thy steps to this sequester'd dale?'
 'A shepherd-boy (the Youth replied), far hence
 'My habitation; hear my artless tale;
 'Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

XXVII. 'Late

XXVII.

'Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
 'I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound;
 'And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
 'Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound;
 '(For in thy speech I recognise the sound).
 'You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,
 'And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,
 'Pondering on former days by guilt engross'd,
 'Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

XXVIII.

'But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
 'Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul?
 'Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
 'Can selfishness the liberal heart control?
 'Is glory there achiev'd by arts, as foul
 'As those that felons, fiends, and furies plan?
 'Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl;
 'Love is the godlike attribute of man,
 'O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

XXIX.

'Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
 'And give me back the calm, contented mind;
 'Which, late, exulting, view'd in Nature's frame
 'Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,
 'Grace, grandeur, and utility combined.
 'Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
 'Well pleased with all, but most with humankind;
 'When fancy roved through Nature's works at will,
 'Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of ill.'

XXX. 'Wouldst

XXX.

'Wouldst thou (the Sage replied) in peace return,
 'To the gay dreams of fond romantick youth,
 'Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
 'From every gentle ear the dreadful truth:
 'For, if my desultory strain with ruth
 'And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
 'Alas! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,
 'Shouldst thou th' extent of human folly know.
 'Be ignorance thy choite, where knowledge leads to wo.

XXXI.

'But let untender thoughts afar be driven;
 'Nor venture to arraign the dread decree.
 'For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
 'The voice of the Eternal said, Be free:
 'And this divine prerogative to thee
 'Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey;
 'For virtue is the child of liberty,
 'And happiness of virtue; nor can they
 'Be free to keep the path, who are not free to stray.

XXXII.

'Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
 'Which else might thy young virtue overpower;
 'And in thy converse I shall find relief,
 'When the dark shades of melancholy lower;
 'For solitude has many a dreary hour,
 'Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain:
 'Come often then; for, haply, in my bower,
 'Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st gain;
 'If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain.

XXXIII. And

XXXIII.

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
 The Muse of history unrolls her page,
 But few, alas! the scenes her art displays,
 To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
 Here Chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage,
 And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness burn:
 Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
 But lo, ere long, is left alone to mourn,
 And languish in the dust, and clasp th' abandon'd urn.

XXXIV.

'Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,
 'Where ruin's gulph unfathom'd yawns beneath!
 'Shall life, shall liberty be lost, (he said)
 'For the vain toys that Pomp and Power bequeath!
 'The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,
 'Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave;
 'No note the clarion of Renown can breathe,
 'T' alarm the long night of the lonely grave,
 'Or check the headlong haste of Time's o'erwhelming
 wave.

XXXV.

'Ah, what avails it to have traced the springs
 'That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel!
 'Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
 'Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with
 steel!
 'To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel,
 'Heroes, alas! are things of small concern;
 'Could History man's secret heart reveal,
 'And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
 'Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not yearn!

XXXVI. 'This

XXXVI.

'This praise, O Cheronean Sage *, is thine.
 '(Why should this praise to thee alone belong!)
 'All else from Nature's moral path decline,
 'Lured by the toys that captivate the throng;
 'To herd in cabinets and camps, among
 'Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;
 'Or chaunt of heraldry the drowsy song,
 'How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
 'Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

XXXVII.

'O who of man the story will unfold,
 'Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
 'In that elysian age (misnamed of gold)
 'The age of love, and innocence, and joy,
 'When all were great and free! man's sole employ
 'To deck the bosom of his parent earth;
 'Or toward his bower the murmuring stream decoy,
 'To aid the floweret's long-expected birth,
 'And hush the bed of peace, and crown the board of mirth.

XXXVIII.

'Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves,
 'Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
 'Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
 'His eye still smiling, and his heart content.
 'Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Labour went.
 'Nature supply'd the wish she taught to crave.
 'None prowld for prey, none warch'd to circumvent.
 'To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave:
 'No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

XXXIX. 'But

* PLUTARCH.

XXXIX.

'But ah! th' Historick Muse has never dared
 'To pierce those hallow'd bowers; 'tis Fancy's beam
 'Pou'd on the vision of th' enraptured Bard;
 'That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
 'Then hail sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the dream
 'That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe!
 'Careless what others of my choice may deem,
 'I long where Love and Fancy lead to go,
 'And meditate on heaven; enough of earth I know.'

XL.

'I cannot blame thy choice (the Sage replied)
 'For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways.
 'And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
 'The young adventurer unsafely plays.
 'Eyes dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays
 'In modest Truth no light nor beauty find.
 'And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,
 'That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
 'More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shined?

XLI.

'Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,
 'And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:
 'To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
 'But wraps the hour of woe in renfold night.
 'And often, where no real ills affright,
 'Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
 'Assail with equal or superior might,
 'And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
 'And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain.

XLII. 'And

XLII.

'And yet, alas, the real ills of life
 'Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared,
 'Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
 'Its guide Experience, and Truth its guard.
 'We fare on earth as other men have fared,
 'Were they successful? Let not us despair,
 'Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
 'Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare,
 'How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd
 to bear.

XLIII.

'What charms th' Historick Muse adorn, from spoils,
 'And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,
 'To hail the patriot Prince, whose pious toils
 'Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
 'And peace, through every age divinely bright
 'Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!
 'Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height,
 'A lovelier scene, than Virtue thus inshrined
 'In power, and man with man for mutual aid combined?

XLIV.

'Hail sacred Polity, by Freedom rear'd!
 'Hail sacred Freedom, when by Law restrain'd!
 'Without you what were man? A groveling herd
 'In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.
 'Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
 'In arts unrival'd: O, to latest days,
 'In Albion may your influence unprofaned
 'To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
 'And prompt the Sage's lore, and fire the poet's lays!

XLV. 'But

XLV.

'But now let other themes our care engage,
 'For lo, with modest yet majestick grace,
 'To curb Imagination's lawless rage,
 'And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
 'Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
 'By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
 'Fear, Discontent, Solitude give place,
 'And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
 'While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

XLVI.

'Then waken from long lethargy to life *
 'The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought;
 'Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
 'A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
 'Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
 'With fell revenge, lust that defies controul,
 'With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
 'Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl;
 'As Phebus to the world, is Science to the soul.

XLVII.

'And Reason now through Number, Time, and Space,
 'Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
 'And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,
 'Whose long progression leads to Deity.
 'Can mortal strength presume to soar so high?
 'Can mortal fight, so oft bedim'd with tears,
 'Such glory bear! — for lo, the shadows fly
 'From nature's face; Confusion disappears,
 'And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

XLVIII. 'In

* The influence of the Philosophick spirit, in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and delicate pleasure; — in exploring, by the help of geometry, the system of the uni-

XLVIII.

'In the deep windings of the grove, no more
 'The hag obscene, and grieved phantom dwell;
 'Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
 'Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;
 'No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
 'Nor sinks convulsive in prophetick swoon;
 'Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
 'To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
 'Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

XLIX.

'Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
 'Stun'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,
 'Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
 'And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
 'Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in caves,
 'Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;
 'But Science gives the word; and lo, he braves
 'The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
 'And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

L.

'And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
 'With the full pomp of vegetable store,
 'Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane.
 'Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
 'Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
 'Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood;
 'For there, each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
 'Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
 'Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

LI. 'Twas

verse; — in banishing superstition; — in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science: — from Stanza XLVI, to Stanza LVI.

LII

'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
 'The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
 'Lo, from the echoing ax, and thundering flame,
 'Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled,
 'The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
 'Bring health and melody to every vale:
 'And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
 'Ceres and Flora to the sunny dale,
 'To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

LII.

'What dire necessities on every hand
 'Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
 'Of foes intestine what a numerous band
 'Against this little throb of life conspire!
 'Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
 'A while, and turn aside Death's level'd dart,
 'Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire;
 'And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
 'And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

LIII.

'Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
 'Science exerts her all-composing sway.
 'Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
 'Or pines to indolence and Spleen a prey,
 'Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
 'Flee to the shade of Academus' grove;
 'Where cares molest not, discord melts away
 'In harmony, and the pure passions prove
 'How sweet the words of truth breath'd from the lips
 of Love.

LIV.

'What cannot Art and Industry perform,
 'When Science plans the progress of their toil!
 'They smile at penury, disease, and storm;
 'And oceans from their mighty moulds recoil.
 'When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
 'A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
 'Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
 'Deep-versed in man the philosophick Sage
 'Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to assuage.

LV.

'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
 'From situation, temper, soil, and clime
 'Explored, a nation's various powers can bind
 'And various orders, in one Form sublime
 'Of policy, that, midst the wrecks of time,
 'Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
 'Th' assault of foreign or domestick crime,
 'While publick faith, and publick love sincere,
 'And Industry and Law maintain their sway severe.

LVI.

Enraptured by the Hermit's strain, the Youth
 Proceeds the path of Science to explore.
 And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
 New energies, and charms unknown before,
 His mind discloses: Fancy now no more
 Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
 But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
 Aloft from cause to cause exults to rise,
 Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

LVII.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
 Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
 For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
 And of the services man owes to man,
 He meditates new arts on Nature's plan;
 The cold desponding breast of Sloth to warm;
 The flame of Industry and Genius fan,
 And Emulation's noble rage alarm,
 And the long hours of Toil and Solitude to charm.

LVIII.

But She, who set on fire his infant heart,
 And all his dreams, and all his wanderings shared
 And blest'd, the Muse, and her celestial art,
 Still claim th' Enthusiast's fond and first regard.
 From Nature's beauties variously compared
 And variously combined, he learns to frame
 Those forms of bright perfection*, which the Bard,
 While boundless hopes and boundless views inflame,
 Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

LIX.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show,
 Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
 Through ardour to adorn; but Nature now
 To his experienced eye a modest grace
 Presents, where Ornament the second place
 Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
 Subservient still. Simplicity apace
 Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,
 And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops th' unwieldy
 line.

U 3

LX. Fain

* General ideas of excellence, the immediate archetypes of sublime imitation, both in painting and in poetry. See ARISTOTLE'S POETICKS, and THE DISCOURSES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

LX.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
 What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
 When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains *
 His deep majestick melody 'gan roll:
 Fain would I sing, what transport storm'd his soul,
 How the red current thro' his veins along,
 When, like Pelides, bold beyond controul,
 Without art graceful, without effort strong,
 Homer rais'd high to heaven the loud, th' imperious
 song.

LXI.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
 Now skill'd to sooth, to triumph, to complain,
 Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
 Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
 I fain would sing: — but ah! I strive in vain, —
 Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound. —
 With trembling step, to join yon weeping train,
 I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
 And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death
 resound.

LXII.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
 The soft amusement of the vacant mind!
 He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
 He, whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,
 Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind! ** —
 He sleeps in dust. — Ah, how should I pursue
 My theme! — To heart-consuming grief resign'd
 Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
 And pour my bitter tears. — Ye flowery lays, adieu!

LXIII. Art

* VIRGIL. ** This excellent person died suddenly,
 on the 10th of February 1773. The conclusion
 of the poem was written a few days after.

LXIII.

Art thou, my GREGORY, for ever fled!
 And am I left to unavailing woe!
 When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
 Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,
 Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go!
 No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers:
 Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
 My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears. —
 'Tis meet that I should mourn: — flow forth afresh my
 tears.

THE END.

THE LIBRARY.

A POEM.

BY THE REV^d GEORGE CRABBE.

WHEN the sad Soul, by care and grief oppress'd,
Looks round the world, but looks in vain for rest;

When every object that appears in view
Partakes her gloom, and seems dejected too;
Where shall Affliction from itself retire?
Where fade away, and placidly expire?
Alas! we fly to silent scenes in vain,
Care blasts the honours of the flow'ry plain,
He veils in clouds the Sun's meridian beam,
Sighs through the grove, and murmurs in the stream;
For when the Soul is labouring in despair,
In vain the Body breathes a purer air;
No storm-tost sailor sighs for slumbering seas,
He dreads the tempest, but invokes the breeze;
On the smooth mirror of the deep resides
Reflected woe, and o'er unruffled tides
The ghost of every former danger glides.
Thus in the calms of life we only see
A steadier image of our misery;
But lively gales, and gently-clouded skies,
Disperse the sad reflections as they rise;
And busy thoughts, and little cares, prevail

To ease the mind, when rest and reason fail.
 When the dull thought, by no designs employ'd,
 Dwells on the past, or suffer'd or enjoy'd,
 We bleed anew in every former grief,
 And joys departed furnish no relief.

Not Hope herself, with her old flattering art,
 Can cure this stubborn sickness of the heart;
 The Soul disdains each comfort she prepares,
 And anxious searches for congenial cares;
 Those lenient cares, which, with our own combin'd,
 By mixt sensations ease th' afflicted mind,
 And steal our grief away, and leave their own behind;
 A lighter grief! which feeling hearts endure
 Without regret, nor ev'n demand a cure.

But what strange art, what magic can dispose
 The troubled mind to change its native woes?
 Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
 Others more wretched, more undone than we?
 This Books can do — nor this alone; they give
 New views to life, and teach us how to live;
 They soothe the griev'd, the stubborn they chastise,
 Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise.
 Their aid they yield to all; they never shun
 The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone:
 Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
 They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
 Nor tell to various people various things,
 But shew to subjects what they shew to kings.

Come then, and entering view this spacious scene,
 This sacred dome, this noble magazine;
 Where mental wealth the poor in thought may find,
 And mental physic the distard in mind;

See here the balms that passion's wounds assuage,
 See coolers here, that damp the fire of rage;
 Here alt'ratives by slow degrees controul
 The chronic habits of the sickly soul;
 And round the heart, and o'er the aching head,
 Mild opiates here their sober influence shed.

In this selection, which the human mind
 With care has made, for Glory has design'd,
 All should be perfect; or at least appear
 From falshood, vanity, and passion clear:
 But man's best efforts taste of man, and show
 The poor and troubled source from whence they flow;
 His very triumphs his defeats must speak,
 And ev'n his wisdom serves to prove him weak.
 Fashion, though Folly's child, and guide of fools,
 Rules e'en the wisest, and in Learning rules;
 From courts and crowds to Wisdom's seat she goes,
 And reigns triumphant o'er her mother's foes:
 Yon Follie's, once the darlings of the mode,
 Now lie neglected like the birth-day ode;
 There Learning, stuff'd with maxims trite though sage,
 Makes Indigestion yawn at every page;
 Chain'd like Prometheus, lo! the mighty train
 Brave Time's fell tooth, and live and die again;
 And now the scorn of men, and now the pride,
 The fires respect them, and the sons deride.

Our patient Fathers trifling themes laid by,
 And roll'd o'er labour'd works th' attentive eye;
 Page after page, the much-enduring men
 Explor'd the deeps and shallows of the pen;
 Till, every note and every comment known,
 They mark'd the spacious margin with their own;

Minute

Minute corrections prov'd their studious care,
 The little Index pointing told us where;
 And many an emendation prov'd the age
 Look'd far beyond the rubric title-page.

Our nicer palates lighter labours seek,
 Cloy'd with a Folio-number once a week;
 Bibles with cuts and comments thus go down,
 E'en light Voltaire is number'd through the town;
 Thus Physic flies abroad, and thus the Law
 From men of study, and from men of straw;
 Abstracts, Abridgements, please the fickle times,
 Pamphlets and Plays, and Politics and Rhymes.
 But though to write is now a task of ease,
 Hard is your task by manly arts to please;
 For all your secret faults are brought in view,
 And half your judges art your rivals too.

But ne'er, discourag'd, fair attempts lay by,
 For Reason views them with approving eye,
 And Candour yields what cavillers deny.
 She sees the struggles of the soul to steer
 Through clouds and darkness, which surround us here,
 And, though the long research has ne'er prevail'd,
 Applauds the trial, and forgets it fail'd.

With awe around these silent walks I tread,
 These are the lasting mansions of the dead;
 The dead! methinks a thousand tongues reply,
 These are the tombs of those who cannot die;
 Crown'd with eternal fame, they sit sublime,
 And laugh at all the little strife of time.

Hail! then, Immortals! ye who shine above,
 Each in his sphere the literary Jove;
 And ye the common people of these skies,

An

An humbler crowd of nameless deities;
 Whether 'tis yours to lead the willing mind
 Through History's mazes, and the turnings find;
 Or whether, led by Science, ye retire,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the vast desire:
 Whether the Muse invites you to her bowers,
 And crowns your placid brows with living flowers;
 Or godlike Wisdom teaches you to show
 The noblest road to happiness below;
 Or men and manners prompt the easy page
 To mark the flying follies of the age —
 Whatever good ye boast, that good impart,
 Inform the head, and rectify the heart.

Lo! all in silence, all in order stand,
 And mighty Folio's first, a lordly band;
 Then Quarto's their well-order'd ranks maintain,
 And light Octavo's fill a spacious plain;
 See yonder, rang'd in more frequented rows,
 An humbler band of Duodecimo's;
 While undistinguish'd trifles swell the scene,
 The last new Play, and fritter'd Magazine:
 Thus 'tis in life, where first the Proud, the Great,
 In leagu'd assembly keep their cumbrous state;
 Heavy and huge, they fill the world with dread,
 Are much admir'd, and are but little read;
 The Commons next, a middle rank are found;
 Professions fruitful pour their offspring round;
 Wits, Bards, and Idlers fill a tatter'd row;
 And the vile Vulgar lie disdain'd below.

Amid these works, on which the eager eye
 Delights to fix, or glides reluctant by,
 Where all combin'd their decent pomp display,

Where

Where shall we first our early offering pay?
 To thee, Philosophy! to thee, the light,
 The guide of mortals through their mental night,
 By whom the world in all its views is shown,
 Our guide through Nature's works, and in our own;
 Who place in order Being's wondrous chain,
 Save where those puzzling, stubborn links remain,
 By art divine involv'd, which man can ne'er explain.

These are thy volumes; and in these we look,
 As abstracts drawn from Nature's larger book,
 Here first describ'd the humble glebe appears,
 Unconscious of the gaudy robe it wears;
 All that the earth's profound recesses hide,
 And all that roll beneath the raging tide;
 The sullen gem that yet disdains to shine,
 And all the ductile matter of the mine.

Next to the vegetable tribes they lead,
 Whose fruitful beds o'er every balmy mead
 Teem with new life, and hills, and vales, and groves,
 Feed the still flame, and nurse the silent loves;
 Which, when the Spring calls forth their genial power,
 Swell with the seed, and flourish in the flower:
 There *, with the husband-slaves, in royal pride,
 Queens, like the Amazons of old, reside;
 There, like the Turk, the lordly husband lives,
 And joy to all the gay seraglio gives;
 There **, in the secret chambers, veil'd from sight,
 A bashful tribe in hidden flames delight;

There,

* Alluding to the Sexual System of Linnæus.

** The Class Cryptogamia.

There *, in the open day, and gaily deck'd,
 The bolder brides their distant lords expect;
 Who with the wings of love instinctive rise,
 And on prolific winds each ardent bridegroom flies.

Next are that tribe whom life and sense inform,
 The torpid beetle, and the shrinking worm;
 And insects, proud to spread their brilliant wing,
 To catch the fostering sun-beams of the spring;
 That feather'd race, which late from winter fled,
 To dream an half-existence with the dead;
 Who now, returning from their six-months' sleep,
 Dip their black pinions in the slumbering deep;
 Where, feeling life from stronger beams of day,
 The scaly myriads of the ocean play.

Then, led by Art through Nature's maze, we trace
 The sullen people of the savage race;
 And see a favourite tribe mankind attend,
 And in the fawning follower find the friend:
 Man crowns the scene, a world of wonders new,
 A moral world, that well demands our view.

This world is here; for, of more lofty kind,
 These neighbouring volumes reason on the mind;
 They paint the state of man ere yet endu'd
 With knowledge; man, poor, ignorant, and rude;
 Then, as his state improves, their pages swell,
 And all its cares, and all its comforts, tell:
 Here we behold how inexperience buys
 At little price the wisdom of the wise;
 Without the troubles of an active state,
 Without the cares and dangers of the great,

Without

* The Class Dioecia.

Without the miseries of the poor, we know
 What Wisdom, Wealth, and Poverty bestow;
 We see how Reason calms the raging mind,
 And how contending passions urge mankind;
 Some, won by virtue, glow with sacred fire;
 Some, lur'd by vice, indulge the low desire;
 Whilst others, won by either, now pursue
 The guilty chace, now keep the good in view;
 For ever wretched, with themselves at strife,
 They lead a puzzled, vex'd, uncertain life;
 For transient vice bequeaths a lingering pain,
 Which transient virtues seek to cure in vain.

Whilst thus engag'd, high views enlarge the Soul,
 New interests draw, new principles controul;
 Nor thus the Soul alone resigns her grief,
 But here the tortur'd Body finds relief;
 For see where yonder sage Arachne shapes
 Her subtle gin, that not a Fly escapes!
 There Physic fills the space, and far around,
 Pile above pile, her learned works abound;
 Glorious their aim — to aid the labouring heart,
 To war with Death, and stop his flying dart;
 To trace the source from whence the contest grew,
 And life's short lease on easier terms renew;
 To calm the frenzy of the burning brain,
 To heal the tortures of imploring pain,
 Or, when more powerful ills all efforts brave,
 To ease the victim no device can save,
 And smooth the stormy passage to the grave.

But man, who knows no good unmix'd and pure,
 Oft finds a poison where he sought a cure;
 For grave deceivers lodge their labours here,

And

And cloud the science they pretend to clear:
 Scourges for sin the solemn tribe are sent;
 Like fire and storms, they call us to repent;
 But storms subside, and fires forget to rage;
 These are eternal scourges of the age:
 'Tis not enough that each terrific hand
 Spreads desolation round a guilty land;
 But, train'd to ill, and harden'd by its crimes,
 Their pen relentless kills through future times.

Say, ye who search these records of the dead,
 Who read huge works, to boast what ye have read,
 Can all the real knowledge ye possess,
 Or those — if such there are — who more than guess,
 Atone for each impostor's wild mistakes,
 And mend the blunders Pride or Folly makes?

What thought so wild, what airy dream so light,
 That will not prompt a Theorist to write?
 What art so prevalent, what proof so strong,
 That will convince him his attempt is wrong?
 One in the solids finds each lurking ill,
 Nor grants the passive fluids power to kill;
 A learned friend some subtler reason brings,
 Absolves the channels, but condemns their springs;
 The subtle nerves, that shun the Doctor's eye,
 Escape no more his subtler theory;
 The vital heat, that warms the labouring heart,
 Lends a fair system to these Sons of Art;
 The vital air, a pure and subtle stream,
 Serves a foundation for an airy scheme;
 Assists the Doctor, and supports his dream.
 Some have their favourite ills, and each disease
 Is but a younger branch that kills from these;

LNA

One

One to the Gout contracts all human pain,
 He views it raging in the frantic brain,
 Finds it in fevers all his efforts mar,
 And sees it lurking in the cold catarrh;
 Billious by some, by others nervous seem,
 Rage the fantastic demons of the Spleen;
 And every symptom of the strange disease
 With every system of the Sage agrees.

Ye frigid tribe, on whom I wasted long
 The tedious hours, and ne'er indulg'd a song;
 Ye first seducers of my easy heart,
 Who promis'd knowledge, yet did ne'er impart;
 Ye dull deluders, Truth's destructive foes;
 Ye sons of Fiction, clad in stupid prose;
 Ye treacherous leaders, who, yourselves in doubt,
 Light up false fires, and send us far about —
 Still may you spider round your pages spin,
 Subtle and slow, her emblematic gin!
 Buried in dust, and lost in silence, dwell,
 Most potent, grave, and reverend friends — Farewell!

Near these, and where the setting sun displays
 Through the dim window his departing rays,
 And gilds yon columns, there on either side
 The huge Abridgements of the Law abide;
 Fruitful as vice the dread correctors stand,
 And spread their guardian terrors round the land;
 Yet, as the best that human care can do,
 Is mix'd with error, oft with evil too;
 Skill'd in deceit, and practis'd to evade,
 Knaves stand secure, for whom these laws were made,
 And Justice vainly each expedient tries,
 While Art eludes it, or while Power defies.

Ah! happy age, the youthful Poet cries;
 Ere laws arose, ere tyrants bade them rise;
 When all were blest to share a common store;
 And none were proud of wealth; for none were poor;
 No wars, no tumults vex'd each still domain,
 No thirst of empire, no desire of gain;
 No proud great man, nor one who would be great,
 Drove modest Merit from its proper state;
 Nor into distant climes would Avarice roam,
 To fetch delights for Luxury at home:
 Bound by no ties but those by nature made,
 Virtue was law, and gifts prevented trade.

Mistaken youth! each nation first was rude;
 Each man a cheerless son of solitude,
 To whom no joys of social life were known,
 No cares at once another's and his own;
 Or in some languid clime his abject soul
 Bow'd to a little tyrant's stern controul;
 A slave, with slaves his monarch's throne he rais'd,
 And in rude song his ruder idol prais'd;
 The meaner cares of life were all he knew,
 Bounded his pleasures, and his wishes few:
 But when by slow degrees the Arts arose,
 Taught by some conquering friends, who came as foes;
 When Commerce, rising from the bed of ease,
 Ran round the land and pointed to the seas;
 When Emulation, born with jealous eye,
 And Avarice, lent their spurs to Industry;
 Then one by one the numerous laws were made,
 Those to controul, and these to succour trade;
 To curb the insolence of rude command,
 To snatch the victim from the usurer's hand,

To awe the bold, to yield the wrong'd redress,
And feed the poor with luxury's excess.

Like some vast flood, unbounded, fierce, and strong,
His nature leads ungovern'd man along;
Like mighty bulwarks made to stem that tide,
The Laws are form'd, and plac'd on every side;
Whene'er it breaks the bounds by these decreed,
New statutes rise, and stronger laws succeed;
More and more gentle grows the dying stream,
More and more strong the rising bulwarks seem;
Till, like a miner working sure and slow,
Luxury creeps on, and ruins all below;
The basis sinks, the ample piles decay,
The stately fabric shakes and falls away;
Primæval Want and Ignorance come on,
But Freedom, that exalts the savage state, is gone.

Now turn from these, to view yon ampler space,
There rests a sacred, grave, and solemn race;
There the devout an awful station keep,
Vigils advise, and yet dispose to sleep;
There might they long in lasting peace abide,
But controversial authors lie beside,
Who friend from friend and sire from son divide;
Endless disputes around the world they cause,
Creating now, and now controuling laws;
Dull though impatient, peevish though devout,
With wit disgusting, and despis'd without;
Saints in design, in execution men,
Peace in their looks, and vengeance in their pen.

Methinks I see, and sicken at the sight,
Spirits of spleen from yonder pile alight;

Spirits that prompted every damning page,
 With pontiff pride and sacerdotal rage;
 Lo! how they stretch their gloomy wings around,
 And lash with furious stroke the trembling ground!
 They pray, they fight, they murder, and they weep,
 Wolves in their vengeance, in their manners sheep;
 Too well they act the Prophet's fatal part,
 Denouncing evil with a zealous heart,
 And each, like Jonas, is displeas'd if God
 Repent his anger, or withhold his rod.

Yet here the dormant Fury rests unsought,
 And Zeal sleeps soundly by the foes she fought;
 Calvin grows gentle in this silent coast,
 Nor finds a single heretic to roast:
 Here, their fierce rage subdu'd, and lost their pride,
 The Pope and Luther slumber side by side;
 Great authors, whom the church's glory fir'd,
 Are for the church's peace to rest retir'd;
 And close beside, a mystic maudlin race,
 Lie "Crumbs of Comfort for the Babes of Grace."

And let them lie — for lo! yon gaudy frames
 All closely fill'd, and mark'd with modern names;
 Where no dread Science ever shows her face;
 Few sparks of Genius, and no sparks of Grace;
 There Sceptics rest, a still-increasing throng,
 And stretch their widening wings ten thousand strong;
 Some in close fight their dubious claims maintain,
 Some skirmish lightly, fly, and fight again;
 Coldly prophane, or impiously gay,
 Their end the same, though various in their way.

Next History ranks — there full in front she lies,
 And every nation her dread tale supplies;

Yet

Yet History has her doubts, and every age
 With sceptic queries marks the passing page;
 Records of old nor later date are clear,
 Too distant those, and these are plac'd too near;
 There time conceals the objects from our view,
 Here our own passions and a writer's too:
 Yet in these volumes see how states arose!
 Guarded by virtue from surrounding foes;
 Their virtue lost, and of their triumphs vain,
 Lo! how they sunk to slavery again!
 Sariate with power, of fame and wealth possess'd,
 A nation grows too glorious to be blest;
 Conspicuous made, she stands the mark of all;
 And foes join foes to triumph in her fall.

Thus speaks the page that paints Ambition's race,
 The monarch's pride, his glory, his disgrace;
 The headlong course that madd'ning heroes run,
 How soon triumphant, and how soon undone;
 How slaves, turn'd tyrants, offer crowns to sale,
 And each fall'n nation's melancholy tale.

Lo! where of late the Book of Martyrs stood,
 Old pious tracts, and Bibles bound in wood;
 There, such the taste of our degenerate age,
 Stand the prophane delusions of the Stage;
 Yet Virtue owns the Tragic Muse a friend,
 Fable her means, morality her end;
 For this she rules all passions in their turns,
 And now the bosom bleeds, and now it burns;
 Pity with weeping eye surveys her bowl,
 Her anger swells, her terror chills the soul;
 She makes the vile to virtue yield applause,
 And own her sceptre while they break her laws.

For vice in others is abhorr'd of all,
And villains glory in a villain's fall.

Not thus her sister Comedy prevails,
Who shoots at Folly, for her arrow fails;
Folly, by Dullness arm'd, receives no wound,
But harmless sees the feather'd shafts rebound;
Unhurt she stands, applauds the archer's skill,
Laughs at her malice, and is Folly still.
Yet well she paints, in her descriptive scenes,
What Pride will stoop to, what Profession means;
How formal fools the farce of State applaud,
How Caution watches at the lips of Fraud;
The wordy variance of domestic life,
The tyrant Husband, the retorting Wife;
The snares for Innocence, the lye of Trade,
And the smooth tongue's habitual masquerade.

With her the Virtues too obtain a place,
Each gentle passion, each becoming grace;
The social joy in life's securer road,
Its easy pleasure, its substantial good;
The happy thought that conscious virtue gives,
And all that ought to live, and all that lives.

But who are these? Methinks a noble mien,
And awful grandeur in their form are seen,
Now in disgrace: What tho' neglect has shed
Polluting dust on every reverend head;
What though beneath yon gilded tribe they lie,
And dull observers pass insulting by;
Forbid it shame, forbid it decent awe,
What seems so grave should no attention draw:
Come let us then with reverend step advance,
And greet — the ancient worthies of Romance.

Hence,

Hence, ye prophane ! I feel a former dread,
 A thousand visions float around my head;
 Hark ! hollow blasts through empty courts resound,
 And shadowy forms with staring eyes stalk round;
 See ! moats and bridges, walls and castles rise,
 Ghosts, fairies, demons, dance before our eyes;
 Lo ! magic verse inscrib'd on golden gate,
 And bloody hand that beckons on to fate :
 "And who art thou, thou little page, unfold ?
 "Say doth thy Lord my Claribel with-hold ?
 "Go tell him straight, Sir Knight, thou must resign
 "Thy captive Queen : — for Claribel is mine."
 Away he flies ; and now for bloody deeds,
 Black suits of armour, masks, and foaming steeds ;
 The Giant falls : — his recreant throat I seize,
 And from his corslet take the massy keys ;
 Dukes, Lords, and Knights in long procession move,
 Releas'd from bondage with my virgin love ;
 She comes, she comes in all the charms of youth,
 Unequall'd love and unsuspected truth !

Ah ! happy he who thus in magic themes,
 O'er worlds bewitch'd, his early rapture dreams,
 Where wild Enchantment waves her potent wand,
 And Fancy's beauties fill her fairy land ;
 Where doubtful objects strange desires excite,
 And fear and ignorance afford delight.

But lost, for ever lost, to me those joys,
 Which Reason scatters, and which Time destroys ;
 Too dearly bought, maturer Judgment calls
 My busied mind from tales and madrigals ;
 My doughty Giants all are slain or fled,
 And all my Knights, blue, green, and yellow, dead ;

No more the midnight Fairy tribe I view;
 All in the merry moonshine tripling dew;
 Ev'n the last lingering fiction of the brain,
 The church-yard Ghost, is now at rest again;
 And all these wayward wanderings of my youth,
 Fly Reason's power, and shun the light of Truth.

With Fiction then does real joy reside,
 And is our Reason the delusive guide?
 Is it then right to dream the Syrens sing?
 Or mount enraptur'd on the Dragon's wing?
 No, 'tis the infant mind, to care unknown,
 That makes th' imagin'd paradise its own;
 Soon as reflections in the bosom rise,
 Light slumbers vanish from the clouded eyes;
 The tear and smile, that once together rose,
 Are then divorc'd; the head and heart are foes;
 Enchantment bows to Wisdom's serious plan,
 And pain and prudence make and mar the man.

While thus, of power and fancy'd empire vain,
 With various thoughts my mind I entertain;
 While books, my slaves, with tyrant hand I seize,
 Pleas'd with the pride that will not let them please;
 Sudden I find terrific thoughts arise,
 And sympathetic sorrow fills my eyes;
 For lo! while yet my heart admits the wound,
 I see the Critic army rang'd around —
 Foes to our race! if ever ye have known
 A father's fears for offspring of your own;
 If ever, smiling o'er a lucky line,
 Ye thought the sudden sentiment divine,
 Then paus'd and doubted, and then, tir'd of doubt,
 With rage as sudden dash'd the stanza out;

If,

If, after fearing much and pausing long,
 Ye ventur'd on the world your labour'd song,
 And from the crusty critics of those days
 Implor'd the feeble tribute of their praise;
 Remember now, the fears that mov'd you then,
 And, spite of Truth, let Mercy guide your pen.

What venitrous race are ours! what mighty foes
 Lie waiting all around them to oppose!
 What treacherous friends betray them to the fight!
 What dangers threaten them! yet still they write:
 A hapless tribe! to every evil born,
 Whom villains hate, and fools affect to scorn;
 Strangers they come, amid a world of woe,
 And taste the largest portion ere they go.

Pensive I spoke, and cast mine eyes around,
 The roof methought return'd a solemn sound,
 Each column seem'd to shake, and clouds, like smoke,
 From dusty piles and ancient volumes broke;
 Gathering above, like mist condens'd they seem,
 Exhal'd in summer from the rusby stream;
 Like flowing robes they now appear, and twine
 Round the large members of a form divine;
 His silver beard, that swept his aged breast,
 His piercing eye, that inward light exprest,
 Were seen, but clouds and darkness veil'd the rest.
 Fear chill'd my heart; to one of mortal race
 How awful seem'd the Genius of the place!
 So in Cimmerian shores Ulysses saw
 His parent shade, and shrank in pious awe;
 Like him I stood, and wrapt in thought profound,
 When from the pitying Power broke forth a solemn
 sound.

"Care lives with all; no rules, no precepts save
 The wise from woe; no fortitude the brave;
 Grief is to man as certain as the grave:
 Tempests and storms in life's whole progress rise,
 And Hope shines dimly through o'erclouded skies;
 Some drops of comfort on the favour'd fall,
 But showers of sorrow are the lot of all:
 Partial to Talents, then, shall Heav'n withdraw
 Th' afflicting rod, nor break the general law?
 Shall he who soars, inspir'd by loftier views,
 Life's little cares and little pains refuse?
 Shall he not rather feel a double share
 Of mortal woe, when doubly arm'd to bear?

"Hard is his fate who builds his peace of mind
 On the precarious mercy of mankind;
 Who hopes for wild and visionary things,
 And mounts o'er unknown seas with venturous wings:
 But, as of various evils that befall
 The human race, some portion goes to all;
 To him perhaps the milder lot's assign'd,
 Who feels his consolation in his mind,
 And lock'd within his bosom bears about
 A mental charm for every care without.
 Ev'n in the pangs of each domestic grief,
 Or health or vigorous hope affords relief;
 And every wound the tortur'd bosom feels,
 Or virtue bears or some perserver heals,
 Some generous friend, of ample power possess'd,
 Some feeling heart, that bleeds for the distress'd,
 Some breast that glows with virtues all divine,
 Some noble RUTLAND, misery's friend and thine.

"Nor

"Nor say the Muses' song, the Poet's pen,
 Merit the scorn they meet from little men.
 With cautious freedom if the numbers flow,
 Not wildly high, not pitifully low;
 If vice alone their honest aims oppose,
 Why so ashamed their friends, so loud their foes?
 Happy for men in every age and clime,
 If all the Sons of Vision dealt in rhyme.
 Go on then, Son of Vision! still pursue
 Thy airy dreams; the world is dreaming too.
 Ambition's lofty views, the pomp of state,
 The pride of wealth, the splendour of the great,
 Stript of their mask, their cares and troubles known,
 Are visions far less happy than thy own:
 Go on! and, while the Sons of Care complain,
 Be wisely gay and innocently vain;
 While serious souls are by their fears undone,
 Blow sportive bladders in the beamy sun,
 And call them worlds! and bid the greatest show
 More radiant colours in their world below;
 Then, as they break, the slaves of care reprove,
 And tell them, such are all the toys they love."

THE END.

MISCELLANEOUS

P O E M S.

MELPOMENE:

or the Regions of Terror and Pity. An Ode.

By R. DODSLEY.

I.

QUEEN of the human heart! at whose command
The swelling tides of mighty passion rise;
MELPOMENE, support my vent'rous hand,
And aid thy suppliant in his bold emprise.
From the gay scenes of pride
Do thou his footsteps guide
To Nature's awful courts, where nurs'd of yore,
Young **SHAKESPEAR**, Fancy's child, was taught his va-
rious lore.

II.

So may his favour'd eye explore the source,
To few reveal'd, whence human sorrows charm;
So may his numbers with pathetic force,
Bid *Terror* shake us, or *Compassion* warm,
As different strains controul
The movements of the soul,
Adjust its passions, harmonize its tone,
To feel for others' woe, or nobly bear its own.

III. Deep

III

Deep in the covert of a shadowy grove,
 Mid broken rocks where dashing currents play;
 Dear to the pensive Pleasures, dear to Love,
 And *Damon's* Muse, that breathes her melting lay,
 This ardent prayer was made.
 When lo! the secret shade,
 As conscious of some heavenly presence, shook —
 Strength, firmness, reason, all — my' astonish'd soul
 forsook.

IV

Ah! whither, Goddess! whither am I borne?
 To what wild region's necromantic shore?
 These panics whence? and why my bosom torn
 With sudden terrors never felt before?
 Darkness inwraps me round,
 While from the vast profound
 Emerging spectres dreadful shapes assume,
 And, gleaming on my sight, add horror to the gloom.

V

Ha! what is He whose fierce indignant eye,
 Denouncing vengeance, kindles into flame?
 Whose boisterous fury blows a storm so high,
 As with its thunder shakes his labouring frame.
 What can such Rage provoke?
 His words their passage choke:
 His eager steps nor time nor truce allow,
 And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his brow.

VI.

Protect me Goddess! whence that fearful shriek
 Of consternation? as grim death had laid
 His icy fingers on some guilty cheek,
 And all the powers of manhood shrunk dismay'd:
 Ah see! besmear'd with gore,
 Revenge stands threatening o'er
 A pale delinquent, whose retorted eyes
 In vain for pity call — the wretched victim dies.

VII.

Nor long the space — abandon'd to despair,
 With eyes aghast, or hopeless fixt on earth,
 This slave of passion rends his scatter'd hair,
 Beats his sad breast, and execrates his birth:
 While torn within, he feels
 The pangs of whips and wheels;
 And sees, or fancies, all the fiends below,
 Beckoning his frightful soul to realms of endless woe.

VIII.

Before my wondering sense new phantoms dance,
 And stamp their horrid shapes upon my brain —
 A wretch with jealous brow, and eyes askance,
 Feeds all in secret on his bosom-pain.
 Fond love, fierce hate, assail;
 Alternate they prevail:
 While conscious pride and shame with rage con-
 spire,
 And urge the latent spark to flames of torturing fire.

IX.

The storm proceeds — his changeful visage trace!
 From rage to madness every feature breaks.
 A growing phrenzy grins upon his face,
 And in his frightful stare Distraction speaks;
 His straw-invested head
 Proclaims all reason fled;
 And not a tear bedews those vacant eyes —
 But songs and shouts succeed, and laughter-mingled
 sighs.

X.

Yet, yet again! — a Murderer's hand appears
 Grasping a pointed dagger stain'd with blood!
 His look malignant chills with boding fears,
 That check the current of life's ebbing flood.
 In midnight's darkest clouds
 The dreary miscreant throws
 His felon step — as 'twere to darkness given
 To dim the watchful eye of all-pervading Heaven.

VIX.

XI.

And hark! ah Mercy! whence that hollow sound?
 Why with strange horror starts my bristling hair?
 Earth opens wide, and from unhallow'd ground
 A pallid Ghost flow-rising steals on air.
 To where a mangled corse
 Expos'd without remorse
 Lies shroudless, unentomb'd, he points the way —
 Points to the prowling wolf exultant o'er his prey.

XII. "Was

XII.

"Was it for this, he cries, with kindly shew,
 "Of daily gifts the traitor I care'd?
 "For this, array'd him in the robe of power,
 "And lodg'd my royal secrets in his breast?
 "O kindness ill repay'd!
 "To bare the murdering blade
 "Against my life! — may Heav'n his guilt explore,
 "And to my suffering race their splendid rights re-
 store."

XIII.

He said, and stalk'd away. — Ah! Goddess, cease,
 Thus with terrific forms to rack my brain;
 These horrid phantoms shake the throne of Peace,
 And Reason calls her boasted powers in vain.
 Then change thy magic wand,
 Thy dreadful troops disband,
 And gentler shapes, and softer scenes disclose,
 To melt the feeling heart, yet sooth its tenderest woes.

XIV.

The fervent prayer was heard — With hideous
 sound
 Her ebon gates of darkness open flew;
 A dawning twilight cheers the dread profound.
 The train of Terror vanishes from view.
 More mild enchantments rise;
 New scenes salute my eyes,
 Groves, fountains, bowers, and temples grace the
 plain,
 And turtles coo around, and nightingales complain.

XV. And

XV.

And every myrtle bower and cypress grove,
 And every solemn temple teems with life;
 Here glows the scene with fond but hapless love,
 There with the deeper woes of human strife.
 In groups around the lawn,
 By fresh disasters drawn,
 The sad spectators seem transfix'd in woe,
 And pitying sighs are heard, and heart-felt sorrows
 flow.

XVI.

Behold that beauteous maid ! her languid head
 Bends like a drooping lily charg'd with rain;
 With floods of tears she bathes a Lover dead,
 In brave assertion of her honour slain.
 Her bosom heaves with sighs,
 To Heaven she lifts her eyes,
 With grief beyond the power of words oppress'd,
 Sinks on the lifeless corse, and dies upon his breast.

XVII.

How strong the bands of Friendship ! yet, alas !
 Behind yon mouldering tower with ivy crown'd,
 Of two, the foremost in her sacred clasp,
 One from his friend receives the fatal wound !
 What could such fury move ?
 Ah, what but ill-star'd love !
 The same fair object each fond heart enthralls,
 And he, the favour'd youth, her hapless victim falls.

XVIII.

Can aught so deeply sway the generous mind
To mutual truth, as female trust in love?
Then what relief shall you fair mourner find,
Scorn'd by the man who should her plaints re-
move?
By fair, but false pretence,
She lost her innocence;
And that sweet babe, the fruit of treacherous art,
Claspt in her arms expires, and breaks the parent's
heart.

XIX.

Ah! who to pomp or grandeur would aspire?
 Kings are not rais'd above Misfortune's frown.
 That form so graceful even in mean attire,
 Sway'd once a scepter, once sustain'd a crown.
 From filial rage and strife,
 To screen his closing life,
 He quits his throne, a father's sorrow feels,
 And in the lap of want his patient head conceals.

XX.

More yet remained — but lo ! the PENSIVE QUEEN
Appears confest before my dazzled sight ;
Grace in her steps , and softness in her mien
The face of sorrow mingled with delight.
Not such her noble frame,
When kindling into flame,
And bold in Virtue's cause, her zeal aspires
To waken guilty pangs, or breathe heroic fires.

XXI. Aw'd

XXI.

Aw'd into silence, my rapt soul attends —
 The Power, with eyes complacent saw my fear;
 And, as with grace ineffable she bends,
 These accents vibrate on my listening ear.

"Aspiring son of art,

"Know, though thy feeling heart

"Glow with these wonders to thy fancy shewn,

"Still may the Delian God thy powerless toils disown.

XXII.

"A thousand tender scenes of soft distress

"May swell thy breast with sympathetic woes,

"A thousand such dread forms on fancy press,

"As from my dreary realms of darkness rose,

"Whence SHAKESPEAR'S chilling fears,

"Whence OTWAY'S melting tears —

"That awful gloom, this melancholy plain,

"The types of every theme that suits the TRAGIC
 STRAIN.

XXIII.

"But dost thou worship Nature night and morn,

"And all due honour to her precepts pay?

"Canst thou the lure of Affectation scorn,

"Pleas'd in the simpler paths of Truth to stray?

"Hast thou the Graces fair

"Invok'd with ardent prayer?

"'Tis they attire, as Nature most impart,

"The sentiment sublime, the language of the heart.

XXIV.

"Then if creative Genius pour his ray,
 "Warm with inspiring influence on thy breast;
 "Taste, judgment, fancy, if thou can'st display,
 "And the deep source of passion stand confess;
 "Then may the listening train,
 "Affected, feel thy strain;
 "Feel Grief, or Terror, Rage, or Pity move:
 "Change with thy varying scenes, and every scene ap-
 prove."

XXV.

Humbled before her sight, and bending low,
 I kiss'd the borders of her crimson vest;
 Eager to speak, I felt my bosom glow,
 But fear upon my lip her seal impress.
 While awe-struck thus I stood,
 The bowers, the lawn, the wood,
 The FORM CELESTIAL, fading on my sight,
 Dissolv'd in liquid air, and fleeting gleams of light.

ODE TO HOPE.

By J. REATTIE.

I. I.

O THOU, who glad'st the pensive soul,
 More than Aurora's smile the swain forlorn,
 Left all night long to mourn
 Where desolation frowns, and tempests howl;
 And shrieks of Woe, as intermits the storm,
 Far o'er the monstrous wilderness resound,
 And cross the gloom darts many a shapeless form,
 And many a fire-eyed visage glares around:

O come, and be once more my guest!
 Come, for thou oft thy suppliant's vow hast heard,
 And oft with smiles indulgent cheer'd
 And soothed him into rest.

I. 21

Smit by thy rapture-beaming eye
 Deep flashing through the midnight of their mind,
 The sable bands combined,
 Where Fear's black banner bloats the troubled sky,
 Appall'd retire. Suspicion hides her head,
 Nor dares th' obliquely gleaming eyeball raise;
 Despair, with gorgon-figured veil o'erspread,
 Speeds to dark Phlegethon's detested maze.
 Lo, startled at the heavenly ray,
 With speed unwonted Indolence upsprings,
 And, heaving, lifts her leaden wings,
 And sullen glides away:

I. 3.

Then thousand forms, by pining Fancy view'd,
 Dissolve. Above the sparkling flood
 When Phebus rears his awful brow,
 From lengthening lawn and valley low
 The troops of fen-born mists retire,
 Along the plain
 The joyous swain
 Eyes the gay villages again,
 And gold-illumined spire;
 While on the billowy æther borne
 Floats the loose lay's jovial measure;
 And light along the fairy Pleasure,
 Her green robes glittering to the morn.

Wantons on filken wing, And goblins all
To the damp dungeon shrink, or hoary hall,
Or westward, with impetuous flight,
Shoot to the desert realms of their congenial Night.

II. 1.

When first on Childhood's eager gaze
Life's varied landscape stretch'd immense around,
Starts out of night profound,
Thy voice incites to tempt th' untrodden maze.
Fond he surveys thy mild maternal face,
His bashful eye still kindling as he views,
And, while thy lenient arm supports his pace,
With beating heart the upland path pursues:
The path that leads, where, hung sublime,
And seen afar, youth's gallant trophies, bright
In Fancy's rainbow-ray, invite
His wingy nerves to climb,

II. 2.

Pursue thy pleasurable way,
Safe in the guidance of thy heavenly guard,
While melting airs are heard,
And soft-eyed cherub-forms around thee play:
Simplicity, in careless flowers array'd,
Prattling amusive in his accent meek;
And Modesty, half turning as afraid,
The smile just dimpling on his glowing cheek;
Content and Leisure, hand in hand
With Innocence and Peace, advance, and sing;
And Mirth, in many a mazy ring,
Frisks o'er the flowery land.

II. 3. Frail

II. 3.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below!
To-day though gales propitious blow,
And Peace soft gliding down the sky
Lead Love along and Harmony,
To-morrow the gay scene deforms:
Then all around
The thunder's sound
Rolls rattling on through heaven's profound,
And down rush all the storms:
Ye days, that balmy influence shed,
When sweet Childhood, ever sprightly,
In paths of pleasure sported lightly,
Whither, ah whither are ye fled!
Ye chere train, that brought him on his way,
O leave him not midst tumult and dismay;
For now youth's eminence he gains:
But what a weary length of lingering toil remains!

III. 1.

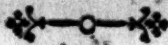
They shrink, they vanish into air.
Now Slander taints with pestilence the gale;
And mingling cries assail,
The wail of Woe, and groan of grim Despair.
Lo, wizard Envy from his serpent eye
Darts quick destruction in each baleful glance;
Pride smiling stern, and yellow Jealousy,
Frowning Disdain, and haggard Hate advance;
Behold, amidst the dire array,
Pale wither'd Care his giant stature rears,
And lo, his iron hand prepares
To grasp its feeble prey.

HI. 2.

Who now will guard bewilder'd youth
 Safe from the fierce assault of hostile rage?
 Such war can Virtue wage,
 Virtue, that bears the sacred shield of Truth?
 Alas! full oft on Galt's victorious car
 The spoils of Virtue are in triumph borne;
 While the fair captive, mark'd with many a scar,
 In lone obscurity, oppress'd, forlorn,
 Relinquish'd to tears her angel-form.
 Ill-fated youth, then whither wilt thou fly?
 No friend, no shelter now is nigh,
 And onwards rolls the storm.

III. 3.

But whence the sudden beam that shoots along?
 Why shrink aghast the hostile throng?
 Lo, from amidst affliction's night,
 Hope bursts all radiant on the sight;
 Her words the troubled bosom sooth.
 "Why thus dismay'd?
 "Though foes invade,
 "Hope ne'er is wanting to their aid,
 "Who tread the path of truth.
 "'Tis I, who smooth the rugged way,
 "I, who close the eyes of Sorrow,
 "And with glad visions of to-morrow
 "Repair the weary soul's decay.
 "When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing heart,
 "Dreams of heaven's opening glories I impart,
 "Till the freed spirit springs on high
 "In rapture too severe for weak Mortality."



THE MAGDALENS.

By Mr. JERNINGHAM.

SEE to yon fane the suppliant nymphs repair,
 At Virtue's Shrine to breathe Contrition's sigh;
 Their youthful cheek is pal'd with early care,
 And sorrow dwells in their dejected eye.

Hark! they awake a solemn plaintive lay,
 Where Grief with Harmony delights to meet:
 Not Philomela from her lonely spray,
 Trills her clear note more querulously sweet.

Are these the fair (late Pleasure's youthful quire)
 Who won the dome of Luxury to tread
 Appear in all the splendor of attire,
 And vie in beauty with the high-born maid?

The smiling scenes of Pleasure they forsake,
 Obey no more Amusement's idle call,
 Nor mingling with the sons of mirth partake,
 The treat voluptuous, or the festive ball.

For sober weeds they change their flowing train,
 Of the pearl bracelet strip the graceful arm,
 Conceal the breast that glow'd in ev'ry vein,
 And madden'd into joy at Love's alarm:

No longer now the diamond's dazzling ray
 Darts from the cunning tresses of the hair;
 Nor do those tresses any more display
 The colour'd plumes that sported in the air.

Yet Beauty lingers on their mournful brow,
 As loth to leave the cheek suffas'd with tears,
 Which scarcely blushing with a languid glow,
 Like Morn's faint beam thro' gathering mist appears.

No more compare them to the gaudy flow'r,
Whose painted foliage wantons in the gale:
They look the lily drooping from the show'r,
Or the pale violet sick'ning in the vale.

If fond of empire and of conquest vain,
They frequent vot'ries to their altars drew,
Yet blaz'd those splendid altars to their bane,
The idol they, and they the victim too!

Once destitute of counsel, aid, or food,
Some helpless orphans in this dome reside,
Who (like the wand'ring children in the wood)
Trod the rude paths of life without a guide.

Some who encircled by the great and rich
Were won by wiles and deep designing art,
By splendid bribes, and soft persuasive speech,
Of pow'r to cheat the young unguarded heart.

Some on whom Beauty breath'd her radiant bloom,
While adverse stars all other gifts remov'd;
Who hurried from the dungeon's living tomb,
To scenes their inborn virtue disapprov'd.

What tho' their youth imbib'd an early stain,
A second innocence is now their claim;
While in the precincts of this blest'd domain,
They bask beneath the rays of rising Fane.

So the young myrtles in Misfortune's day,
Nipt by the blast that swept their vernal bed,
In shelt'ring walls their tender leaves display,
And wak'ning into life new fragrance shed.

Tho' white-wing'd Peace protect this calm abode,
Tho' each tumultuous passion be suppress'd,
Still Recollection wears a sting to good,
Still Conscience wakes to rob their soul of rest.

See one the tort'ring hour of mem'ry prove,
 Who wrapt in pensive secrecy forlorn,
 Sits musing on the pledges of her love,
 Who fell the victims of paternal scorn,
 Pardon'd, deserted in th' extremest need,
 By him who shou'd have rear'd their tender age:
 'Was this, Seducer, this the promis'd need?
 She cries — then sinks beneath Affliction's rage:

Her busy mind recalls the fatal plain,
 Which with slow lab'ring steps she journey'd o'er,
 Half-yielding to the fierce impetuous rain,
 While in her arms two helpless babes she bore:

Her mind recalls how at that awful hour
 The dismal wail scream'd her shiv'ring note,
 How shriek'd the spirit from the haunted tow'r,
 While other sounds of woe were heard remote:

How to the covert of a tort'ring shed,
 As Night advanc'd, she fearfully retir'd;
 And as around the dark'ning horror spread,
 Her famish'd infants on her breast expir'd:

How keenest Anguish bad her bosom bleed,
 As there she brooded o'er her hapless state:
 'Was this, Seducer, this the promis'd need?
 She cries — then sinks beneath Affliction's weight.

Another mourns her fall with grief sincere,
 Whom tranquil Reason tells she's shunn'd, disdain'd,
 Repuls'd as vile, by those who held her dear,
 Who call'd her once Companion, Sister, Friend.

That recollects the day when lost to shame,
 She fondly sacrific'd her vestal charms,
 Resign'd the virgin's for an harlot's name,
 And left a parent's for a spoiler's arms.

Imagination pictures to her mind
 The father's rage, the mother's softer woe;
 Unhappy pair! to that distress consign'd,
 A child can give, a parent only know.

At this deep scene, by Fancy drawn, impress'd,
 The filial passions in her heart revive:
 Reproach vindictive rushes on her breast,
 To Nature's pangs too feelingly alive.

If this, or similar tormenting thought,
 Cling to their soul, when pensively alone,
 For youth's offence, for Love's alluring fault,
 Say, do they not sufficiently atone?

Oh mock not then their penitential woes,
 Thou who may'st deign to mark this humble theme;
 Nor seek with foul derision to expose,
 And give to Infamy their tainted name.

Nor deem me one of Melancholy's train,
 If anxious for the sorrow-wedded fair,
 Tho' little skillful of that heav'nly strain,
 Whose melting numbers to the heart repair.

I steal impatient from the idle throng,
 The roving gay companions of my age,*
 To temper with their praise my artless song,
 And soft-ey'd Pity in their cause engage.

'Tis Virtue's task to soothe Affliction's smart,
 To join in sadness with the fair distress'd;
 Wake to another's pain the tender heart,
 And move to clemency the gen'rous breast.

* This poem was first publish'd in 1763.

THE NUN.

OR ADALIDA TO HER FRIEND.

By the same.

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,

All Beauty's treasure opening on her cheek:
Each flatter'ing hope subdu'd, each wish resign'd,
Does gay OPHELIA this lone mansion seek?

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forsake
The paths thy birth and fortune strew with flow'rs?
Thro' Nature's kind endearing ties to break,
And waste in cloister'd walls thy pensive hours?

Let sober thought restrain thine erring zeal,
That guides thy footsteps to the vestal gate;
Lest thy soft heart (this friendship bids reveal)
Like mine unblest, should mourn like mine too late.

Does some angelic lonely-whisp'ring voice,
Some sacred impulse, or some dream divine,
Applaud the dictates of thy early choice? —
Approach with confidence the awful shrine.

There kneeling at yon altar's marble base,
(While tears of rapture from thine eye-lid steal,
And smiling Heav'n illumines thy soul with grace)
Pronounce the vow thou never can'st repeal.

But if misled by false-entitled friends,
Who say — 'that Peace with all her comely train,
'From starry regions to this clime descends,
'Smooths ev'ry frown, and softens ev'ry pain:

'That

- * A supplement or continuation of this Elegy, viz. *The Nunnery*, by the same Author, f. in *Retzer's Choice*, and in *Dusch's Student's Miscellany*.

'That vestals tread Contentment's flow'ry lawn,
 'Approv'd of Innocence, by Health carest;
 'That rob'd in colours bright, by Fancy drawn,
 'Celestial Hope sits smiling at their breast.'

Suspect their syren song and artful style,
 Their pleasing sounds some treach'rous thought conceal;
 Full oft does pride with fainted voice beguile,
 And sordid int'rest wear the mask of zeal.

A tyrant abbess here perchance may reign,
 Who, fond of pow'r, affects th' imperial nod;
 Looks down disdainful on her female train,
 And rules the cloister with an iron rod.

Reflection sickens at the life-long tie,
 Back-glancing Mem'ry acts her busy part;
 Its charm the world unfolds to Fancy's eye,
 And sheds allurements on the youthful heart.

Lo! Discord enters at the sacred porch,
 Rage in her frown, and terror on her crest:
 Ev'n at the hallow'd lamps she lights her torch,
 And holds it flaming to each virgin breast.

But since the legends of monastic bliss
 By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd;
 Unbought experience learn from my distress,
 Oh! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

Three lustres scarce with hasty wing were fled,
 When I was torn from ev'ry weeping friend;
 A trembling victim to the temple led,
 And (blush, ye parents!) by a father's hand.

Yet then what solemn scenes deceiv'd my choice!
 The pealing organ's animating sound;
 The choral virgins' captivating voice,
 The blazing altar, and the priests around:

The

The train of youth array'd in purest white,
 Who scatter'd myrtles as I pass'd along:
 The thousand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,
 The kiss of Peace from all the vestal throng;

The golden censers toss'd with graceful hand,
 Whose fragrant breath Arabian odor shed;
 Of meek-ey'd novices the circling band,
 With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

— My willing soul was caught in rapture's flame,
 While sacred ardor glow'd in ev'ry vein;
 Methought applauding angels sung my name,
 And Heav'n's unfullied glories gild the fane.

Methought in sun-beams rob'd the heav'nly spouse
 Indulg'd the longings of my holy love;
 Nor undelighted heard my virgin vows —
 While o'er the altar wav'd the mystic dove.

This temporary transport soon expir'd,
 My drooping heart confess'd a dreadful void:
 Now helpless, heav'n-abandon'd, uninspir'd,
 I tread this dome, to Misery allied.

No wakening joy informs my sullen breast,
 Thro' opening skies no radiant seraph smiles;
 No saint descends to soothe my soul to rest!
 No dream of bliss the dreary night beguiles.

Here haggard Discontent still haunts my view,
 The umber'd genius reigns in ev'ry place;
 Arrays each virtue in the darkest hue,
 Chills ev'ry pray'r and cancels ev'ry grace.

I meet her ever in the cheerless cell,
 The gloomy grotto and the darksome wood:
 I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
 The chiding gale, and hoarse-responding flood.

This

This canst'd a mother's tender tears to flow,
 (The sad remembrance time shall ne'er erase)
 When having seal'd th' irrevocable vow,
 I hasten'd to receive her last embrace.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold,
 This cloister'd scene in all its horror drest;
 Nor did she then my trembling steps with-hold,
 When here I enter'd a reluctant guest.

Ah! could she view her only child betray'd,
 And let submission o'er her love prevail?
 Th' unfeeling priest why did she not upbraid,
 Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil?

Alas! she might not — her relentless lord
 Had seal'd her lips, and chid the rising tear;
 So Anguish in her breast conceal'd its hoard,
 And all the Mother sunk in dumb despair.

But thou who own'st a Father's sacred name,
 What act impell'd thee to this ruthless deed;
 What crime had forfeited my filial claim?
 And giv'n (Oh! blasting thought) thy heart to bleed?

If then thine injur'd child deserve thy care,
 Oh! haste and bear her from this lonesome gloom:
 In vain — no words can soothe his rigid ear;
 And GALLIA'S laws have riveted my doom.

Yet let me to my fate submissive bow,
 From fatal symptoms if I right conceive;
 This stream, OPHELIA, has not long to flow,
 This voice to murmur, and this breast to heave.

Ah! when extended on th' untimely bier,
 To yonder vault this form shall be convey'd;
 Thou'lt not refuse to shed one grateful tear,
 And breathe the requiem to my fleeting shade.

With

With pious footsteps join the sable train,
As thro' the lengthning isle they take their way:
A glimmering taper let thy hand sustain,
Thy soothing voice attune the funeral lay.

Behold the minister who lately gave
The sacred vell, in garb of mournful hue,
(More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,
And sprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew:

As o'er the corse he strews the humbling dust,
The sternest heart will raise Compassion's sigh;
Ev'n then no longer to his child unjust,
The tears may trickle from a FATHER'S eye.

THE PLEASURES OF THE MIND.

KIND Nature with a mother's joys
Her every art to charm employs:
For man the golden King of day
Pours light, health, beauty, in his ray;
The morn in silver tresses bright,
With milder charms salutes his sight,
And Night her shadowy curtain draws,
Indulging sleep's refreshing pause:
For man the purple-finger'd Hours
Dress beauteous Spring in new-born flowers;
Teach her to breathe a rich perfume,
And smile with eye-enchancing bloom.
Then ripe in beauty's glowing pride,
Blithe Summer, Sol's refulgent bride,
Bids Plenty revel o'er the plains,
And carol heart-enlivening strains.
Next Autumn calls the sylvan powers,

To lay him soft in shady bow'rs,
 Where grape and nectarine, plumb and peach
 May tempting hang within his reach!
 Last, Winter comes to rule the year,
 In sweet vicissitude severe;
 See him on *Zembla's* mountains stand,
 He stretches out his palsied hand,
 And all his magazines unfold
 Their copious hoards of ice and cold:
 The hail in volleys rattles round,
 The snow descending shrouds the ground:
 Deep-bellowing bursts of thunder roll,
 And pleasing horror swells the soul.
 With still improv'd delight, the Mind
 Beholds her powers unconfin'd.
 She roves with Nature, and explains
 What virtues live in secret veins
 Of herbs; bids *Flora's* children rise
 In naked beauty to her eyes:
 To the soft serenade of gales
 Thro' Ocean's liquid realms she sails,
 Thro' pearly worlds, thro' coral groves,
 Where every scaly wonder roves:
 With *Phæbus*, in his chariot driv'n,
 She journeys thro' th' expanse of heav'n:
 Now rolling round on *Saturn's* ring,
 Now roving on the comet's wing,
 And urging still her airy flight,
 She gains those smiling realms of light,
 Where sons of bliss, immortals dwell
 In golden groves of *Asphodel*.
 Now conscious of celestial skill,

Her

Her forming pow'r she tries at will,
 Her pencil weds assenting dyes,
 And see a new-born world arise,
 Here charms the eye the blossom'd grove,
 Where, looking bliss, young lovers tove;
 There serpentine the river glides,
 And nibbling flocks adorn its sides.
 Soft'ning to flesh the marble lives,
 And takes each attitude she gives:
 Here nerv'd to strength the hero stands,
 There orators extend their hands;
 The patriot here by Freedom's side,
 Smiling pours out the vital tide;
 Here Beauty charms the gazing eye,
 The Loves and Graces waiting by.
 Is it the breeze that wakes the spring?
 Or say, does *Philomela* sing,
 And bid the list'ning ear rejoice?
 'Tis Music tunes her heav'nly voice,
 Her voice, of sweetest skill to raise
 The drooping heart ten thousand ways,
 Now heav'n-caught fury fires the soul,
 And spurning oft earth's dull controul,
 Vent'rous she wings her full-plum'd flight,
 Detects new regions of delight;
 Led by enchantress Fancy roves
 The Muses' gay ideal groves,
 Where countless beings strike her eye,
 Confus'd in glitt'ring novelty.
 But what the varied year's delight,
 Or what the mental ken so bright,
 Or what the kind inspiring Muses,

To bliss that genuine love transfuses!
 The parent's fond impassion'd flow,
 The filial, duteous, grateful glow,
 Congenial friendship, heav'nly true,
 And pity pressing balmy dew;
 The feast of Converse, that dispenses
 Bliss to the heart and all the senses,
 Where Reason, Mirth, Good-humour sit,
 And beauty sparkles into wit.
 Here too, as in her natural scene,
 Triumphs the Mind, creative queen;
 Here Fancy, with illusion kind,
 Indulges every longing mind,
 Brings to the lover in despair
 His mutually-impassion'd fair,
 Adorns the meanest female face
 With beauties cull'd from ev'ry grace;
 Instructs Ambition's slave to nod,
 And bids the reptile soar a God;
 Applauds the bard's profane songs,
 Gives eloquence to stamm'ring tongues,
 Lets Ocean's sons their haven gain,
 Unbinds the captive's galling chain;
 On Poverty each joy bestows,
 From rich humanity that flows,
 Gives her at once herself to bless,
 And charm the virtues in distress,
 Yet still reserves the sapient mind
 Her darling free-born joy behind,
 When with fond eyes she loves to trace
 The beauties of her moral race,
 And with blithe confidence can say

She

She liv'd with Virtue ev'ry day,
 That still she urg'd life's great design,
 To fit herself for bliss divine.
 Then Conscience lends the plaintive note
 Thro' every sense of joy to float,
 Strikes music from each vital string
 That envies not when angels sing,
 Dissolv'd in ecstasy she lies,
 And sweetly pre-enjoys the skies.

TO P E A C E.

COME lovely gentle Peace of mind
 With all thy smiling nymphs around,
 Content and Innocence combin'd,
 With wreaths of sacred olive crown'd.
 Come thou, that lov'st the walk at eve,
 The banks of murmur'ing streams along,
 That lov'st the crowded court to leave,
 And hear the milk-maid's simple song;
 That lov'st with Contemplation's eye
 The headlong cataract to view,
 That soams and thunders from on high,
 While echoes oft the sound renew;
 That lov'st the dark sequester'd wood,
 Where Silence spreads her brooding wings,
 Nor less the lake's translucent flood,
 The mossy grotts and bubbling springs.
 With thee the lamp of Wisdom burns,
 The guiding light to realms above;
 With thee, the raptur'd mortal learns
 The wonders of celestial love.

With thee, the poor have endless wealth,
 And sacred freedom glads the slave,
 With thee, the sick rejoice in health,
 The weak are strong, the fearful brave,
 O lovely gentle Peace of mind!
 Be thou on earth my constant guest,
 With thee, whate'er on earth I find,
 The pledge of heaven, shall make me blest.

THE HARES,

A FABLE, By Mr. BEATTIE.

YES, yes, I grant the sons of earth
 Are doom'd to trouble from their birth.
 We all of sorrow have our share;
 But say, is yours without compare?
 Look round the world; perhaps you'll find
 Each individual of our kind
 Press'd with an equal load of ill,
 Equal at least. Look further still,
 And own your lamentable case
 Is little short of happiness.
 In yonder hut that stands alone
 Attend to Famine's feeble moan;
 Or view the couch where Sicknels lies,
 Mark his pale cheek, and languid eyes,
 His frame by strong convulsion torn,
 His struggling sighs; and looks forlorn,
 Or see, transfix'd with keener pangs,
 Where o'er his hoard the miser hangs;
 Whistles the wind; he starts, he stares,
 Nor Slumber's balmy blessing shares;

Despair,

Despair, Remorse, and Terror roll
Their tempests on his harried soul.

But here perhaps it may avail
T' enforce our reasoning with a tale.

Mild was the morn, the sky serene;
The jolly hunting band convene;
The beagle's breast with ardour burns;
The bounding steed the champaign turns;
And Fancy off the game descends;
Through the hound's nose, and huntsman's eyes.

Just then a council of the hares
Had met, on national affairs.
The chiefs were set; while o'er their head
The furze its frizzled covering spread.
Long lists of grievances were heard,
And general discontent appear'd.

"Our harmless race shall every savage
Both quadruped and biped ravage?"

"Shall horses, hounds, and hunters still

Unite their wits to works us ill?"

"The youth, his parent's sole delight,

Whose tooth the dewy lawns invite,

Whose pulse in every vein beats strong,

Whose limbs leap light the vales along,

May yet ere noontide meet his death,

And lie dismember'd on the heath.

"For youth, alas, nor cautious age,

Nor strength, nor speed, eludes their rage.

"In every field we meet the foe,

Each gale comes fraught with sounds of woe;

"The morning but awakes our fears,

The evening sees us bathed in tears.

"But must we ever idly grieve,

Nor strive our fortunes to relieve?

"Small is each individual's force:

"To stratagem be our recourse;

"And then, from all our tribes combined,

"The murderer to his cost may find

"No foes are weak, whom Justice arms,

"Whom Concord leads, and Hatred warms.

"Be roused; or liberty acquire,

"Or in the great attempt expire."

He said no more, for in his breast
 Conflicting thoughts the voice suppress'd;
 The fire of vengeance seem'd to stream
 From his swollen eyeball's yellow gleam.

And now the tumults of the war,
 Mingling confusedly from afar,
 Swell in the wind. Now louder cries
 Distinct of hounds and men arise.
 Forth from the brake, with beating heart,
 Th' assembled hares tumultuous start,
 And, every straining nerve on wing,
 Away precipitately spring.
 The hunting band, a signal given,
 Thick thundering o'er the plain are driven;
 O'er cliff abrupt, and shrubby mound,
 And river broad, impetuous bound;
 Now plunge amid the forest shades,
 Glauce through the openings of the glades;
 Now o'er the level valley sweep,
 Now with short steps strain up the steep;
 While backward from the hunter's eyes
 The landscape like a torrent flies.
 At last an antient wood they gain'd,
 By pruner's ax yet unprofaned.
 High o'er the rest, by Nature rear'd,
 The oak's majestick boughs appear'd;
 Beneath, a copse of various hue
 In barbarous luxuriance grew.
 No knife had curb'd the rambling sprays,
 No hand had wove th' implicit maze.
 The flowering thorn, self-taught to wind,
 The hazle's stubborn stem entwined,
 And bramble twigs were wreath'd around,
 And rough furze crept along the ground.
 Here sheltering, from the sons of murder,
 The hares drag their tired limbs no further.

But lo, the western wind erelong
 Was loud, and roar'd the woods among;
 From rustling leaves, and crashing boughs,
 The sound of woe and war arose.
 The hares distracted scour the grove,
 As terror and amazement drove;

But

But danger, wheresoe'er they fled,
Still seem'd impending o'er their head,
Now crowded in a grotto's gloom,
All hope extinct, they wait their doom,
Dire was the silence, till, at length,
Even from despair deriving strength,
With bloody eye, and furious look,
A daring youth arose, and spoke.

"O wretched race, the scorn of Fate,
Whom ill, of every sort await!
"O, cursed with keenest sense to feel
The sharpest sting of every ill!
"Say ye, who, fraught with mighty scheme,
Of liberty and vengeance dream,
"What now remains? To what recess
Shall we our weary steps address,
"Since fate is evermore pursuing
All ways and means to work our ruin?
"Are we alone, of all beneath,
Condemn'd to misery worse than death!
"Must we, with fruitless labour, strive
In misery worse than death to live!
"No. Be the smaller ill our choice:
"So dictates Nature's powerful voice.
"Death's pang will in a moment cease;
"And then, all hail, eternal peace!"
Thus while he spoke, his words impart
The dire resolve to every heart.

A distant lake in prospect lay,
That glittering in the solar ray,
Gleam'd through the dusky trees, and shot
A trembling light along the grot.
Thither with one consent they bend,
Their sorrows with their lives to end,
While each, in thought, already hears
The water hissing in his ears.

Fast by the margin of the lake,
Conceal'd within a thorny brake,
A Linnæan fate, whose careless lay
Amused the solitary day,
Careless he sung, for on his breast
Sorrow no lasting trace impress'd;

When suddenly he heard a sound
Of swift feet travelling the ground.
Quick to the neighbouring tree he flies,
Thence trembling casts around his eyes;
No foe appear'd, his fears were vain;
Pleased he renews the sprightly strain.

The hares, whose noise had caused his fright,
Saw with surprise the linner's flight.
Is there on earth a wretch, they said,
Whom our approach can strike with dread?
An instantaneous change of thought
To tumult every bosom wrought.
So fares the system-building sage,
Who, plodding on from youth to age,
At last on some foundation-dream
Has rear'd aloft his goodly scheme,
And proved his predecessors fools,
And bound all nature by his rules;
So fares he in that dreadful hour,
When injured Truth exerts her power,
Some new phenomenon to raise;
Which, bursting on his frightened gaze,
From its proud summit to the ground
Proves the whole edifice unsound.

"Children," thus spoke a hare sedate,
Who oft had known in extremes of fate,
"In slight events the docile mind
"May hints of good instruction find.
"That our condition is the worst,
"And we with such misfortunes cursed
"As all comparison defy,
"Was late the universal cry.
"When lo, an accident so slight
"As yonder little linner's flight
"Has made your stubborn heart confess
"(So your amazement bids me guess)
"That all our load of woes and fears
"Is but a part of what he bears.
"Where can he rest secure from harms,
"Whom even a helpless hare alarms?
"Yet he repines not at his lot,
"When past the danger is forgot:
"On

"On yonder bough he trims his wings,
 "And with unusual rapture sings;
 "While we, less wretched, sink beneath
 "Our lighter ills, and rush to death.
 "No more of this unmeaning rage,
 "But hear, my friends, the words of age.

"When by the winds of autumn driven
 "The scatter'd clouds fly cross the heaven,
 "Oft have we, from some mountain's head,
 "Beheld th' alternate light and shade
 "Sweep the long vale. Here hovering lowers
 "The shadowy cloud; there downwards pours,
 "Streaming direct, a flood of day,
 "Which from the view flies swift away;
 "It flies, while other shades advance,
 "And other streaks of sunshine glance.
 "Thus chequer'd is the life below
 "With gleams of joy, and clouds of woe.
 "Then hope not, while we journey on,
 "Still to be basking in the sun:
 "Nor fear, though now in shades ye mourn,
 "That sunshine will no more return.
 "If, by your terrors overcome,
 "Ye fly before th' approaching gloom,
 "The rapid clouds your flight pursue,
 "And darkness still o'ercasts your view.
 "Who longs to reach the radiant plain
 "Must onward urge his course again;
 "For doubly swift the shadow flies,
 "When 'gainst the gale the pilgrim plies.
 "At least be firm, and undismay'd
 "Maintain your ground; the fleeting shade
 "Erelong spontaneous glides away,
 "And gives you back th' enlivening ray.
 "Lo, while I speak, our danger past!
 "No more the shrill horn's angry blast
 "Howls in our ear; the savage roar
 "Of war and murder is no more.
 "Then snatch the moment fate allows,
 "Nor think of past or future woes."
 He spoke; and hope revives; the lake
 That instant one and all forsake,

In sweet amusement to employ
The present sprightly hour of joy.

Now from the western mountain's brow
Compass'd with clouds of various glow,
The sun a broader orb displays,
And shoots aslope his ruddy rays.
The lawn assumes a fresher green,
And dew-drops spangle all the scene.
The balmy zephyr breathes along,
The shepherd sings his tender song,
With all their lays the groves resound,
And falling waters murmur round.
Discord and care were out to flight,
And all was peace, and calm delight.

E P I T A P H.

By the same.

Being part of an Inscription for a Monument to be
created by a Gentleman to the Memory of his
Lady.

FAREWELL, my best-beloved; whose heavenly mind
Genius with virtue, strength with softness join'd;
Devotion, undebas'd by pride or art,
With meek simplicity, and joy of heart;
Though sprightly, gentle; though polite, sincere;
And only of thyself a judge severe;
Unblamed, unequal'd, in each sphere of life,
The tenderest Daughter, Sister, Parent, Wife.
In thee their Patroness th' afflicted lost;
Thy friends, their pattern, ornament, and boast;
And I — but ah, can words my loss declare,
Or paint th' extremes of transport and despair!
O Thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my best-beloved, farewell!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME



CONTENTS

OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE ENGLISH GARDEN. By Mr. MASON.

AN ESSAY ON PAINTING; in two Epistles to Mr. ROMNEY. By Mr. HAYLEY.

THE MINSTREL; or THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.
By Mr. BEATTIE.

THE LIBRARY. By Mr. CRABBE.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Melpomene; or the Regions of Terror and Pity.

An Ode. By R. DODSLEY.

Ode to Hope; By Mr. BEATTIE.

The Magdalens. By Mr. JERNINGHAM.

The Nun. By the same.

The Pleasures of the Mind.

To Peace.

The Hares, a Fable. By Mr. BEATTIE.

Epitaph. By the same.

CONTENTS

ERRATA.

- Page 18, ver. 463, *for* delight read Delight
P. 30, v. 130, f. spaling *r.* sapling
P. 51, v. 176, f. tant *r.* that
P. 137, Line 11, f. graceful *r.* grateful
P. 143, L. 15, f. oderly *r.* orderly
P. 151, L. 27, f. penegyrist *r.* panegyrist
P. 166, L. 12, f. Da (ta some copies) *r.* Data
P. 178, L. 21, f. opon *r.* open
P. 219, v. 535, f. diffay *r.* display
P. 224, last L. f. Pancreus *r.* Panzeus
P. 237, L. 16, f. hesiate *r.* hesitate
P. 246, L. 18, f. unling *r.* using
P. 339, Str. XXIII, v. 5, f. thon *r.* though



